PICTORIAL REVIEW

APRIL 1922

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APRIL, 1922

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JUSTICE AT LAST *for the* NAMELESS CHILD

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

DRAWINGS BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

EDITOR'S NOTE—From time to time Pictorial Review, shocked by the high mortality of children born out of wedlock and concerned with conditions surrounding those who survived, has published articles setting forth the major inadequacy of our American laws regarding them. The thousands of letters brought by these articles to the magazine from sympathetic readers and passed on to welfare agencies have brought about considerable reform.

But the death-rate among these lonely children is still two or three times that of those born in wedlock. This unnecessarily high mortality has motivated research by Government and private agencies, which are agreed that so long as these babies are left in institutions, during the first year, it will be high because of the lack of personal care which is the absolute need of the young life.

Pictorial Review has long felt that the public institution, by force of its very nature, could not give these children the love and care that are every child's rightful heritage. Not only should it be possible to give them individual succor, either through adoption or by boarding them out under conscientious State supervision, but they should be thoroughly protected in the matter of support, education, and environment until they have arrived at an age where they can take care of themselves.

And because it is primarily a woman's business, Pictorial Review again puts before the women of the country conditions as they exist to-day in the hope that the work of reform so nobly begun will continue until every fatherless child shall receive a square deal.

EVERY year into this bountiful land there are born between thirty and fifty thousand nameless babies (I refuse to call them "illegitimate")—tiny, helpless products of youth's misguidance. And because their lives are shadowed by the black mark of society's disdain, in a majority they are cast adrift on the tides of life, their only hope the sporadic and entirely inadequate endeavor of private and public charity.

In this country, at least ten thousand of them die before the end of the first year. Of those who survive many thousands are carried out by the swift, dark currents into the vortex of human misery, where they must eventually go under or be dashed upon lonely shores where the cold hospitality of the institution is their only haven. What becomes of them ultimately nobody knows—because nobody cares. Without a fatherhood to protect them and with but a fleeting motherhood to sustain them, they too frequently become the victims of poverty, disease, or mental or moral delinquency.

Only a minority—about three thousand as closely as can be calculated—are gathered under protecting wings and, by adoption or careful municipal fostering in private homes, are guided through a normal childhood to an abundant maturity.

Meager as this salvage is, it is indeed the golden thread in the dull pattern of their lives as a whole. Looking backward less than ten years, there was scarcely a gay filament in its texture of abandonment, neglect, and lovelessness. But to the spectator of the contrast between things as they were yesterday and as they are to-day, this rich intrusion prefigures a fairer warp if it can be fortified by a forceful and persevering public opinion. For no matter what the few who understand may desire to do, their activities are discriminatory and scanty unless their powers are enlarged by vigorous laws penalizing all attempts at injustice to the nameless child.

Only through the gate of knowledge can this day be approached—knowledge of the conditions surrounding these little ones, both in the past and the present; knowledge of what has brought about the change; knowledge that what they need, if their salvation is to be complete, is not just a place to sleep and in which to be fed, but a place where love is. For wherever love has entered the life of the unwanted child his life has been fertilized and he has thrived to a full blooming. Where it has been denied he has died or his growth has been frustrated, his maturity bearing but bitter fruit indeed.

This is not sentimentality. It is truth, derived from the research and investigations of social and medical scientists who have taken to heart the welfare of the child born out of wedlock.

And because men are too busy with other things—and a little, perhaps, because they fear the breaking down of old prerogatives—justice for this child must become a women's cause. They must be aware of what is needed to make his life more livable. Putting on the armor of their votive power, they must give battle at the doors of the State until a full hearing of the cause prompts the administration of pure justice. Therefore, the purpose of this article is to bring to mind the desolation of this lonely child, in the hope that the hearts of the women will spring to action so that his darker way may be full of light.

First, a little history is necessary. It was in 1914 that the investigations of private welfare agencies in several of the large cities revealed conditions surrounding children born out of wedlock which shocked the entire country. The neglect and wilful misery imposed upon them constituted an indirect slaughter of the innocents. Negligible birth-registration laws, quackery and irregular midwifery, illicit baby-farming had made of them mere cloth for a sinister and criminal commercialism.

Unmarried mothers, distraught by their shame and anxious to hide it, sought any expedient to escape the onus of their unwarranted motherhood. Often their babies were abandoned in commercial lying-in homes and baby-farms where, for extortionate sums, they were relieved of all future responsibility. Two out of three of these children died before the end of their first year. Of those who did not die a large percentage were unaccounted for. The rest were unearthed from the slums in an atmosphere of neglect, filth, immorality, and disease—habitations fit only for the vermin which infested them.

THE country was aroused, of course—and the Government too. Immediately the Department of Labor, through its Children's Bureau, took up the problem. Conference committees were formed to make a thorough investigation in large cities of the life of the child of the unmarried mother, from the time it was born until it reached the age of fourteen. At once these committees saw how slight was the thread of their hope. Only five cities in the land, because of complete birth-registration, were able to give figures as to birth and mortality. In many cities where registration was compulsory the laws forbade the qualifications of the child's legal status. In others they forbade the mention of the father's name. In few were midwifery and baby-farming regulated or supervised with a view to guarding the child.

With only the birth-certificates stating that mothers were unmarried and the registers of public and private hospitals to go on, the committees calculated that in five years an average of thirty-two thousand nameless children were born annually. Of these, two-thirds had died the first year. Of the remainder, those who had been born under municipal care and were adopted

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

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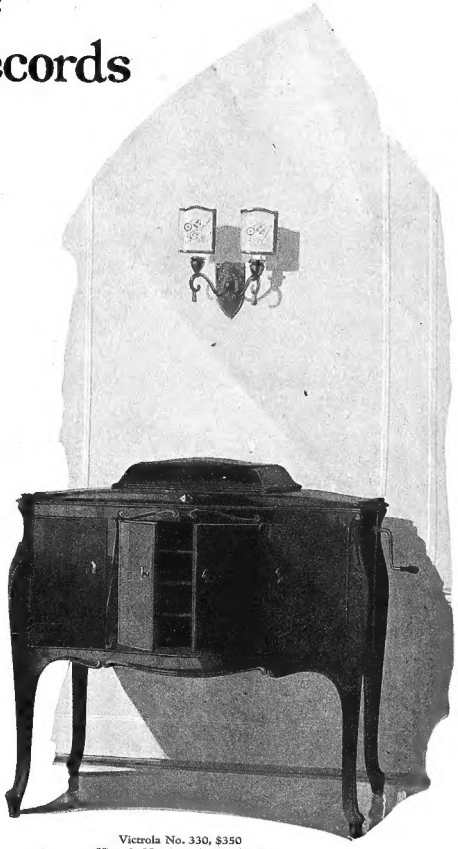

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SHALL WE KEEP THE FAITH?

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

EASTER comes this year with a wholly new significance. It is as if we were having a reinterpretation of the meaning of that first Easter nearly two thousand years ago. The world, having lived through every sordid and degrading experience of which humanity is capable, is shaking off the grave-clothes, damp and confining, that have held it so long under the heavy stone of misunderstandings and hatreds. Everywhere the tension is relaxing, and one by one the great nations of the earth are rising out of their dead selves to higher things. Never has there been more cause for rejoicing.

What really wonderful events have been transpiring during these last few months! And how portentous they are, of what tremendous significance to us and to our children's children! Before our very eyes history is being written with master-strokes as if by some mighty hand. Are we conscious of it? Are we thrilled by the thought that we, the average, every-day people of the earth, are guiding that hand?

Yes, we have indeed witnessed some remarkable things since last November. We have seen the great surging tides of national hatred break into veriest froth against the impregnable wall of common sense. We have seen men, spokesmen for millions of human beings, sit down and reason calmly together about matters of mutual concern—reason together as neighbor to neighbor, as man to man. We have heard them admit the utter stupidity of war and all the causes of war. And how unutterably silly it all seems now—the rattle of the saber, the poison-gas, the lawless submarine, and all the rest!

Perhaps you are one of those who are saying that nothing will come of the Washington Conference, that it was all talk. The answer is, God give us more talk like that. God give us more men like Secretary Hughes, who arose in this conference, and, in the spirit and in the manner of America, swept men off their feet with the simple justice, the broad sympathy, the high courage, the startling practicality of America's proposals.

By his directness and his fearlessness Mr. Hughes brushed away the cobwebs from age-old conventions and broke through the ancient diplomatic traditions that have so long blinded men to the light of reason. A naval holiday! Well, why not? Who could reason against it? Then, almost immediately, it was as if the light had begun to break in every quarter of the earth. England and Ireland began to understand each other. China and Japan took at least the first step toward the settlement of questions that have rankled in their bosoms for ages. Everywhere reason is beginning to hold sway.

So much for those first steps taken by our national leaders. So much for that first ray of the light of reason let in by Secretary Hughes. Certainly these men have done their part. The rest is for *us* to do. These leaders have done no more—they can do no more—than give us the opportunity to do our part. The when and the how of the settlement of these great national questions do not depend at last on the diplomats or politicians or statesmen, but on us, the average, every-day people of the world. What are we going to do about it?

Representatives of nations can do little more than state principles, make treaties, sign agreements, and then go home to their Governments to be cajoled or reprimanded as the occasion may require. They are simply actors playing parts assigned to them. If they fail or drop out, their places are filled, and the great drama of the times goes on. But whether the drama sweeps on toward some great and worthy goal, or whether it shall lag and falter and finally fail, depends on us.

We have no right to sit off as those apart—to criticize this move or that, this inflection of the voice or that, this rendering of the lines or that. Each of us has a part to play. We are not the audience. *We are the authors and the actors in the drama of our own times.* The audience is the vast millions yet unborn who will read the record of these times in the clear, steady light of history.

What shall they say of us? How shall they judge us? Will they say that we were idle and heedless, that we were guilty of criminal neglect of the responsibility placed upon us?

Let us remember that future generations will see us against the background of the five war years. Visualize them thrilling over the record of our supreme sacrifices, made in what we conceived to be a spirit of highest idealism; see them weeping over the pictures our generation painted against the flower-blown plains of Europe. And now see! They turn the pages to learn "what happened next"—turn them *with faith and with hope in us.*

WHAT *is* going to happen next? It is for us to say. No statesman or diplomat can answer for us. How will they find us? What kind of thoughts are we thinking? What kind of deeds are we doing? What kind of ideals are we upholding?

Yes, the statesmen of the time are doing their part toward solving the problems that are gnawing at the vitals of humanity. If these problems are not solved within a reasonable time and in a reasonable way it will not be their fault, but ours. If our generation writes failure on its page in history it will not be the failure of statesmen. In very truth it will be nothing less than the failure of the plain men and women in the year of grace 1922.

Shall we keep the faith with our soldier dead? Then let us make the Easter season a time of real rejoicing, a time of real promise. Then let us substantiate that promise in a pledge—a pledge from the plain people of the earth that there can be, there shall be, there must be, in all the earth peace and good-will to men.

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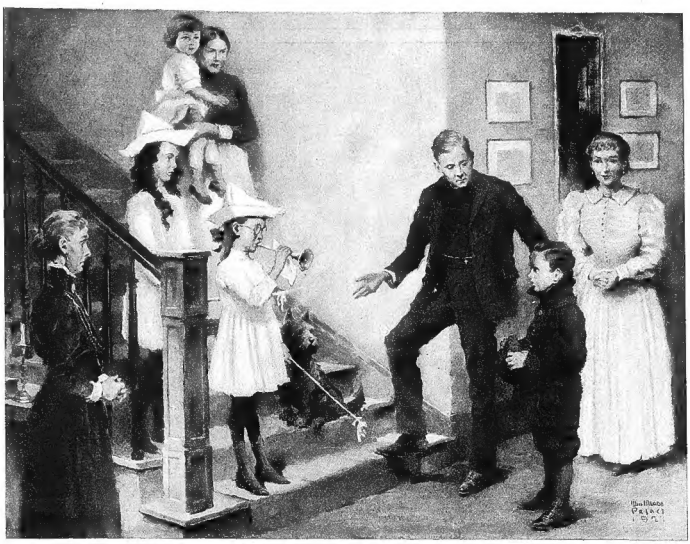

"THERE SHOULD THEN HAVE FOLLOWED A BLAST ON THE TRUMPET AND THREE ROUSING CHEERS. ALAS, THE WELCOME WAS A COMPLETE AND DEVASTATING FAILURE!"

JEREMY AND HAMLET

"Come Out of the Kitchen"

Beginning a Series of Stories of a Small Boy, His Dog, and a Country Town

BY HUGH WALPOLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THERE was a certain window between the kitchen and the pantry that was Hamlet's favorite. Thirty years ago—these chronicles are of the year 1894—the basements of houses in provincial English towns, even of large houses owned by rich people, were dark, chill, odorful caverns hissing with ill-burning gas and smelling of ill-cooked cabbage. The basement of the Coles' house in Polchester was as bad as any other, but this little window between the kitchen and the pantry was higher in the wall than the other basement windows, almost on a level with the iron railings beyond it, and offering a view down over Orange Street and, obliquely, sharp to the right and past the Polchester High School, a glimpse of the Cathedral towers themselves.

Inside the window was a shelf, and on this shelf Hamlet would sit for hours, his peaked beard interrogatively atilt, his leg sticking out from his square body as tho it were a joint-leg and worked like the limb of a wooden toy, his eyes, sad and mysterious, staring into life.

It was not, of course, of life that he was thinking; only very high-bred and inbred dogs are conscious philosophers.

His ears were stretched for a sound of the movements of Mrs. Hounslow, the cook; his nostrils distended for a whiff of the food that she was manipulating, but his eyes were fixed upon the passing show, the pageantry, the rough-and-tumble of the world; and every once and again the twitch of his Christmas-tree tail would show that something was occurring in this life beyond the window that could supervene, for a moment at any rate, over the lust of the stomach and the lure of the clattering pan.

He was an older dog than he had been on that snowy occasion of his first meeting with the Cole family—two years older in fact. Older and fatter. He had now a round belly. His hair hung as wildly as ever it had done around his eyes, but beneath the peaked and aristocratic beard there was a sad suspicion of a double chin.

He had sold his soul to the cook.

When we sell our souls we are ourselves of course in the main responsible. But others have often had more to do with our catastrophe than the world in general can know. Had Jeremy, his master, not gone to school, Hamlet's soul would yet have been his own; Jeremy gone, Hamlet's spiritual life was nobody's concern. He fell down, deep down, into the very heart of the basement, and nobody minded.

He himself did not mind; he was very glad. He loved the basement.

It had happened that during the last holidays Jeremy had gone into the country to stay with the parents of a school friend. Hamlet had had therefore nearly nine months' freedom from his master's influence. Mr. and Mrs. Cole did not care for him very deeply. Helen hated him. Mary loved him, but was so jealous of Jeremy's affection for him that she was not sorry to see him banished; and Barbara, only two and a half, had as yet very tenuous ideas on this subject.

Mrs. Holdsworth, a very fat, sentimental woman, liked to have something or some one at her side to give her rich but transient emotions—emotions evoked by a passing band, the reading of an accident in the newspaper, or some account of an event in the royal family. The kitchen-maid, a girl of no home and very tender years, longed for affection from somebody; but Mrs. Holdsworth disliked all kitchen-maids on principle. Therefore Hamlet received what the kitchen-maid needed, and that is the way of the world.

Did there run through Hamlet's brain earlier stories of an emotion purer than the lust for bones, of a devotion higher and more ardent than the attachment to a dripping saucepan?

Did he sometimes, as he sat reflectively beside the kitchen fire, see pictures of his master's small nose, of woods when at his master's side he sniffed for rabbits, of days when he raced along shining sands after a stone that he had no real intention of finding; did he still feel his master's hand upon his head and that sudden twitch as that hand caught a tuft of hair and twisted it?

No one could tell of what he was thinking as he sat on the shelf staring out of his window at old Miss Mulready burdened with parcels climbing Orange Street, at the lamplighter hurrying with his flame from post to post, at old Grinder's war-worn cab stumbling across the cobbles past the High School, the old horse faltering at every step; at the green evening sky slipping into dusk, the silver-pointed stars, the crooked roofs blackening into shadow, the lights of the town below the hill jumping like gold jack-in-the-boxes into the shadowy air.

No one could tell of what he was thinking.

He was aware that in the upper regions something was preparing. He was aware of this in general by a certain stir that there was, of agitated voices and hurrying footsteps and urgent cries, but he was aware more immediately because of the attentions of Mary, Jeremy's younger sister.

HE HAD always hated Mary. Are dogs, in their preferences and avoidances, guided at all by physical beauty or ugliness? Was Helen of Troy adored by the dogs of that town, and did Sappho command the worship of the hounds of Greece? We are told nothing of it, and, on the other hand, we know that Launcelot Gobbo had a devoted dog and that Charon, who can not have been a handsome fellow, was most faithfully dog-attended. I do not think that Hamlet minded poor Mary's plainness, her large spectacles, her sallow complexion, colorless hair, and bony body. His dislike arose more probably from the certainty that she would always stroke him the wrong way, would poke her fingers into his defenseless eyes, would try and drag him onto her sharp, razor-edged knees, and would talk to him in that meaningless sing-song especially invented by the sentimental of heart and slow of brain for the enchantment of babies and animals.

She was talking to him in just that fashion now. He had slipped up-stairs, attracted by a smell in the dining-room. Watching for the moment when he would be undetected, he had crept round the dining-room door and had stood, his nose in air, surrounded by a sea of worn green carpet, sniffing. Suddenly he felt a hand on his collar, and there followed that voice that of all others he most detested. "Why, here's Hamlet! Helen, here's Hamlet! We can get him ready now, Helen; there's only two hours left anyway, and Jeremy will care much more about that than anything. I'd like to leave him down-stairs, but Jeremy will be sure to ask where he is. Which color shall I use for the ribbon, Helen? I've got blue and red and orange."

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A pause. Then again, "Which shall I use? Do say."

Then from a great distance, "Oh, don't bother, Mary. Can't you see I'm busy?"

A heavy sigh. "Oh, well, you might say. Never mind. I think the blue's best." All this time Hamlet was desperately wriggling, but the hand, with knuckles that pressed into the flesh and hurt, had firm hold.

"Oh, do keep still, Hamlet. Can't you see that your master's coming home and you've got to be made nice? Oh, bother! I've gone and cut the piece too short. Helen, have you got another piece of blue?"

A pause. Then again, "Oh, Helen, you might say. I've cut the piece too short. Haven't you got another bit of blue?"

Then again from a long distance, "Don't *bother*, Mary. Can't you *see* that I'm so busy?"

"Oh, very well, then." A terribly deep sigh that made Hamlet shiver with discomfort. "Come here, Hamlet. On to my lap where I can tie it better. There, that's right. Oh, *do* keep your head still—and how fat you are now!"

INSULT upon insult heaped. He raised his eyes to heaven, partly in indignation, partly because the entrancing smell could be caught more securely now from the elevation of Mary's lap! But the discomfort of that lap, the hard boniness, the sudden, precipitate valley, the shortness of its surface so that one was forever slipping two legs over, the moist warmth of the surrounding hand, the iron hardness of the fingers at the neck! He played his best game of wriggle, slipping, sliding, lying suddenly inert, jerking first with his fingers, then with his hind legs, digging his head beneath his captor's arm as the flamingo did in "Alice."

Mary, as so often occurred, lost her patience. "Oh, do keep still, Hamlet! How tiresome you are when I've got such a little time too! Don't you like to have a ribbon? And you'll have to be brushed too. Helen, where's the brush that we used to have for Hamlet?"

No answer.

"Oh, do keep still, you naughty dog!" She dug her knuckles into his eyes. "Oh, Helen, do say! Don't you know where it is?"

Then from a great distance, "Oh, don't bother, Mary. No, I don't know where it is. How stupid you are! Can't you see I'm busy?"

He wriggled. Mary slapped him. He turned and bit her. She dropped him.

"Oh, Helen, he's bit me!"

"It's bitten, not bit."

"No, it isn't, it's bit. Perhaps he's mad or something, and I'll suddenly bark like a dog. I know they do. I read about it in 'Hopes and Fears.' You're a horrid dog, and I don't care whether Jeremy sees you or not. Oh, Helen, you might help. It's four o'clock and Jeremy will be nearly here."

Hamlet was free, free of Mary, but not of the room. The door behind him was closed. He sat there thinking, the piece of blue ribbon hanging loosely round his neck. Something was stirring within him—something that was not an appetite nor a desire nor a rebellion. A memory. He shook his head to escape from his ribbon. The memory came closer. From that too he would like to escape. He gazed at the door. Had he never smelled that alluring smell?

He slipped beneath the dining-room table and, lying flat, resting his head on his paws, stared resentfully in front of him. The memory came closer.

Two hours later he was sitting in a ridiculous position on two steps from the bottom of the hall stairs—ridiculous because the stair was not broad enough for his figure, because the blue ribbon was now firmly tied and ended in a large blue bow, because Mary's hand was upon him, restraining him from his quite natural intention of disappearing.

They were grouped about the stair, Helen and Mary, Barbara and the nurse, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, and Aunt Amy in the hall below. Helen, Mary, and Barbara were wearing cocked hats made of colored paper and carried silver tissue-wands in their hands. Barbara was eating her tissue-paper with great eagerness and a vivid, absorbed attention. Helen looked pretty and bored. Mary was in a state of the utmost nervousness, clutching Hamlet with one hand, while in the other she held a toy trumpet and a crumpled paper.

Every one waited, staring at the door. Mr. Cole said,

"Five minutes late. I must go back to my sermon in a moment."

Aunt Amy said, "I hope nothing can have happened."

Mrs. Cole said tranquilly, "We should have heard if it had."

The front-door bell rang; a maid appeared from nowhere and opened the door. From the dusk there emerged a small, heavily coated figure. Mr. and Mrs. Cole moved forward.

There were embraces. Mr. Cole said, "Well, my boy." A husky voice was heard, "Oh, I say, Mother, that old squeak of a cabman——"

The short, thick-set figure turned toward the staircase.

Instantly Mary blew on her trumpet. Barbara, suddenly disliking the tissue-paper, began to cry. Hamlet barked.

Through the din the quavering voice of Mary could be heard reading the poem of welcome:

Thereturning to yourhome
Back from school and
football too,
Coming to us all alone,
Mary, Helen, and Barbara welcome you.
Hail to thee, then, Jeremy
dear;
Over you we shed a tear
Just because you are so
dear.
Welcome to your home.

There should then have followed a blast on the trumpet and three rousing cheers. Alas, the welcome was a complete and devastating failure!

Jeremy could be heard to say,

"Thanks awfully—By Jove, I *am* hungry! How soon's tea, Mother?"

Barbara's howls were now so terrible as to demand immediate attention from every one. Hamlet had slipped from control and was barking at Aunt Amy, whom he delighted to annoy.

Mrs. Cole said, "Now, that's enough, children, dear. I'm sure Jeremy's tired now."

No one had heard Mary's verses; no one noticed the cocked hats; no one applauded the silver wands. The work of weeks was disregarded. No one thought of Mary at all. She crept away to her room at the top of the house, flung herself upon her bed and howled, biting the counterpane between her teeth.

But are not these home-comings always most disappointing affairs? For weeks Jeremy had been looking to this moment. On the frayed wall-paper just above his bed in the school dormitory he had made thick black marks with a pencil, every mark standing for a day. Hard and cynical during his school-day, a barbarian at war with barbarians, at nights when the lights were out, when the dormitory story-teller's (unhappy Phipps minor) voice had died off into slumber, in those last few minutes before he too slept, he was sentimental, full of homesick longings, painting to himself that very springing from the cab, his mother's kiss, Hamlet's bark, yes, and even the embraces of his sisters.

On the morning of departure, after the excitement of farewells, the strange, almost romantic thrill of the empty schoolrooms, the race in the wagonette (*his* wagonette against the one with Cox major; and Bates and Simpson) to the station, the cheeking of the station-master, the crowding into the railway-carriage, and leaning (five on top of you) out of the carriage-window, the screams of "Bags I the corner," the ensuing fights with Cox major; and after all this gradual approach to known country, the gathering-in as tho with an eager hand of remembered places and stations and roads, the half-hour stop at Drymouth (leaving now almost all your companions behind you—only young Marlowe and Sniffs major remaining), the crossing over into Glebeshire, then the beat of the heart, the tightening of the throat, as Folchester gradually approached—all this, yes and more, much more, than this, to end in that disappointment. Every one looking the same as before, the hall the same, the pictures the same, father and mother and Aunt Amy the same, Mary and Helen the same, only stupider! What did they dress up and make fools of themselves like that for? Mary always did the wrong thing, and now most certainly she would be crying in her bedroom because he had not said enough to her.

"HE HAD NOW A ROUND BELLY. HE HAD SOLD HIS SOUL TO THE COOK"

In one way there had been too much of a reception, in another not enough. It was silly of them to make that noise, but on the other hand there should have been more questions. How had he done in football? He had played half-back twice for the school. He had told them that in three different letters, and yet they had asked no questions. And there was Bates, who had stolen jam out of a fellow's tuck-box. One of his letters had been full of that exciting incident and yet they had asked no questions. It was true that they had had but little time for questions, nevertheless his father, at once after kissing him, had murmured something about his sermon—as tho an old sermon mattered!

Of course he did not think all this out. He only sat on his bed kicking his legs, looking at the well-remembered furniture of his room, vaguely discontented and unhappy. What fun it had been that morning, ragging Miss Taylor, laughing at the guard of the train, saying good-by to old Mempsey Thomas, who really spoke to him as tho he were a man, asking him whether his parents had decided upon the public school to which in two years' time he would be going—Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Craxton, Rugby, and so on! Time to decide, time to decide!

One's public. The world widening and widening, growing ever more terribly exciting—and here Mary sobbing in her room and father with his sermons and the long evenings. At least no work—only a silly holiday task, a book called "The Talisman" or some rot. No work. His spirits revived a little. No work and lots of food and Hamlet——

Hamlet! He jumped off his bed. Why, he had never noticed the dog! He had forgotten. He rushed from the room.

When he was half-way down the stairs he caught the echo of a voice. "Tea, Jeremy. All ready in the schoolroom." But he did not pause. In the hall he saw the housemaid. "I say, where's Hamlet?" he cried.

"In the kitchen, I expect, Master Jeremy," she answered.

IN THE kitchen, she expected! Why should she expect it? Hamlet never used to be in the kitchen. His heart began to beat angrily. The kitchen! That was not the place for a dog like Hamlet. He stumbled down the dark stairs into the basement. Mrs. Holdsworth was standing beside the kitchen-table, her sleeves rolled up above her elbows; she was pounding and pounding. Jeremy cried, at once challenging,

"I say, where's my dog?"

His dog? Mrs. Holdsworth, already too scarlet for further color, nevertheless crimsoned internally. His dog. She hated little boys. Her sister, the one that married the postman, had had one. Two indeed. She loved Hamlet, who had become now, by the rights both of psychology and environment, hers.

"E's lying there right in front of the fire, Master Jeremy—the poor little worm," she added.

"The poor little worm" was indeed stretched out, gnawing at a bone.

"He oughtn't to be in front of the fire," said Jeremy. "It's bad for dogs. It gives them rheumatism."

She stopped her pounding. They had not met before, but it was one of those old hostilities born in the air, fostered by the crystal moon, roughened by the golden sun.

Jeremy stood, his legs apart, looking down upon his dog. He saw how fat he was, how deeply engrossed in his bone, how dribbling at the jaws.

"Hamlet," he said. He repeated the name three times. At the third call the dog looked up, then went back to his bone. Mrs. Holdsworth sniffed.

Meanwhile in Hamlet's soul something was stirring—memories, affections, sentiments. He licked the bone again. It no longer tasted so sweet as before. He looked up at Mrs. Holdsworth imploringly.

She declared herself. "He do love the kitchen. If there's one place where he loves to be it's the kitchen. Only last night I was saying to my sister, 'Anne,' I said, 'It's a most curious thing how that dog do love the kitchen.' A little kindness goes a long way with animals, poor things.

"And I said my sister——"

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"HE BURST OUT, 'I WAS WHACKED TWICE.' AUNT AMY SIGHED. 'THE LESS ABOUT THAT, DEAR, THE BETTER'"

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HI-BRASIL

"I've Never Sailed the Amazon,
I've Never Reached Brazil;
But the Don and Magdalena,
They Can Go There When They Will!"

BY RALPH DURAND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

PETER LUSCOMBE was the dullest man that ever audited an account. Once when his neighbor at a dinner-party, having heard that he was an authority on marine insurance, quoted Longfellow about "the beauty and the mystery of the ships and the magic of the sea," Peter looked embarrassed and turned the conversation to the subject of charter-parties.

His life was as carefully regulated as Big Ben. He caught the same train every morning, dined at the same hour every evening, indexed his private correspondence, and for recreation read Price's "Calculations." On Saturday afternoons he played golf.

One Summer a business matter took Peter to St. Mawes, and on his way there he met the Sea Maid. To get to St. Mawes he had to cross Falmouth Harbor by the public ferry.

Tho till then he had had no more direct personal experience of the sea than can be obtained from the Promenade at Hove, Peter was so little interested in his surroundings that he spent the first part of the ferry journey making notes of his personal expenditure since leaving London, including tips, on the last page of his pocket-diary. Midway across the harbor he chanced to look up and saw a yawl-rigged fishing-boat—subconsciously he noticed the name *Maeldune* painted on her bows—running before the wind in the direction of Falmouth Quay. An old, white-haired man, whose cheeks were the color of an Autumn leaf, was sitting amidships tending the sheets, and at the tiller sat a girl—a girl with sea-blue eyes and untidy, wind-blown, dark-brown hair.

She was bending forward, peering under the arched foot of the mainsail, when Peter first caught sight of her. Their eyes met; the girl smiled—and Peter dropped his pocket-diary into the dirty water that washed about the ferryman's boots and stared after the *Maeldune* till he could no longer distinguish her among the other small craft in the harbor.

When the ferry-boat reached St. Mawes and discharged her other passengers Peter remained in her, and on the return journey sat in the bows straining his eyes to pick out the *Maeldune* among the other fishing-boats. Falmouth Harbor is two and a half miles wide, and the ferryman refused to be hurried; but at last the quay came in sight, and Peter's heart leaped, for the *Maeldune* was lying at the steps, and the girl was still on board of her. As soon as the ferry-boat reached the steps Peter jumped ashore and faced the girl. Then he hesitated, embarrassed. He had nothing to say to her, or, rather, no excuse for speaking to her. "I—I—I saw you—as you came up the harbor," he faltered.

But the girl showed no sign of embarrassment. She smiled at him again, and her smile was brighter than sunlight shining through the curl of a breaking wave.

"I'm just going out for a sail again," she said, "and I've room for a passenger. Old John has just gone to have a yarn with the sailmaker. Would you care to come?"

Peter jumped onto the *Maeldune's* thwart, and the girl cast off and hoisted the sail. "I'm afraid I don't know anything about sailing," said Peter.

The girl laughed, and her laugh sounded like the ripple of a stream that runs over a pebbly beach.

"That doesn't matter," she said; "I can manage the old *Maeldune* single-handed."

They beat down the harbor, rounded the Loze, and stood out in the direction of mid-channel. Peter was entirely happy. The wind was blowing fresh from the southwest, and the *Maeldune* danced lightly over the waves like a thing alive, her thwarts aslant and her lee-rail just clear of the water.

"This is glorious," said Peter. "Do you know, this is the first time I have ever been on the sea."

"It won't be the last," said the girl.

For a long while neither spoke again. Peter did not want to talk. He was content to watch the Sea Maid as she sat at the tiller, looking toward the horizon with dreamy eyes and crooning to herself a wordless song that sounded like the surge of breakers on a distant reef.

"What song is that?" he asked after a long silence.

"That is the song that Orpheus sang to the *Argo* when she lay on the stocks and all the strength of the heroes could not launch her. Then Orpheus struck his lyre and sang of the open sea and all the wonders that are beyond the farthest horizon, till the *Argo* so yearned to be afloat with a fair wind behind her that she spread her sails of her own accord and glided down the beach into the water."

"'LOOKS LIKE IT'S COMING ON TO BLOW FROM THE EAST'"

"I hadn't heard about it," said Peter. The story was so fantastically impossible that he supposed that the girl was chaffing him.

"You are young, surely, to handle a boat by yourself," he said. "Don't think me rude. How old are you?"

"As old as the sea, and a little older than the hills."

Now Peter was sure that the girl was chaffing him.

Neither spoke again. Occasionally the girl looked at him and smiled, and her smile was the most beautiful thing that Peter had ever known. Toward evening they turned and sailed back, right in the golden path of the sinking sun. Slowly the old town of Falmouth took shape; the houses became distinct, then the people on the quay. Peter sighed because he was coming back to the shore again, and because for the first time in his life he had tasted absolute happiness.

Close to the quay the girl threw the boat up in the wind, ran forward and lowered the head-sails, and then ran back to the tiller. The *Maeldune* came gently up to the landing-stage. Peter jumped ashore and turned, expecting that the girl would follow, but she pushed off and began to hoist the head-sails again.

"May I—may I see you again?" said Peter, as the gap widened between the boat and the shore.

The Sea Maid laughed.

"If you come to Hi-Brasil," she said.

Peter walked slowly in the direction of Fore Street, then realized that he needed some more definite address if he were to see the girl again. He hurried back to the landing-stage and looked eagerly for the *Maeldune*. She was nowhere in sight.

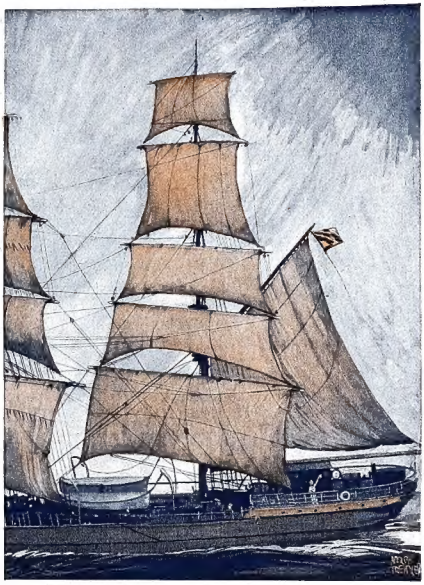
"Did you see a little sailing-boat leave the steps about five minutes ago?" he asked a man who was lounging on the quay. "Which way did she go?"

"What rig?"

"I don't know what you call it—one big mast and one little one."

"A yawl. There's been no yawls in here this afternoon."

Peter inwardly cursed the man's stupidity and walked dejectedly away. He dreamed of the Sea Maid that night, and in the morning told himself that he was a fool. He had had an hour or so of happiness with a jolly girl who evidently did not wish to continue the acquaintance. Obviously, the sensible thing to do was to forget all about her. But he could not forget. Work became impossible. When he tried to write the laughing face of the Sea Maid danced before his eyes, and when clients talked to him he could not listen, for the song she had sung rang in his ears. He went back to Falmouth determined to see her again, and not till he reached the Cornish port did he realize the futility of his search. How was he to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of two people of whom he knew nothing more definite than that the man was white-haired and bronzed, and that the girl, when last seen, had worn a white jersey and a blue-serge skirt?



"PETER, LOOKING DOWN, SAW THE SEA MAID. AND THE SEA MAID SAW HIM AND WAVED HER HAND AS THE GREAT MAIL-STEAMER SURGED PAST"

A MONTH later he was an unwilling guest at a reception given by a famous London hostess. The rooms were packed with a well-dressed crowd who walked about rather aimlessly, talking on the stairs or listening to music in one or other of the reception-rooms. Suddenly Peter's heart stood still for a moment. Clear above the chatter he heard the Sea Girl's voice. He was standing at the head of the stairs and she was singing in one of the adjoining rooms,

> I've never sailed the Amazon,
> I've never reached Brazil;
> But the *Don* and *Magdalena*,
> They can go there when they will!
>
> Yes, weekly from Southampton,
> Great steamers, white and gold,
> Go rolling down to Rio
> (Roll down—roll down to Rio!),
> And I'd like to roll to Rio
> Some day before I'm old!

The doorway into the room from which he could hear the Sea Maid's voice was so crowded with people that it was some minutes before Peter could edge his way into the room. By that time the song was over and the singer had gone. Peter made inquiries from a man standing near, and was told that she had left the room by another door. He sought out his hostess and asked her to introduce him to the lady who had sung "Rolling down to Rio." But his hostess could not help him. She admitted reluctantly that she knew no more of the singer than that she was a professional entertainer engaged through the medium of a concert agent and that she had probably already left the house. Peter followed up the clue. Next morning, after inquiry from the agent, he rang the bell of a tiny flat in Maida Vale and stood with beating heart waiting for the door to open.

Five minutes later he was out in the street again, bitterly disappointed. The lady he had seen was able to prove indisputably that it was she who had sung "Rolling down to

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Rio," but she bore not the slightest resemblance to the Sea Maiden. To cover his confusion and excuse his visit, Peter had engaged her to sing at a charity concert that he had invented on the spur of the moment, had insisted on paying her fee in advance, and had left the flat, promising to send details of the place and date of the engagement by post.

THAT evening, brooding in his lonely chambers, Peter, who till then had prided himself on believing nothing that is not based on the fundamental fact that two and two make four, became obsessed by the idea that the Sea Maid had sent him a spirit-message, using the unconscious professional entertainer as her medium. He tried to shake off the idea, telling himself that it was fantastic and ridiculous, but gradually it overmastered him. At eleven o'clock he rose from his chair, picked up the *Times*, and consulted the shipping advertisements. Five minutes later he rang for his man servant.

"Buck up and pack, Higgins," he said. "I'm off to Brazil. You haven't too much time. Boat-train leaves Waterloo at midday to-morrow."

"To Brazil, sir? Isn't that one of those foreign places?"

"Yes. Why? What are you staring at? Why shouldn't I go to Brazil?"

"Shall you want me, sir?"

"You can come if you like."

"If it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather——"

"Man alive! I thought you'd have jumped at the chance Don't you want to go rolling down to Rio? Can't you feel the magic of it—even in the mere words? Wouldn't you like to see the armadillo dilloing in his armor——?"

"I'd better get on with the packing, sir."

Higgins was convinced that his master had suddenly "gone balmy"

Before sunset next evening Peter again saw the Sea Maid. The *R. M. S. Maranhão*, outward bound for Rio de Janeiro, had just left St. Alban's Head abeam when she passed a full-rigged ship bound down-channel so closely that Peter could see the men on board of her. Her tug had just left her and she was setting all sails. One by one the sails fluttered free and swelled to the soft breeze. Men were lying out on the upper topsail-yards casting loose the gaskets, and others on deck were running up the royals to the tune of a chantey,

> Sing a song of Ranzo, boys,
> Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

A crisp wave curled from her bows, a long wake of gleaming foam streamed astern of her, and she curtsied gracefully on the swell as if gravely saluting the larger, newer vessel. The *Maranhão* passed under her stern, and as she passed Peter, looking down on her poop, saw the Sea Maid. And the Sea Maid saw him and waved her hand as the great mail-steamer surged past.

"THE GIRL SMILED, AND HER SMILE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING PETER HAD EVER KNOWN"

"D'you know that vessel?" asked Peter eagerly of a ship's officer who was standing near him.

"She's the *Sea Sprite*. Cleared from Southampton early this morning. Bound for Rio in ballast for hides."

"Bound for Rio? Splendid!" said Peter. "How long will it take her to get there? I know some one on board."

"A month—more or less. Who's your pal?"

"That girl that waved her hand to me."

The ship's officer focused his binoculars on the *Sea Sprite*. "There's no girl on her deck. Girls very seldom travel on wind-jammers nowadays. Look for yourself."

Peter took the glasses, and again saw the Sea Maid quite distinctly—but he did not care to argue about it.

While waiting at Rio de Janeiro Peter took care to make friends with the port authorities, and arranged with them to let him have the first news that they had of the *Sea Sprite*.

At last one morning found him in the customs launch, steaming out to the roadstead where the *Sea Sprite*, her anchor down, was stowing her canvas. As soon as the quarantine doctor gave permission Peter scrambled up the ship's side and looked eagerly round her deck. The Sea Maid was not there. He could hardly contain himself until he could find an opportunity to ask for her.

"I passed you in the Channel, Captain," he said, "and I saw a lady on your deck who is an old friend of mine. May I speak to her?" The captain shook his head.

"Must have been some other ship," he said. "We've got no ladies aboard."

Peter's heart sank.

"I suppose you dropped her at some port on the way."

"We haven't smelled harbor mud since we left Southampton Water," said the skipper. "You're making a mistake, mister. Why, you look as if you thought I was lying. Take a look at the ship's articles, then, if you don't believe me. Stands to reason, doesn't it, that if I had a woman aboard her name would be on the articles?"

Peter returned to the shore, bitterly disappointed and hardly convinced that he had been mistaken. He booked a passage on the next homeward-bound steamer. On the homeward voyage he fell in love with an old lady, one of those women whose personality is so magnetic that they can draw the innermost secrets out of a young man's heart. One evening, when the sea was ablaze with splendor under the moon, he told her of the Sea Maid, and found it eased his longing to talk of her. The old lady understood.

"You'll see your Sea Maid again," she said. "I'm sure of it. But perhaps not in this life."

But Peter refused to give up hope of seeing the Sea Maid in the flesh. When he got back to London he sought an interview with one of the most eminent members of the Royal Geographical Society.

"I want you to tell me where Hi-Brasil is," he said. "I want to go there."

"Then you'll have to wait till you die," said the geographer with a laugh.

"What do you mean?"

"HI-BRASIL is a purely mythical island, like St. Brendan's, The Fortunate Islands, Avalon, and Lyonnesse, that ancient and medieval geographers supposed to be somewhere out in the Atlantic. They've served their purpose. If nobody had ever believed in them it is probable that America would not have been discovered yet. The myth of Hi-Brasil's existence took a long time to die. Venetian geographers of the Middle Ages supposed it to be somewhere near the Azores, and until 1830 Purdy's chart of the Atlantic marked 'Brasil Rock (High)' in latitude fifty-one degrees ten minutes north, and longitude fifteen degrees fifty minutes west—that is, about two hundred miles westward of the Irish coast."

"But isn't it possible that there really is such an island?" persisted Peter. "The sea is a big place, you know."

"Absolutely impossible," said the geographer. "Why, the spot indicated by Purdy is right in the track of steamers going from England to Newfoundland. If you want to read about Hi-Brasil you must read old books, published before geography was an exact science."

Tho he knew it was useless Peter followed the advice given him and eagerly read every book he could find that

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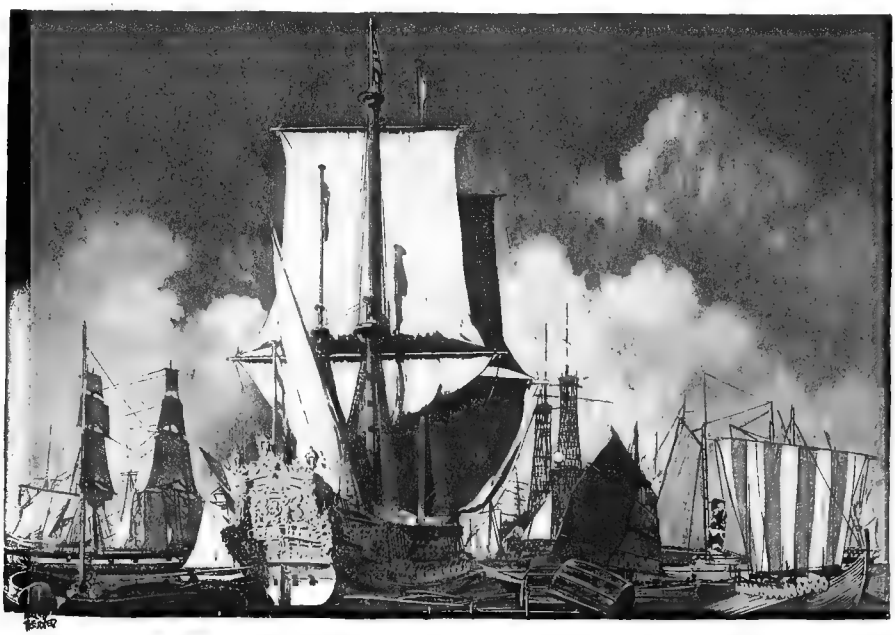

"'SEE THAT VESSEL? THAT'S FRANKLIN'S SHIP, THE TERROR—CRUSHED IN THE ICE, SHE WAS, OFF BEECHEY ISLAND IN THE ARCTIC. AND THAT LITTLE CRAFT ALONGSIDE OF HER IS THE REVENGE. SHE SANK IN THE AZORES AFTER FIGHTING FIFTY-THREE SPANIARDS FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT'"

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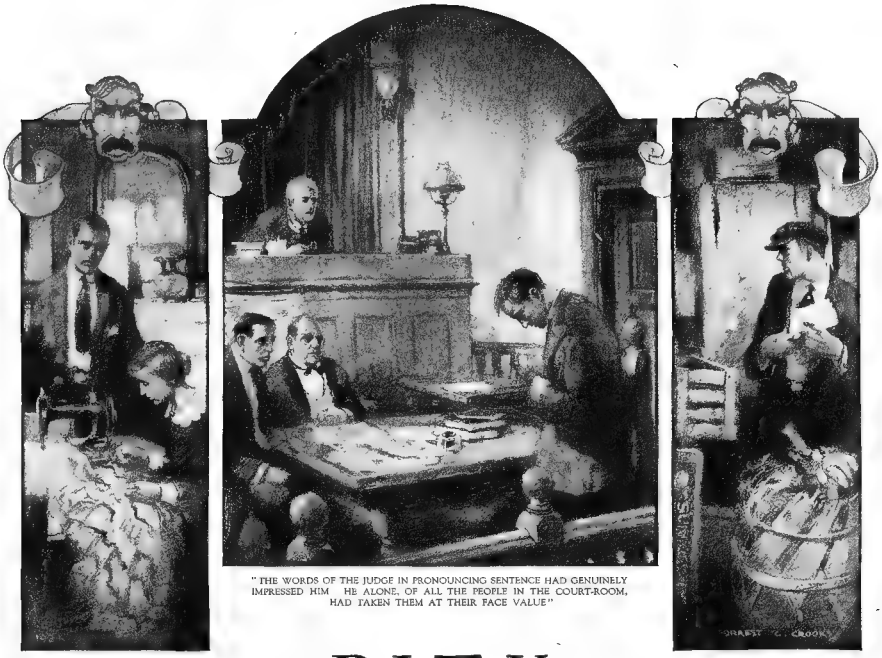

"THE WORDS OF THE JUDGE IN PRONOUNCING SENTENCE HAD GENUINELY IMPRESSED HIM—HE ALONE, OF ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE COURT-ROOM, HAD TAKEN THEM AT THEIR FACE VALUE"

PITY

The Story of a Man Who Resolved That He Would Never Be Kind to Any Living Thing

BY DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FORREST C. CROOKS

CHARLEY GARFORD was arrested in August, 19—, for stealing $50,000 worth of securities from the New York brokerage firm that employed him as messenger. He was tried the following December and convicted. His story on the stand was commonplace. "I was going to South America and then send for my mother. I was tired seeing my mother work. I wanted her to have some fun before she died. I was always honest before, but it didn't get me anything. So I took the bonds, etc."

The Judge sentenced Charley to ten years in Sing Sing. The boy's admission, he said, showed a peculiarly depraved state of mind. "We have here an example of the criminal who attempts to justify his acts with sentimentality. This young man is a menace to American civilization, which is founded upon sturdy honesty, hard work, and a solemn respect for property. Motion for a stay of judgment denied."

Garford was twenty-one years old and an only son. His mother had spent her adult life working as a seamstress and had saved about $3,000. She spent most of this in an attempt to rescue Charley from the grip of the law. But the case against him was too plain. He went up the river three days after Christmas and began his ten-year term, which with allowances for good behavior could be cut down to about seven years and six months.

Charley was a sensitive, impressionable boy. Riding up to Sing Sing on the train he tortured himself with anticipatory horrors. He felt that if he could get through the ordeal of putting on stripes and having his head shaved he could stand the rest of it. He intended to be a model prisoner. "Do what they tell you, Charley," his mother had said to him when she kissed him good-by.

He had braced himself so desperately for the head-shaving and the donning of stripes that it shocked his soul to discover these things had been done away with. Nor did the prisoners march in lock-step. The realization destroyed all his preconceptions of convict life; left him stunned and bewildered. But it wasn't long before he understood and felt the marks of a subtler branding.

The strongest impulse in the human spirit is unquestionably the will to freedom. To impose upon that will conditions of hopeless restraint is to break down the spirit and destroy the body. That is true of races as of individuals; but in the case of the latter the result is more easily accomplished.

It was this continual and inexorable knowledge of restraint that produced the convict. To Charley Garford the fact that he wore a gray suit instead of being striped like a zebra made little difference after the first day or two. He was as much a jail-bird as tho he had gone about dragging on his foot a twenty-pound shot.

His only recourse against gradual demoralization was the thought that he was, in some mysterious way, serving the cause of Supreme Justice. The words of the Judge in pronouncing sentence on him had genuinely impressed him. He alone, perhaps, of all the people in the court-room, had taken them at their face value. He told himself again and again that he had done wrong and must pay the penalty for his sin. He managed to derive from this reflection a kind of religious courage; a courage that he set up against the corruption of his imprisonment.

Garford's cell was on the first tier of the old stone cell-block, since demolished. It was narrow, low-ceilinged, dark. It had no ventilation except by way of the barred door. The walls sweated and were cold.

He could take two steps forward and two back. He could lie down and stand up. He could look out through the bars of the door.

In the daytime he worked in the wagon-shop, which was located near the north wall of the prison. Every morning at seven o'clock the gallery would form into a company—normally fifty men—and would file out of the cell-block, taking their slop-pails with them. They would march across the yard and through a gate in the tall iron fence that serves as the west wall of the prison. There they would empty their pails into the river.

A single guard watched over them and when they had washed the pails would shepherd them to the convicts' mess-room for breakfast. The day was spent in the shops. Conversation wasn't allowed. The only means of communication was by whispers or by the finger-language of the dumb.

At 4:30 P. M. they were marched back to their cells and locked in for the night.

On Sunday, instead of going to the shops, the prisoners assembled in chapel. Following the service they were religiously locked up. A keeper called the roll. Shortly afterward a second roll-call was taken. From then on till 7 o'clock Monday morning they remained in their cells, doing nothing. It was an ideal application of the Puritan Sabbath.

Such was the apparent life of the prison, to conform to which approximated respectability. Beneath the surface of this life, since man is a devious and subversive creature, ran currents of activity dangerous, proscribed, illegal. Charley Garford had been in Sing Sing only a short time when he learned, by telepathic intelligence as well as by information in the code, that there existed elaborate systems of smuggling and intrigue. There was a steady trade in contraband—"crooked stuff"—in which certain of the guards acted as blockade-runners. The chief articles of import were opium and alcohol. One guard sold whisky by the simple method of attaching a small rubber hose to the neck of a bottle and thrusting the free end through the bars of the drinker's cell. He was an enterprising man, and prospered. There was also a regular traffic in uncensored letters, the fixed price for which was twenty-five cents per letter.

A SUCCESSFUL counterfeiting business flourished under the noses of the prison authorities. Its source was never revealed, tho a suspect, a convict found with a bogus fifty-cent piece in his possession, was confined in the "cooler" for seventy-two days. He went in a young man. He came out old and crippled with rheumatism.

One night at the end of his first year in "stir" Charley Garford, lying prone in his cell, heard the terrifying sound of the prison siren and knew that there had been an escape. The next day the convicts remained locked in their cells, but from whispers plucked out of the air Charley learned the story of the jail-break. Three men from one of the upper galleries had got clear. They had attended a rehearsal of the prison orchestra in the keepers' mess-room, which adjoined the head keeper's office. A passage led from the mess-room to the yard.

At the close of the rehearsal the three men had slipped into the passage and the leader, with a flute, knocked senseless the first guard he met. Another guard fired at them as they ran across the yard, but all three managed to squeeze through the palings of the iron fence without being hit. They crossed the Hudson on the ice and escaped in the darkness.

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For some time afterward there was a tense excitement in the air. Charley Garford felt this, but his reaction to it was one of aversion. He held himself aloof from any thought of avoiding by such violent means the payment of his crime's account.

Similarly he had nothing to do with the shifty workings of the underground system by which this or that bestial appetite could be gratified in defiance of the law.

His mother came to see him as often as possible and encouraged him to do "what was right." She tried hard to keep up her own strength, but she was a frail woman and the disgrace was bitter. The loneliness was worse. She missed Charley dreadfully. He had always been an affectionate boy, a trifle moody perhaps, but good company.

When he had served two years and six months of his term she sickened and died. The landlady of the boarding-house where she lived sent word to Charley. The boy broke down. He went to the Warden and begged to be allowed to see his mother's body in its coffin. He sobbed like a child as he made the request.

The Warden said No; did he think he (the Warden) was running a Sunday-school?

Charley Garford stopped crying. His thin figure, dressed in a rough gray suit too big for him, straightened up like a young tree after a storm. "All right, Warden," he said.

He went out of the office a rebel and an anarch. His precious moral attitude was no more than the dust on his shoes. He had presumed the justice that had imprisoned him to be a humane justice. It wasn't. It was as brutal as the crimes it attempted to restrain.

In that instant he felt himself to be the victim of a blind hatred. He saw the world for what it was, an autocracy whose rulers struck cruelly and without intelligence at whatever enemy appeared to threaten their monopoly of greed.

For the first time also the full weight of prison life descended upon his shoulders and thrust its meaning into his soul. He raved in his cell, laughing and cursing, flinging himself up and down the narrow walled space. He spat through the bars of the door at the keeper who ordered him to be quiet, and for that he was sentenced to three days in the "cooler."

The "cooler" was a single, cramped cell without any light whatever and was so constructed as to give the occupant the sensation of being smothered without actually smothering him. The fare in "solitary" was bread and water. Charley Garford came out cured of his ravings. He was as quiet as any keeper could wish. Outwardly he had become, once more, the model prisoner.

During his brief stay underground a change had occurred. A new batch of convicts had arrived and when Charley emerged from the "cooler" he discovered another man in his cell. The prison was overcrowded. It had been found necessary to double-up in certain cases. The idea of sharing his niche in hell with another living creature struck Charley as a ghastly joke; but he endured it in silence. He had learned discretion.

The man in his cell was an old cracksman, known as Baldy Jenks, a habitual criminal who had done time in every "first-class" prison in the country. He used to boast, in a disembodied whisper, of his crimes and adventures. Charley humored him, for there was in the boy's mind from the beginning a vague notion that Baldy might be able to help him. Several times he treated the other to drinks from the hose of the whisky-peddling guard, paying for the refreshment out of his own meager savings.

One night, in the darkness, after the guard had gone his round, he heard Baldy's breath of a whisper. "You're a good kid. Why don't you try for a get away?"

Charley pitched his reply in the same light key.

"With you, Baldy?"

"Hell, no. I'm too old—an' I like the whisky here. But you're nothin' but a kid."

"Can't be done, Baldy."

"Why can't it? Look at Bill Green. An' they was a guy my second time here—back in '93—he dug a hole under the boiler-room of the shoe-shop. Hid there fifteen days, then crawled out an' beat it. What about them three guys pulled off that stunt a year or so ago?"

Charley was cautious.

"Not for me, Baldy. I ain't got the nerve."

"Why ain't you?"

IT WAS mid-July when Charley completed his plans for escape. He had come to his determination in the "cooler." He had made up his mind then to beat the game or die in the attempt. Under the cloak of an apparent docility he had harbored his grim purpose. At first his mind had run to extravagant and involved schemes. He had sought to eliminate by sheer cleverness the slightest risk. But that was impossible. His final inspiration came to him one morning while he was washing his slop-pail in the pool by the shore.

Most of the escapes from Sing Sing that he had heard of had been by way of the iron fence and the river. But the current in the Hudson was swift and Charley wasn't much of a swimmer.

He glanced up and caught sight of the guard on the north wall. The latter was standing just outside of post No. 10 with his rifle slung over his shoulder. His figure made a silhouette against the pale-blue Summer sky.

Charley looked at him and thought, "I'll go out over that brick wall some night when you aren't there, you big stiff."

There were no guards on the wall at night. If he could break out of the cell-block—or hide somewhere in the yard till it got good and dark.

Sunday would be the best day for that, because everything was quiet on Sunday. They didn't even guard the shops.

The shops. By God, that was it! And those stacks of lumber piled under the lumber-sheds just inside the fence!

His plan formed rapidly in his mind. By the time he reached the mess-hall it had reached a beautiful perfection. He trembled inwardly at the contemplation of it. It was to him what the poet's dream is to the poet, what the artist's vision is to the artist.

It was his life.

HE WAITED till Saturday night before telling Baldy. He had to tell Baldy because the old yegg's co-operation was essential to his success. Standing close beside him in the cell Charley breathed his hope into Baldy's ear. "I'm going to make a try for it to-morrow. I got my line all laid. Will you—help me?"

"How?"

"Answer for me at both roll-calls in the morning."

Baldy didn't speak or stir. Charley stood in a sweat of agony. It would mean punishment for Baldy, probably the "cooler," possibly worse.

At last the younger man felt a movement in the man beside him. Than Baldy's leathery hand closed hard on his. Charley returned the pressure. The matter was settled.

On Sunday morning the gallery assembled as usual, slop-pails in hand, to march to the river. The company at that time numbered sixty men instead of fifty. It was still in charge of a single guard.

The morning was hot and sultry. As Charley Garford stooped over the pool he felt the warmth of the sun on his back. Then and there he made his resolution. "I've spent my last day a prisoner. I'll either get free or die trying."

There was the usual slight confusion—the milling of gray-clad figures—as the men reformed into line. While the guard was listlessly superintending this formation Charley coolly stepped into the shadow of one of the lumber-sheds and ducked down behind a pile of lumber.

He had expected to be tremendously excited. He wasn't excited in the least. But his whole being was keyed up to a high pitch His mind worked clearly; it was stimulated and alert.

He heard without emotion the tramp of his companions marching to the mess-hall. He waited till he was certain they had disappeared indoors. Then he began to maneuver for the short dash toward the shops.

His only enemy was the guard on the north wall. Peering out from behind the lumber-pile Charley saw the familiar figure outlined against the sky. The moment the latter's back was turned he made a run for the nearest building.

For the next fifteen minutes he played hide and seek with the enemy. At the end of that time he found himself safely under the wall of the wagon-shop.

"SOMEWHERE WITHIN HIM, FROM THE DEPTHS OF HIS SOUL, SPRANG UP THE SLENDER AND PASSIONATE YOUTH THAT HAD BEEN CHARLEY GARFORD"

The door wasn't locked. That was as he had expected. He slipped into the building and for the first time his heart began to beat. His breath came faster. He was grinning like a nervous dog.

He went to the locker-room, took off his gray suit and put on the overalls and cap he wore when at work in the shop. In the pockets of the overalls were two dry biscuits which he had hidden there several days before. He ate half of one of these and drank a glass of water from the water-jar in the work-shop.

The next half hour was critical. In order to keep his mind occupied he picked up a wheel-spoke, selected a file from one of the benches and began laboriously and quite instinctively—to fashion himself a weapon.

If they came after him he'd fight till they killed him.

It was slow work filing down the wagon-spoke, but so much the better. He had all day.

The gang must be through breakfast by this time. They were back in the cell-block. The guard was throwing the lever that locked them in.

Funny that one human being should be doing things like that to other human beings for pay. Understandable, in a sense, but—funny. The whole scheme was funny. There was no justice in it. A man suffered or was rewarded according to his luck or his nerve or the height of his bluff.

Queer world that put a man in the death-house for killing one or two of his fellow-humans, while kings and generals who slaughtered thousands not only went free but were praised and worshiped into the bargain. Of course, that wasn't the same thing. Why wasn't it the same thing?

They must have called the first roll by this time. Baldy had answered for him. The completed roll would be turned over to the head keeper who would give it to an assistant to verify.

Again Baldy had answered for him.

Had the deception worked? Or were they, even now, starting to look for him?

The sweat rolled off his face. He gripped the piece of wood in his hand. He expected every instant to hear the dread wail of the siren.

He sprang up from the place where he had been squatting. He was a fool to sit there and be cornered like a rat. Why not make a dash for the fence, squeeze through or climb over somehow and take a chance on the river?

No. That would be suicide. He must stick to his plan. He must stay where he was. It was his only chance.

THE day dragged on. Apparently they hadn't discovered his absence from the cell-block. The thought filled him with an agony of hope.

It began to rain.

All through the dreary afternoon he sat filing mechanically his hardwood stick. When darkness fell he ate the other half of his biscuit and drank two more glasses of water. Weapon in hand, he started for the door.

At that instant he heard a footstep in the yard.

Then the door opened and some one stepped into the shop. Instinctively and in spite of the fact that he couldn't see the man Charley struck. The club cracked against the intruder's skull; he pitched forward against Charley's knees. The latter caught him as he fell and lowered him to the floor.

Charley could tell by the feel of his clothes that he wasn't a prisoner. A guard, then. What was he doing in the wagon-shop at that time of night?

"Going to steal something, were you? Or maybe you've got some crooked stuff hid away here?"

What difference did it make? There the guard was and there he'd remain. As like as not the blow had killed him.

With a coolness that appealed to his own intelligence as remarkable Charley ransacked the guard's pockets. In one of them he found a purse. It was gratefully plump. He emptied its contents into his own pocket, picked up his wagon-spoke and walked out into the yard.

It was still raining. The night was pitch-black. He crept over to the lumber-shed and gently worked loose from the pile a thick pine board about two feet wide and some twenty feet long.

It was astonishingly heavy, but he got it up on his shoulder somehow and half carried, half dragged it to the north wall. As he staggered along he kept thinking of Christ trying to carry the cross. Then the dissimilarity of the occasions struck him and he stopped to laugh silently, gasping for breath.

He propped his burden against the brick wall and, gripping the rough board with his arms and legs, scrambled up it as fast as he could shinny.

It was a twenty-foot drop to the ground, but Charley didn't hesitate. He swung himself over the outer edge of the wall, hung a moment by his hands, and let go.

He landed on all fours, but the rain, which was his ally, had made the ground soft. He picked himself up and stumbled forward.

Outside the wall was a field that stretched from the river

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MENDEL MARANTZ—HOUSEWIFE

BY DAVID FREEDMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

WHAT is a landlord? A bore! He asks you one question all the time—Rent! What is rent? A fine you pay for being poor. What is poverty? Dirt—on the surface. What is riches? More dirt—under the surface. Everybody wants money. Money! What is money? A disease we like to catch but not to spread. Just wait, Zelde! The time will come! I'll be a landlord on Riverside Drive! We'll have our own home——"

"In the cemetery!" Zelde said bitterly.

"Not so fast," Mendel replied, sipping his tea. "Cheer up, Zelde! What is pessimism? A match. It burns the fingers. What is hope? A candle. It lights the way. You never can tell yet! What is life? A seesaw. To-day you're poor and to-morrow——"

"You starve!" Zelde muttered, as she rubbed a shirt vigorously against the wash-board.

With a sudden impulse she slapped the shirt into the tub, dried her hands on the apron, and, resting her fists on her hips, turned to Mendel.

"Why shouldn't I be mad?" she began, replying to a previous question. "Here I stand like a fool scrubbing my life away, from morning till night-time, working like a horse, cooking, washing, sewing, cleaning, and everything. And for what? For this I eloped with you from a rich father? Did you marry me—or hire me?"

"I stole you. Now I got to pay the penalty. What is love? A conquest. What is marriage? An inquest. Don't worry; your father was no fool. He made believe he didn't see us run away. We felt romantic—and he got off cheap! What is romance? Soap-bubbles. They look nice, but taste rotten."

"Never mind! Mister Mendel Marantz, I know you too good. You talk a lot to make me forget what I was saying. But this whole business must come to a finish right here and there!

"You talked into yourself you're a great man, so you don't want to work and you don't want to listen. Sarah sweats in the factory, Hymie peddles papers, Nathan works by the telegrams. And what do you do? You sit like a king and drink tea and make jokes—and nothing! I betcha you're waiting Jakie, Lena, and Sammy should grow up so you'll send them to work for you too!"

Mendel shrugged his shoulders.

"What's a woman's tongue? A little dog's tail. It wags too much!"

"I know what I talk. You hate work like poison. You like better to smoke a cigaret and close your eyes and invent schemes how to get rich quick. But you'll get crazy quicker!"

"Zelde, you're a old woman. You don't understand. All I need is one drop of luck and that drop will sweeten our whole ocean of troubles. If only one of my inventions succeeds, none of us will have to work. Then Sarah will have dowry. What is dowry? Every man's price. And we'll move out of the fish-market. What is success? Fifth Avenue. What is failure? Fifth floor.

"Some day, you'll see. I'll be the President of the Refillable Can Company and save the world millions in tin. Just wait!"

"And who'll buy bread in the meantime? Mendel, remember what I tell you. Knock out this craziness from your head. Forget about this can business!"

Mendel's dignity was roused.

"Crazy! That's what you all are! You and all your relatives think I got water on the brain!" He pointed with conviction to his brow. "But up here is the refillable can. Zelde, you see it? It's in the brain, the whole scheme. Up here is full with ideas, plans, and machinery. Thinking, scheming, planning all the time. It don't let me sleep. It don't let me eat. It don't let me work. And I should forget it—ah?

"You're all jealous because God was good to me. He gave your brother Morris a shoe-factory, your cousin Joe He gave a real estate, your sister Dora a rich husband. But God gave me *brains*—and that none of you got!"

Mendel paced the floor excitedly.

Zelde stood silent and bit her lip. For years she had heard the same flow of rhetoric, the same boast of intellect, and the same trust in luck. The net result was always an evasion of work, and the responsibility shifted back to her and the children.

Mendel Marantz had brains, all right. Otherwise how could he have existed so long without working?

He always confused her with clever phrases and blurred the issue by creating fictitious ones. And he always succeeded in infecting her with his dreams, until she let him dream on while she did the work. It was that way when they had the candy-stand which her brother Gershon bought for them; it was that way when they kept a vegetable-store which sister Dora financed and later reduced to a push-cart; and it was that way now when they had nothing.

BY TRADE a mechanic, by inclination an inventor, and by nature a dreamer, Mendel abhorred the sordid commonplaces of labor and dreaded the yoke of routine. He had been everything from an insurance agent to a night watchman in rapid succession, and had invented at least a hundred different devices for the betterment of civilization while changing jobs. None of these inventions had as yet received proper recognition, least of all from Zelde. But that could not discourage him to such a point as to drive him to work.

He really believed in his powers. That was the tragedy of it. All geniuses have an unalterable faith in their greatness. But so have most cranks. And Zelde was not sure as to which of the two species Mendel belonged.

She was sure of one thing—that the family was hovering perilously near the brink. A single feather added to its burdens and it would topple over. Mendel might take it lightly, but she knew better. She had seen families in that neighborhood crumble to ruin overnight. She had known many who—like Mendel—started as harmless dreamers, hopeful idlers, and ended—God forbid—as gamblers, drunkards, and worse.

"How was it with Resnick? Every day he had a scheme to make millions while his wife got sick working in the shop. She died working, and the children went to a orphan asylum and he still wanted to make millions. So he made a corner on the coffee-market and he lost everything what everybody else had, and the only way they could stop him from signing checks with Rockefeller's name was to send him to Bellevue.

"Or Dittenfass? Wasn't he the picture of Mendel? Didn't he hate work like poison, and didn't he pay for it? He thought he was smarter from the rest. Didn't his wife used to told him, 'Dittenfass, look out!'? But he laughed only. He looked out for himself only. And one day she threw in his eyes vitriol! That's what she threw in his eyes, and then he couldn't look any more!

"You can't be too smart. Didn't Karneol try? And it's two years she's waitin' already with swollen eyes he should come back. But he's got to serve three more.

"The best smartness is to do a day's work. If you wait it shall happen miracles—it happens! But the wrong way!"

ZELDE knew. She wished she didn't know.

"Maybe you can invent something to make you work," she offered as a possible solution. "Somebody else with your brains could make a fortune. Why don't you make at least a living?"

"Brains make ideas; fools can make money. That's why your relatives are rich. What is business? Blind man's bluff. They shut your eyes and open your pockets!"

"Again you mix me up," she said warily, sensing this new attempt to befuddle the issue. "What's the result from all this? You joke and we starve. It's lucky Sarah works. If not, we would all be thrown out in the street already."

At this moment Sarah entered. She was pale and tired from the climb of stairs. She dropped her hat languidly on the couch and sank into a chair.

Zelde was too surprised to speak. It was only one-thirty. She never expected Sarah before six. An ominous thought flitted through her mind. She looked anxiously at her daughter. Sarah's gaze shifted to the floor.

An oppressive silence gathered over them. Then Sarah tried to mumble something. But Zelde understood without hearing. Her heart had told her,

"It's slack! Everybody laid off. Sarah, too!"

What she had dreaded most had happened. The family of Marantz was now over the brink. Zelde stood crushed by the thought of the morrow. Sarah sat staring vacantly, her chin against her clenched hand. Mendel stopped smoking to appear less conspicuous.

Four female eyes detected him, however, and scorched him with their gaze.

The handwriting on the wall was unnecessarily large.

Mendel Marantz knew that his crisis was at hand.

Zelde spoke.

"That settles it. Either to-morrow you go to work or go altogether! Yessir! You, I mean, mister!"

Mendel had faced crises before. Some he had overcome with a jest, others with a promise, still others with a pretense at work until the novelty wore off. But there was a grimness in Zelde's manner this time that looked fatal. Nothing but a permanent job and lifelong drudgery could save him now. But that would also destroy him.

Trying him down to a position was like hitching a lion to

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a cart. His mind could not travel on tracks. It was too restive and spirited. He could never repeat an act without discovering how much easier it might be done by machinery, and immediately he set himself to invent the necessary machine. That was why he could not be a tailor. After he once threaded a needle, he started to devise a simple instrument for doing it, and in the meantime lost his job. And that happened in every case.

His head was so full of ideas that he often had to stand still to keep his balance. His mind sapped all of his powers and left him powerless for work. In order to work he would have to stop thinking. He might just as well stop

"'WHAT'S A WIFE? AN X-RAY. SHE KNOWS YOU THROUGH AND THROUGH!'"

living. Idleness was as essential a part of his make-up as industry was of Zelde's.

"I wasn't made for work," he said with finality. "I mean—for just plain work. Some people work with their feet, others with their hands. I work with my head. You don't expect I shall sit like Simon the shoemaker every day and hit nails till I get consumption. Out—two—three, I invent a machinery which hits nails, cuts leather, fits heels, makes patches, and I sit down and laugh on the world. I can't work like others, just as others can't work like me!"

"You can make me believe night is day and black is white, but it won't help you. It's a new rule in this house from to-day on—those who work, eat; those who don't, don't. If you think you can invent food, go ahead. So long I live my children is not going to starve. From to-day on I'm the father from this family. If you don't want to go to work—I will!"

Mendel was skeptical.

"What is a woman?" he thought. "A lot of thunder, but a little rain."

Still, the shower was more drenching than he supposed.

"To-morrow morning I go back to be a dressmaker by fancy dresses. Sarah, you come with me. I learn you a real trade."

Then she turned to Mendel with a sneer.

"You thought I play around in the house, didn't you? All right! Now you stay home and play like I did. You want to eat? Cook, yourself. You think in the house it's easy? You'll find out different. Send the children to school, go up on the roof to hang clothes, run down with the garbage five floors, buy groceries, wash underwear, mend stockings, press shirts, scrub floors—go on! Have a good time, and I'll pay the bills!"

Mendel admitted that Zelde had worn for some time the family trousers, but he believed that he still wore the belt. However, her inexorable decision disillusioned him. He admitted having been caught slightly off his guard. He had never suspected that a type of work existed so near him, into which he might be forced out of sheer necessity. Not that he intended to do it! But still——

"What is a woman?" he reconsidered. "Lightning. It's nice and bright till it hits you."

The next morning Mendel discovered perpetual motion. The children had taken possession of the house. He dodged flying pillows, tripped over upset furniture, slipped on greasy garbage from an overturned can, found salt in his coffee and something sharper on his seat. He kept constantly moving to avoid falling objects and fell into others. He had planned to have nothing to do with the house, but the house was having a great deal to do with him.

The youngsters seemed to be under the impression that with Zelde all law and order had passed away. Mendel found it hard work to change their minds. It was monotonous to spank Lena, then Jakie, then Sammy. Then over again. It would be better to send them off to school. But they had to be dressed and fed and washed for that!

He was tempted to snatch his hat and coat and leave the house. But what would he do in the streets?

He hesitated, gritted his teeth, and set to work by scrubbing Jakie's face till it resembled a carrot.

"What's a wife?" he muttered, and Lena started at the question. "A telescope! She makes you see stars!" And some soap got into his eye.

"Sammy, don't you never marry!" he exclaimed with a profound look of warning at the frightened little boy. "What is marriage? First a ring on the finger and later—on the neck. Lena, stop pulling Jakie's hair. She's like her mother. Don't do that, Sammy. A table-cloth ain't a handkerchief! Ai! Little children, little troubles; big children, big troubles. What is children? Life insurance. Some day they pay you back—when you're dead. But you like them anyhow. Such is life! You know it's tough, but you try it once, anyway.

"After all, what is life? A journey. What is death? The goal. What is man? A passenger. What is woman? Freight.

"Jakie, you bad boy! Don't cry, Lena. He didn't mean it. Here's an apple. Go to school. Sammy, get off the banister! Look out, children! It's a step missing down there! Who's crying? Jakie, give her back the apple! Did you ever hear such excitements? My goodness!"

Mendel, perspired, exhausted, sank into a chair

"I'm working, after all," he noted with surprize. "If this lasts, I don't."

But the trials of Mendel Marantz had only begun. The sensation of womanhood did not thrill his bosom, and the charms of housekeeping failed to allure him. A home like a warehouse on moving-day tumbled about him. The beds were upset, the table and floor were littered with breakfast leavings, the cupboard was bare, the dishes were piled in the sink, the dust had gathered already as if cleaning were a lost art, and the general atmosphere was one of dejection, confusion, chaos. The magic touch of the housewife revealed itself by its absence.

Zelde had now proved to him conclusively that her presence and service were essential to his comfort. As if he had ever questioned the fact. Why did she go to all this trouble to drive home a point?

"Zelde, a glass tea," he used to say, and the tea stood steaming hot before him. "Zelde, it's a draft. Shut up the window," and presently the draft was gone.

"Zelde—" he would call, leaning back in his chair, but why torture himself with things that were no more?

THAT night when Zelde arrived, masculine and businesslike, through with work and ready for supper, she beheld a pitiful spectacle.

The house was in hopeless disorder. The children had managed that. The cat was on the table and Jakie was under it, while Lena kept him there with her foot. Sammy's eye had been darkened by a flying saucer which Hymie let go in a moment of abandon. Everything was where it should not be. The kitchen furniture had been moved into the dining-room and the feather beds were in the wash-tub.

Mendel was nowhere within the range of Zelde's call.

"Where is papa?" she asked sharply, after calming the youngsters with her two convincing hands. "Everything is upside down. I betcha he didn't do a thing all day. My goodness, that man will make me crazy!"

A crashing sound as of dishes in hasty descent issued from the next room.

Zelde and her retinue rushed to the scene of disaster. With one foot in the sink and the other on the wash-tub

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

"'HERE I STAND SCRUBBING MY LIFE AWAY, FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT-TIME. AND FOR WHAT? FOR THIS I ELOPED WITH YOU FROM A RICH FATHER? DID YOU MARRY ME—OR HIRE ME?'"

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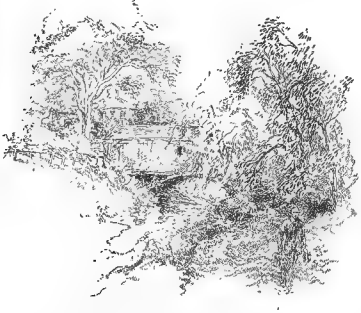

THE VISIT

The Prodigal's Chickens Come Home to Roost

BY MARY BRECHT PULVER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

AT THE top of the village street, Winthrop Shandy set down his bag and wiped his hot, perspiring face. The day was insufferably warm, and the walk from Eddysville over three miles of powdery, white-hot, dusty road had obliterated the fine edge of the slight dandyism he affected; and here in a moment's respite, under the arching elms that threw a delicate green wash over the quiet street, he freed his collar of the extra handkerchief he had tucked in, the cuff of his trousers of the fine dust—ran cooling fingers through his heat-moistened hair, restored himself to his usual semblance of the dark, leanly built, modishly dressed man who defied his middle forties with a certain air of youthful grace and adventure.

There was no one to observe him. The street lay in a Midsummer's dream. Only a little gray dog ran out to sniff at his feet, and him he kicked aside contemptuously—as contemptuously as he threw away all thought of sentimentality in his return to this place after so many years. It was, to him, a stupid village; a dull, insufferable hamlet—nothing more. He picked up the bag and walked on. The house he sought stood midway of the street, and as he looked at it a perverse gleam of amusement crept into his fine hazel eyes, reached down to touch a deep line on either side of his mobile, sardonic lips.

Old Milt was doing himself proud.

The house, a low wooden "Colonial," looked utterly neglected. It hadn't been painted in years—brown, eroded; the porch floor was sagging, the door had warped from the level fanlight above, slats were missing from the blinds. The little dooryard was bleak and weedy. Even the painted sign on the iron standard,

DR. MILTON SHANDY

careened tipsily, rusted. A man sat beside a mossy old pump in a green-painted rocker, who, when he saw the newcomer, rose slowly to his feet to face him. He was like his visitor, yet with marked differences. Older by three or four years; heavier, with a slight suggestion of paunch—his hair thinner, markedly gray; his features similar but milder, as tho a faintly blurring thumb had been drawn across them before the clay had hardened. He was coatless—in faded blue suspenders over a shabby, old shirt; his sleeves rolled up to show red flannel. He wore baggy, nondescript trousers and splayed carpet slippers, and as he stared at the other, a curious mottling color poured up in his face.

The visitor spoke first.

"Well, Milt—well, brother," he said, "you look as if I'd shot you to pieces."

"It's Wint," the doctor said, slowly moistening his lips; "if *his* Wint."

"Same old number, I guess. People say I don't change much. But you—" he looked appraisingly at the red flannel, "Rheumatism—eh, Milt?"

"A touch," the older man answered curtly.

"TWENTY years," he said suddenly, "and then you come back. Why?"

"Oh, now, Milt, why not? It's time, isn't it? I said to myself—a little visit. I'm getting along myself. And thinking of you, of the old place, well, I said, 'Doggone bygones—Milt won't turn me out.'" He dropped easily, confidently on an adjacent stool.

"In the end all men return to the ways of God," the doctor quoted sententiously. "I won't turn you off." He resumed his chair. Wint laughed.

"I wouldn't just say it was God, Milt—but you're the same old boy for texts and quoting. Like a page in the almanac." Wint took off his hat, looking up into the green tree.

"Nice and cool here. It was hot on the road. I s'pose if I'd dropped you a line, you'd have come over with your old nag for me."

"I'm not driving a horse just now."

"No! Keep a car—eh? Well, now, that's prosperous."

"No, I haven't got a car——"

"No car," Wint drew a dramatic whistle; "you don't mean you don't drive at all. You don't mean you're retired, Milt. Why, that's finer still. A man ought to make his pile and rest when he can afford it."

The dull red sprang into the doctor's face again.

"I haven't retired—it's just that I don't go into the country. I don't need a horse. I've got enough. Chronics, mostly."

"Chronics!" Wint looked at the sagging, paintless porch and shook his head: "Now, that's too bad, Milt. I sez to myself coming back, 'I'll find old Milt the flossiest doctor in the country.'"

"Like the —— you did," the doctor spoke placidly, but his face was still red. "You can see I haven't made much money—any money," he corrected; "but I've got a few that stick. I'm not a doctor, really," he smiled wryly; "I'm a habit."

"Good thing you never married, then—just like me. Well, these are hard times."

"Eggs," said the doctor slowly, "in this village are seventy cents a dozen. I used to have two—with ham—every morning. I have one twice a week now. I never saw money so dear."

"Now you've said a mouthful, Milt," Wint bent suddenly to his bag, "and, speaking of mouthfuls and doctors, I'm under the doctor's care myself. You wouldn't believe how poorly I am. Got to take my medicine," he grinned at Milt and extracted a bottle with a druggist's label. "I paid fifteen dollars a quart for this rotgut stuff in Richmond last week—best I could do. Will you have a little hoot?"

The doctor looked at him contemptuously. "No—no, thanks. I don't use it. If I did, you know, I'd take the brown purifier."

Wint set down the bottle and stared with level brows. A catbird mewed suddenly in the elm overhead.

"So you do make grandpap's old purifier still eh? I've thought of that since July. I'd like to taste the old stuff again."

"It's good medicine. I made a half-gallon last month. Get you some if you like." The doctor got up, shambled into the house, and returned with a gallon-bottle half full of brown fluid and a stained graduate. He filled the graduate, spilling a little. Wint threw out his hand.

"For Lord's sake, don't waste it—as I remember it, it's the precious goods——"

He lifted the graduate to his lips and emptied it. "A—a—ah! Now that's something like! All there with the kick. So that's what you give your people, Milt."

The doctor frowned. "I tell you—it's real medicine. It helps 'em. You know. Oh, of course—alcohol. All the old stuff had it. I can't help that. But this, this has—virtue, I tell you. I could show you the recipe——"

"You got the recipe, Milt?" Wint asked alertly.

"I've got the old original. Grandpap Shandy's writing. You could read for yourself——"

"How much alcohol?"

"Ninety per cent," the doctor shifted, "but the other things too—you could read for yourself. 'Oil of aniseed, powdered scammony resin, and the fluid extracts of senna, mandrake, jalap'—it's in the process—the digesting. And people—why, I had a case at Hales Forks—woman bedridden two years and—oh, plenty of others. It's got a reputation. Same thing with father. You heard him talk——"

"Sure thing. Great stuff, Milt. And I'll tell you what. You ought to be the richest man in the State. Why, you ought to be a millionaire—would have been if you weren't the old stick-in-the-mud—time somebody shook you up. I don't mind telling you that I've thought a heap about that old purifier. Ever since last July—" He made a vague suggestive gesture toward the bottle.

"It is medicine," the doctor suggested dryly; "you'd have to go easy—or change the formula."

"But that could be fixed. Great guns, man, why didn't I have the brains to study medicine years ago? You say you've got the old recipe——"

"Oh, I never use it. A curiosity. Ink's all faded and paper's like a dead leaf. I carry it in my head. I don't hold with your crazy schemes," he said loudly. "I'm getting along all right as it is. I wouldn't listen to any wild talk, Wint. You're welcome to visit—but—it's—too hot," he said heavily.

"It is hot—too blamed hot. I don't want to talk to you now, anyhow. Nicer to sit here under the old tree."

"Not bad," said the doctor. "I'm mostly here afternoons in my shirt-sleeves. Well, it must be four-thirty. I'll go in and rattle the stove-lids. You can wash up, any time."

He got up slowly and, carrying the bottle, the liquid smacking against its sides, went into the house. Taking his bag, Wint followed his brother indoors.

The house of Dr. Milton Shandy had never been in such sad case. Never, Wint reflected, as he poured out the dusty water from the flowered ewer into the waiting basin. He could hear the doctor pounding around down-stairs—a clatter of tins and dishes in the untidy kitchen. As he had mounted the stairs into the close upper hall, the odor of stale cookery assailed him, and at each step the carpet gave off a tiny puff of dust. A man's careless housekeeping had left a littered trail over lower rooms and hall.

"Gone to seed—old slatternly bonehead," Wint grinned into the wavering dressing-glass. "Time I came back and made his fortune. And mine, too," he added.

When presently he came to supper he had made a meticulous toilet. His hair was brushed sleekly smooth, he had thrust a small red flower into his buttonhole, and with a fresh collar and his light, youthful carriage he looked now a dozen years his brother's junior.

THE effort to prepare the supper had not improved the doctor. Beads of perspiration stood on his face; he had slipped out of his suspenders. They hung in two festoons on his hips.

"Draw up and fall to," he said.

"I made some flapjacks—the ready-to-mix kind—with water, and I've got some little boughten cakes and canned fruit. No meat. Can't afford meat only on Sundays."

"Tush, Milt, you can afford anything you like—if you go about it right."

"Well, I don't go in for newfangled ideas." The doctor had a knifeful of potatoes poised before his mouth. "I'm a plain man," he added unfortunately. Wint did not speak, but the dancing sparks of light came into his eyes again, and a purplish color mottled his brother's face.

"Oh, you can say anything you like—go as far as you please," he said with elaborate indifference.

"Haven't said a word, Milt, not a word. Wasn't going to."

"No," said the doctor thoughtfully, "you never had to. It was a way you had of looking—like the devil and all—like you were so superior—well, it don't matter. When you're old and getting fat and don't care."

Wint flashed his smile at him and fumbled for tobacco.

"Now," he said, "let's don't open old scores. You and I ought to get along. If there's any smartness lying round, we ought to use it together—for the good o' the fam'ly."

"The fam'ly! Lot you cared. You got out quicker'n scat soon as you got your share o' father's money."

"You're not going to tell me it broke any hearts, Milt. Perhaps you'd like to hear how it's been with me? I've had my ups and downs, but I've had some good luck. Plenty. I've made money."

"What at?"

"Speculating. Copper. There was one while everything I touched turned to money."

"All aboveboard?" the doctor asked.

"Couldn't touch me. I know my way about." Wint reached over and refilled his cup from the gray-agate coffee-pot.

"You look slick," said his brother heavily.

"Complimentary. That's my crowd, Milt. No reason why I should stay here and be a village dub—was there? Success—that's what you want."

"Never had any," said the doctor slowly. "Anybody can see that."

"Well, Milt, there's nobody regrets it more than I do. Honestly, I kept thinking all the way coming back—how I'd find you. A hustling, busy man, and here I find you——"

The catbird in the big

"'TWENTY YEARS,' HE SAID SUDDENLY, 'AND THEN YOU COME BACK. WHY?'"

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tree outside began to cry suddenly, and the doctor pushed back his chair. "I'll get some crums. I always give Petey his supper—" Then he turned deliberately to the other, "No need to bear on, is there?"

"I'm not bearing on, Milt." Wint looked surprized. "I was only saying—well, it doesn't make any difference, anyhow—when you and I get together on this plan I have in mind. Why, Milt, we've got to do it. You and I—heads of a stock company to put the 'purifier' on the market."

"Look here," Dr. Milt spoke wearily. "I don't hold with patent medicine. If that's what you're chewing on you can spit it right out. I'm for ethical medicine."

"Oh—'medicine.'" Wint grinned sarcastically. "A rose by any other name. Let's call a spade a spade. Remember that ninety per cent.—fix your mind on that. Bet I'll make a mint for us."

"I see you," said the doctor, coldly, "and I raise you."

Wint laughed. "What a sportin' chap you are, Milt! Well—I wouldn't decide too quick. I'll take my time provin' how wrong you are. That's what I came for—why, man, to-day, this minute—patent medicine is the great American national beverage. We've got a gold-mine——"

"I see you—and I'll raise you," Milt said coldly.

A shadow fell across the door-sill. Both men looked up to see a young girl with a napkin-covered dish in her hand.

"Good evening, Dr. Shandy. Mother's away, and when I baked custards this afternoon I thought I'd make you one."

"Now that's real good of you, Florida." The doctor made a clumsy, shambling movement toward her and took the covered dish from her hand. But Wint sat stock-still, his cigar in his arrested hand, his eyes, narrow, appraising, on the girl.

She was very young and innocent-looking, with a willowy young figure that suggested the suave, flowing lines of the Greek amphoræ. She acknowledged Dr. Shandy's thanks a little timidly in the presence of a stranger, then turned away with a quick, birdlike movement, and Wint resumed his breath and his cigar.

"Gad—what a pretty girl!" he said. "No—not pretty. Pretty girls grow on every bush. A beauty."

"Yes," his brother brought the pie to the table and set it carefully down; "that's Florida Powers. Fancy kind of name. She's Em Riley's girl. They have a little to live on—not much. Florida's a sweet girl—" Then something in his brother's silence, in his preoccupied glance stopped him. He looked over at Wint in a long, weighing scrutiny. He spoke abruptly, thickly.

"Now, Wint—I've got something to say, an' I'll say it an' I stand to it first an' last. I know what you were—an' I calc'ate you're the same person for all you've put on years and some gray hair. No truck about girls—or women. I mean it. No Don Juan business"—he pronounced it "Don Jew-an." "You'll get me straight. You can pay a visit—here where you were born and raised, but the other thing——"

"Why, what have I done?" Wint shrugged and got up from his chair. "What can you prove against me?"

"Yes—that's the devil of it. You were careful—some ways. Like you said—in your business. But what about that girl over at Alstaye who was to marry Fred Croyd? What about her? Fred never got her, nor anybody else. You never meant anything—except to spoil Fred's plan. Mischief—and to see your power—that's your style. That little Wallace girl that visited that Summer, an' all those others that hung after you. What did you do and say to lead 'em on——?"

"God bless me, Milt—could I help it if the ladies loved me?"

"We won't discuss that—I'll only say—Florida, now. This child. You keep off. There's a young lad loves her, and after a while they'll —" He stopped, then said in a level voice, "You see I have never forgotten Sophy Hatton."

Wint made a certain restless movement toward the door.

"Sophy Hatton doesn't live round here, does she? What did become of her?"

The doctor's answer came only after a long minute.

"She went away," he said, "and we never heard of her again. I—inquired, but I never did hear."

Wint did not refer to it again. He stepped down into the yard. A little distance up the street, under the bending trees, he saw a white figure. The girl, Florida Powers, had stopped to talk to an elderly woman. Wint, his cigar in his mouth, his hands in his pocket, walked slowly down to the picket fence and stood, looking up the street.

"'GOOD EVENING, DR. SHANDY'" *from Metcalf Cabaret*

LATER in the growing darkness Winthrop Shandy took a stroll to the end of the street. About him from the houses there came an occasional silver-gilt glimmer of lamplight, sparkling through the shrubbery. The street had turned a soft mauve-gray, and swallows had begun their usual nervous sweeping and circling preliminary to rest. Behind him, in the office, the doctor, his dishes cleared and washed, had lit a stinking oil-lamp and was in close communion with an old man with a sore leg.

Wint had declared for an evening walk, and now with leisurely step moved by the paling fences, through whose interstices long-armed bushes thrust.

There was a sweetness spilling into the evening from unseen gardens—an aroma of homely, pleasant growth wet with dew. From somewhere behind the bushy gardens a strong, sweet young voice was singing, "Love Me and the World Is Mine," and Wint took out his cigar to smile.

It would be the Powers girl, he fancied. It was a voice that suggested her, round and sweet, but young and unemotional.

He dawdled slowly on. Past the general store where the clerk was closing the front doors, extinguishing the lights; past the little brick bank-building and Lee Farrell's barber-shop. He saw presently the white spire of the old Congregational, ankle-deep in ragged-rose and syringa, with a motley of tombstones scattered round—some of his family here. Soon he came to an old shed-like building, guardian over rusted remnants of farm implements, a wrecked wagon or two. Its walls were piebald with tattered old posters, but there were some new ones, wet even yet from the paste, and Wint could read in the starlight the larger captions and the date:

Eglantine's Mammoth World-Beater Circus
Monday, Aug. 15

There were clowns and jungle beasts and silk-hatted ring-masters and tight-rope ladies in ballerina skirts against a burning scarlet background. A one-ring country circus making an ordinary Summer stop in West Parton next week. Wint looked at the bills a moment, sniffing the sweet air, then he turned away and walked deliberately back over the route he had come.

But when he reached that spot where he had heard the young voice, he stopped, opened the little gate, went up the path to the house, and rang at the door.

Florida Powers opened it, standing in the hall with a flare of candle behind her hand.

"Good evening," said Wint. "I am Dr. Shandy's brother Winthrop, home on a visit. He tells me an old friend of mine lives here—I think you must be her daughter, Miss Powers."

"Yes," the girl answered, "but mother is not at home. She will be away for two weeks. Won't you come in?"

THE bluebottle-fly was most annoying. It buzzed in the hot little office with an infernal, teasing persistence. Its vantage-point was an inaccessible corner up near the frame-yellowed, buckled diploma announcing in faded ink that "By these presents" the degree of doctor of medicine was conferred upon one Milton Shandy by Taylor College——

At times when the buzzing became too infuriating Dr. Milt, casting up his month's accounts at his untidy desk, would rise with a sheaf of newspapers and try to silence it.

The street outside was like a burning-glass, and he had drawn the shade of the single window; but, tho he hugged harbor inside, other souls were abroad. He could hear distantly, from over near the Grove, the muffled cacophony of brazen instruments. It had throbbed and thrummed remotely against the August heat ever since mid-morning. A cheap circus was in town. There had been a small parade that morning. A little crowd had tagged its heels. But now the street was silent, panting under its heat, and Dr. Milt was free to wrestle with his accounts in peace.

It was not difficult to see where he stood. He had a half-yearly payment of interest on a large mortgage to meet, and a sheaf of pressing household bills. The assets he garnered from his shabby day-book were few and discouraging. There was nothing to do but ask them to wait—ho MacCready had been irritable about delayed interest last half-year. Nothing to do but shirk his accounts unless——

Unless, of course, Wint.

It was the sixth day of Winthrop Shandy's visit. A six-day span of intense heat of an interminable and dragging irritation.

There was no hour since Wint's arrival when he had not talked of the manufacture and marketing of the purifier. It was too hot to talk. It wore out one's soul and body. Only on the second day he had asked for the old recipe—to copy it. But the doctor had not yet shown it. He had pretended to scoff, to evade. Yet, sitting here with his gaping, empty day-book, he could evade no longer. He was hopelessly in the toils.

But he was not a patent-medicine tout. He was a doctor—as his father, his grandfather had been. Strangely, in the jumbled pictures in his mind, there flashed irrelevantly a memory of his home-coming from Taylor College with the old sheepskin in his pocket. He could see the stage that drove over from Eddysville with the camel-back trunk he had taken, and father and mother coming out on the porch to meet him. And Wint, in the background physically, yet enfolding him more immediately. What a diabolic genius Wint had for piercing to the sore spot! The doctor was not a brilliant man—no, be honest, he was dull, he was heavy. He had had to plod, to work like a horse every inch of the way. No successes, no harvest—just heavy persistence.

Wint was far the cleverer. The agile of mind, the swift of tongue—the humorous, the facile one. Wint had gotten on, or so he claimed. He himself was a failure. The fly settled, buzzing on his neck, and the doctor brushed it off.

But suppose he took up with Wint on this thing and they made good. Probably Wint was right. It was the alcohol that got hold of people. He had always stubbornly resisted the idea—had clung to the ancestral belief that the medicine was good in itself. Well, and if so, as Wint said, why not let people have it, generally? Who was he to save people from themselves? As Wint said, nobody was looking after him—a sucker born every minute.

He drove the fly from his neck again, and wiped his face.

"SHE WAVERED, STOPPED, A FLEETING SHADOW IN HER EYES. BUT IT PASSED IMMEDIATELY"

He must be crazy—coming round to think these things. He was a doctor with a tradition—and he knew Wint. Nothing proved on Wint. Only his fundamental distrust—his dislike. Yes, put it plainly, he hated Wint—it was personal.

Wint was over there at the circus. And Florida Powers. Now, darn him, what was he up to—after the warning he'd gotten, too? Wint and women. Wint and himself. It all came back to the personal thing. Wint and Sophy Hatton. Wint and Sophy Hatton—and himself. No, he hardly dared make it a triad of names. He had not counted. Just the other two. But secretly, without a word, he had loved her—was she had loved Wint. He could see her yet—he drove the thought of her away. She had never looked at him—no more to her than a paving-stone. Just a big, gafish, clumsy fool—a piece of background. And if, wherever she was, she could see him now—his red flannels, his thin hair, his big stomach and splayed feet—like a flagellant he embraced his full, bitter concept. Then he sighed.

HE CAME back to the thought of Florida Powers. Only an hour before she had knocked at his door, had come in and sat in his office a little. Like a white rose, he thought, in her fresh Swiss and flowered hat. She had chatted a little bit nervously, he thought. She was going to the circus, she said.

"You're just a little girl yet, Florida," the doctor had smiled. "Do you mind how you used to run over to see me and I'd give you hard candy out of my desk? I've got some here now, I think."

He had fumbled in the desk, found a little torn brown bag with fragments of taffies and butter-scotch. But the heat had softened the stuff into a sticky mass, and Florida, in fresh white, had repudiated it with a laugh. It was almost as tho she had renounced all claim to childhood—to such interest in her as was his—had become definitely a young woman strictly on her own. It was then, in the course of a little talk, he learned Wint had called on her three times. Three times in six days.

"Mr. Shandy's traveled such a lot," she said wistfully. "I like to hear him talk. He's good-looking, too."

"Handsome is as handsome does." Oh, Wint can talk," he agreed. "When's your mama coming back, Florida?"

Not for ten days, she told him. She had an old aunt staying with her. She resumed the subject of Wint. She was stirred, fluttered a little, by some new views she had caught from him.

"I've never thought much of going away from home, Dr. Shandy. But when you hear people who've traveled around talk——"

"Now don't you go to getting notions, Florida," he had urged uneasily; "you're all right where you are. Home's the place for a young girl—and Rob Allen wouldn't like it."

"Rob Allen," she echoed scornfully; "why, I've known him all my life," she added naively.

"Yes—and I've known Wint Shandy," he wanted to cry. But he said nothing, and the girl had presently taken her youth and grace into the street. There was something about her, her touch of expectancy, that made the doctor think she had hoped to see Wint. But Wint had not come in for half an hour. Then he had sat down to talk "purifier"

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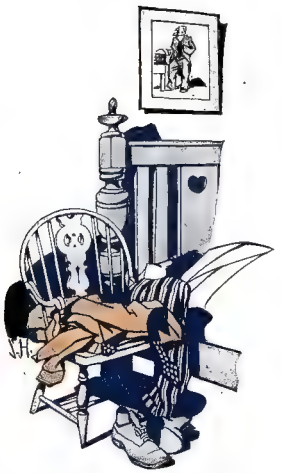
WHAT SUGGESTION REALLY IS AND HOW IT WORKS

The Third of a Series of Articles on Popular Medical Psychology

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

CARTOONS BY STUART HAY



"WHAT HAD REALLY BROUGHT RESULTS WAS, OF COURSE, THE CRUSHED POPCORN"

GREATLY mistaken is the widely held belief that suggestion is an occult, uncanny, supernormal force, coming into play only under exceptional circumstances, and having as result the enslaving of one mind by another. The prevalence of such a belief is undoubtedly due to the fact that it was the scientific investigation of hypnotism that first drew attention to the power of suggestion, for suggestion is demonstrably the chief factor in all hypnotic phenomena. But hypnotists are by no means the only persons able to make use of suggestion. On the contrary, everybody can make use of it. Everybody, as a matter of fact, is in one way or another making use of suggestion and being influenced by suggestion all the while. It is one of the most constant of all influences in human life.

Unfortunately, because most people know nothing of the laws of suggestion and are ignorant of its far-reaching possibilities, comparatively few benefit from it to the extent now possible to all. Many, still worse, permit suggestion to influence them more for evil than for good. And they do so—understand this clearly—without ever once subjecting themselves to the domination of any hypnotist. They do it simply by living in such a fashion that they are unduly responsive to ideas coming to them from the people and even from the inanimate objects and chance occurrences in their environment.

The result sometimes is appalling, so enormous is the power of suggestion when conditions are right for its full influence to be exercised. And it may do damage in countless ways, from wrecking one's prospects in life to ruining one's character and undermining one's health. Again and again it has been known to cause lifelong invalidism. Occasionally it brings sudden and untimely death, as may be shown concretely by a few illustrative instances from actual experience.

Not so many years ago an aged woman died in Chicago under circumstances that seemed to call for an official investigation. Apparently in the best of health, she had been taken ill after drinking part of the contents of a bottle holding a brownish liquid. This bottle had been given to her by a neighbor, and the old lady became firmly convinced that a poison of some kind must have been put into it. She died before her attending physician could obtain an analyst's report as to what the bottle really did contain. Analysis showed that, tho of a somewhat unpleasant taste, there was nothing harmful in it.

Further proof that, whatever the cause of death, it had not been poisoning, was obtained through a coroner's autopsy. The physician making this discovered that, aside from the degeneration of old age, the internal organs were in good condition. "This old lady," he finally reported, "did not die from poison, but from the thought of poison. Her belief that she was poisoned affected her heart to such an extent that it killed her." More tersely, but to precisely similar effect, he might have reported,

"Suggestion did it."

Similarly, it once happened—and this is typical of what often happened during the recent World War—that a soldier fighting from behind a rampart of sand-bags was thrown backward and stunned for a few moments by the concussion of a shell which exploded in front of the rampart. He was not wounded in any way, and, apart from being sprinkled with sand from some of the bags, sustained no hurt whatever. Nevertheless, on regaining consciousness he complained that he could no longer see, that everything was black before him. His blindness continuing, it was at first supposed that the force of the sand driven into his face must have injured his eyes. Examination disproved this. Examination revealed, in fact, that so far as the machinery of vision was concerned he was as well equipped as any man. Yet he remained blind.

"There is but one explanation," was in effect the verdict of all the eye specialists who examined him. "This poor man, knowing that sand had been driven violently into his face, conceived the idea that the effect must inevitably be to destroy his sight. The sand, it is certain, had no such ill effect. The resulting blindness must consequently be attributed to the strength of his conviction of blindness."

Or again, in other words, "Suggestion did it."

Compare the equally singular experience of a young woman who, having had a severe and prolonged "head cold" one June, developed thereafter a recurring cold, or "hay-fever," every Summer. Beginning in June and persisting until the Fall, she would have one cold after another. This she attributed—as did the physicians she consulted—to undue sensitiveness to the irritating action of the pollen of plants, particularly roses. Eventually, however, she came under the care of a specialist, Doctor J. N. MacKenzie, who declined to take this view.

His patient's undue sensitiveness, he theorized, might be more mental than physical, the product of unfortunate suggestions impressed upon her at the time of her first catarrhal attack. If she had then been told that this was due to pollen, it was conceivable that she might suffer from similar attacks whenever pollen-time came round. To test this theory he procured an artificial rose of exquisite workmanship and concealed it behind a screen just before the young woman arrived to keep an appointment with him.

He found her, as it chanced, unusually well. Examination disclosed that her nasal passages were quite clear, her throat in good condition. Chatting with her, the physician casually reached behind the screen, took the artificial rose in his hand, and sat holding it in full view while he continued talking.

"In the course of a minute," to give Doctor MacKenzie's own words, "she sneezed violently. This sensation was followed almost immediately by a tickling in the back of the throat. The nasal passages became suddenly obstructed, and the voice assumed a hoarse, nasal tone. In the space of five minutes she was suffering from a severe coryza.

"AS THE discomfort was rapidly increasing, I removed the rose and placed it in a distant part of the room. When told that it was artificial her amazement was great, and her incredulity was removed only upon personal examination of the artificial flower.

"She left my office with a severe coryza, but also with the assurance that her disease was not altogether irremediable. A few days later she called to see me again, and on that occasion she buried her nostrils in a large, fragrant, genuine rose, and inhaled its pollen without the slightest tendency to the production of reflex acts."

"TO TEST THIS THEORY HE PROCURED AN ARTIFICIAL ROSE OF EXQUISITE WORKMANSHIP"

This incident, of course, emphasizes that just as suggestion is potent to produce symptoms of disease, so it often is potent to remove them. Always, indeed, suggestion holds benign as well as malignant possibilities, its reconstructive attributes actually outmatching its destructive effects on health. So true is this that "healing by suggestion" has become a recognized method in the practise of medicine. Not all maladies, to be sure, respond to suggestive treatment. But even in the case of those not well adapted to it the skilful use of suggestion may influence favorably the course of the disease; while over and over, particularly in the treatment of the so-called functional mental and nervous disorders, it effects results which, to those unfamiliar with it, border on the miraculous.

THE blinded soldier of the rampart explosion was eventually cured of his blindness by suggestion. It has been known to enable the dumb to speak and the paralyzed to walk. Muscular contractures, uncontrollable tremors, convulsive movements, have been conquered by its aid. So have innumerable disorders having as outstanding symptoms disturbances of the circulation, the nutrition, the digestion,

"'THIS OLD LADY DID NOT DIE FROM POISON, BUT FROM THE THOUGHT OF POISON.'"

and other of the internal processes. As should go without saying, it is most surely effective when used by those best acquainted with its laws. Yet persons who have made not the slightest study of these may—and not infrequently do—apply suggestion to excellent purpose. Here is a case in point, significant as bringing into clear relief not only the curative possibilities of suggestion but also the principle underlying all its efficacy:

A certain middle-aged man suffered, as do so many of his fellows, from a chronic and stubborn insomnia. Try as he might he could not get a good night's rest, until at last, his insomnia increasing, he began in desperation to resort to sleeping-powders. These did not give him the relief hoped for. Each of the various preparations he tried would help him for a while, but he always found it necessary to increase the dosage, and even then sleep did not always come to him. He became convinced that there was just one thing on which he could depend but which he had not yet used—morphin—and he went to his physician demanding that the latter give him this powerful but dangerous narcotic.

The physician for various reasons was not inclined to do so. But, knowing his man, he did not argue with him or point out the risk he would run of acquiring a health-wrecking drug habit. Instead he suavely agreed that morphin was the very thing needed, and bade his patient wait while he prepared a few powders for him. Going then into a room back of his office, he quickly ground some popcorn into a fine powder, did it up in some powder-papers, and handed these to the insomniac, saying,

"Take one every evening the last thing before you go to bed. You will enjoy a refreshing sleep, without the slightest doubt. And after a few nights you will find it possible to sleep soundly without depending on these powders at all."

Some weeks elapsed before the physician again saw this patient, to be informed by him that the morphin had benefited him exactly as predicted, so that now he was sleeping well without its aid. What had really brought results was, of course, the suggested idea that the pseudomorphin, the crushed popcorn, would prove to be an infallible sleep-bringer—and the acceptance of this suggested idea by the victim of sleep-deprivation. It was

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"WHAT DID WE TALK ABOUT? HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT WE *DIDN'T* TALK ABOUT!"

THE PRAIRIE CHILD

The Third Instalment of the Sequel to "The Prairie Mother"

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. F. WARD

IT MUST have grown distasteful to him, my foolish hanging on to him as tho he were a hitching-post, for he finally said in a remote voice, "I guess we've had about enough of this." He led me rather ceremoniously to a chair, and slowly let me down in it. Then he crossed over to the old leather holster and picked it up, and stooped for the revolver, and pushed it down in the holster and buckled the cover-flap, and tossed the whole thing up to the top of he book-cabinet again. Then, without speaking to me, he walked slowly out of the room.

I was tempted to call him back, but I knew, on second thought, that it would be no use. I merely sat there, staring ahead of me. Then I shut my eyes and tried to think. I don't know why, but I was thinking about the bigness of Betelguese, which was twenty-seven million times as big as our sun, and which was going on through its millions of miles of space without knowing anything about Chaddie McKail and what had happened to her that morning. I was wondering if there were worlds between me and Betelguese with women on them, with women as alone as I was, when I felt a pair of small arms tighten about my knees and an adoring small voice whisper "Mummsy!" And I forgot about Betelguese. For it was my Dinkie there, with his little rough hand reaching hungrily for mine.

Minty has been removed from *Casa Grande*. I took him over to the Teetzel Ranch in the car, and young Dode Teetzel is to get a dollar a week for looking after him and feeding him. Only Elmer and I know of his whereabouts. And once a week the boy can canter over on Buntie and keep in touch with his pup.

We have a tacit understanding that the occurrences of yesterday morning are a closed chapter, are not to be referred to by word or deed. Duncan himself found it necessary to team in to Buckhorn and left word with Struthers that he would stay in town overnight. The call for the Buckhorn trip was, of course, a polite fabrication, an expedient *pax in bello* to permit the dust of battle to settle a little about this troubled house of McKail. All day to-day I have felt rather languid. I suppose it's the lethargy which naturally follows after all violence. Any respectable woman, I used to think, could keep a dead-line in her soul, beyond which the impulses of evil dare not venture. But I must have been wrong. All week I've been looking for a letter from Peter Ketley. But for once in his life he seems to have forgotten us.

Sunday the Twentieth.

I'VE been wondering to-day just what I'd do if I had to earn my own living. I could run a ranch, I suppose, if I still had one, but two or three years of such work would see me a hatchet-faced old termagant with fallen arches and a prairie squint. Or I could raise chickens and peddle dated eggs in a flivver—and fresco hen-coops with whitewash until the trap-nest of time swallowed me up in oblivion. Or I could take a rural school somewhere and teach the three R's to little Slovenes and Friesians and French-Canadians even more urgently in need of soap and water. Or perhaps I could be housekeeper for one of our new beef-kings in his new Queen-Anne Norman-Georgian Venetian palace of Alberta sandstone with tessellated towers

THE STORY OF THE STORY

THE trouble with the tragedies of life is that they are never clear-cut."

Between loyalty to her husband and love of her children, Chaddie McKail finds constant friction in her life. Altho her man has frequently failed her, she has always forgiven his debts, his petticoat distractions, and his stupid domineering.

But finally it has come to a question of what members of her family shall be sacrificed—her husband, herself, or her offspring.

Twice has Dinkydunk aroused her primitive instincts by wreaking his wrath on his little son, and twice in her rage has Chaddie attacked him. The last time with a revolver, which she did not know was empty, when her husband had thought to strap his little boy for taking his puppy up to bed.

Humiliated by her lack of self-control where her children are concerned, Chaddie feels certain of her husband's final alienation. Her emotions have betrayed her.

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and bungalow sleeping-porches. Or I might even peddle magazines, or start a little bakery in one of the little board-fronted shops of Buckhorn, or take in plain sewing and dispose of home-made preserves to the élite of the community.

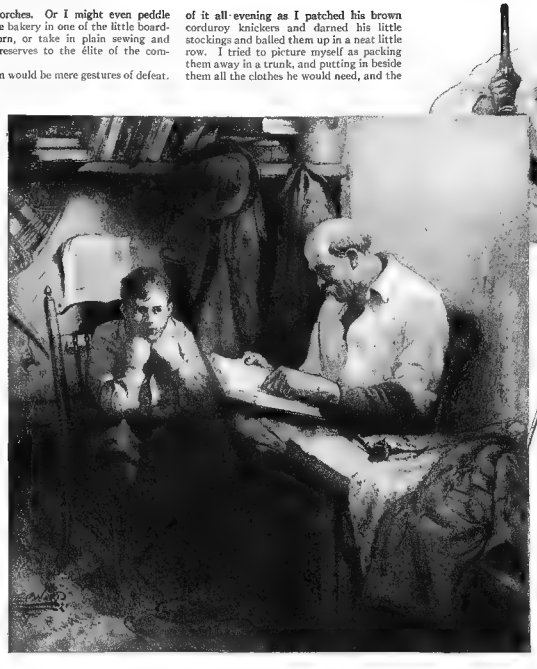
But each and all of them would be mere gestures of defeat. I'm of no value to the world. There was a time when I regarded myself as quite a Somebody, and prided myself on having an idea or two. Didn't Percy even once denominate me as "a window-dresser"? There was a time when I didn't have to wait to see if the pearl-handled knife was the one intended for the fish-course, and I could walk across a waxed floor without breaking my neck, and do a bit of shopping in the *Rue de la Paix* without being taken for a tourist. But that was a long, long time ago. And life during the last few years has both humbled me and taught me my limitations. I'm a housewife, now, and nothing more—and not even a successful housewife. I've let everything fall away except the thought of my home and my family. And now I find that the basket into which I so carefully packed all my eggs hasn't even a bottom to it.

But I've no intention of repining. Heaven knows I've never wanted to sit on the mourners' bench! I've never tried to pull a sour mug, as Dinkydunk once inelegantly expressed it. I love life and the joy of life, and I want all of it I can get. I believe in laughter, and I've a weakness for men and women who can sing as they work. But I've blundered into a black frost, and even tho there was something to sing about, there's scarcely a bluebird left to do the singing. But some time, somewhere, there'll be an end to that silence. The blight will pass, and I'll break out again. I know it. I don't intend to be held down. I *can't* be held down. I haven't the remotest idea of how it's going to happen, but I'm going to love life again, and be happy, and carol out like a meadow-lark on a blue and breezy April morning. It may not come to-morrow, and it may not come the next day. But it's going to come. And knowing it's going to come, I can afford to sit tight and abide my time.

I've just had a letter from Uncle Chandler, enclosing snapshots of the place he's bought in New Jersey. It looks very palatial and settled and old-worldish, shaded and shadowed with trees and softened with herbage, dignified by the hand of time. It reminds me how many and many a long year will have to go by before our bald young prairie can be tamed and petted into a hominess like that. Uncle Chandler has rather startled me by suggesting that we send Elmer through to him, to go to school in the East. He says the boy can attend Montclair Academy, that he can be taken there and called for every day by faithful old Fisher, in the cabriolet, and that on Sunday he can be toted regularly to St. Luke's Episcopal Church, and occasionally go into New York for some of the better concerts, and even have a governess of his own, if he'd care for it. And in case I should be worrying about his welfare Uncle Chandler would send me a weekly night-letter "describing the condition and the activities of the child," as the letter expresses it. It sounds very appealing, but every time I try to think it over my heart goes down like a dabchick. My Dinkie is such a little fellow. And he's my first-born, my man-child, and he means so much in my life. Yet he and his father are not getting along very well together.

IT WOULD be better, in many respects, if the boy could get away for a while, until the raw edges healed over again. It would be better for both of them. But there's one thing that would happen: he would grow away from his mother. He'd come back to me a stranger. He'd come back a little ashamed of his shabby prairie mater, with her ten-year-old style of hair-dressing and her moss-grown ideas of things and her bald-looking prairie home with no repose and no dignifying background and neither a private gym nor a butler to wheel in the cinnamon-toast. He'd be having all those things under Uncle Chandler's roof; he'd get used to them and he'd expect them.

But there's one thing he wouldn't and couldn't have. He wouldn't have his mother. And no one can take a mother's place, with a boy like that. No one could understand him, and make allowances for him, and explain things to him as his own mother could. I've been thinking about that all afternoon as I ironed his waists and his blue flannelet pajamas with frogs on like his dad's. And I've been thinking of it all evening as I patched his brown corduroy knickers and darned his little stockings and balled them up in a neat little row. I tried to picture myself as packing them away in a trunk, and putting in beside them all the clothes he would need, and the books that he could never get along without, and the childish little treasures he'd have to carry away to his new home. But it was too much for me. There was one thing, I began to see, which could never, never happen. I could never willingly be parted from my Dinkie. I could think of nothing to pay me up for losing him. And he needed me as I needed him. For good or bad, we'd have to stick together. Mother and son, together in some way we'd have to sink or swim.



"MY BOY SMILED, BUT HIS MIND, I COULD SEE, WAS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, A THOUSAND MILES AWAY FROM ME"

Wednesday the Thirtieth.

THE tension has been relieved by Dinkydunk going off to Calgary. Along with him he has taken a rather formidable amount of his personal belongings. But he explains this by stating that business will keep him in the city for at least six or seven weeks. He has been talking a good deal about the Barcona coal-mine of late, and the last night he was with us he talked to Gershom for an hour and more about the advantages of these newer mines over the Drumheller. The newer field has a solid slate roof which makes drifting safe and easy, a finer type of coal, and a chance for big money once the railway runs in its spur and the officials wake up to the importance of giving them the cars they need. The whole country, Dinkydunk claims, is underlaid with coal, and our province alone is estimated to contain almost seventeen per cent. of the world's known supply. And my lord and master expressed the intention of being in on the clean-up.

I don't know how much of this was intended for my ears. But it served to disquiet me, for reasons I couldn't quite discern. And the same vague dépression crept over me when Dinkydunk took his departure. I kept up my air of blitheness, it is true, to the last moment, and was as casual as you please in helping Duncan to pack and reminding him to put his shaving-things in his bag and making sure the last button was on his pajamas. I kissed him good-by, as a dutiful wife ought, and held Pauline Augusta up in the doorway so that she might attempt a last-minute hand-waving at her Daddy.

But I slumped, once it was all over. I felt mysteriously alone in an indifferent big world with the rime of Winter creeping along its edges. Even Gershom, after the children had had their lesson, became conscious of my preoccupation and went so far as to ask if I wasn't feeling well.

I smilingly assured him that there was nothing much wrong with me. "*Lerne zu leiden ohne zu klagen!*" as the dying Frederick said to a singularly foolish son.

"But you're upset?" persisted Gershom, with his valorous brand of timidity that so often reminds me of a robin defending her eggs.

"No, it's not that," I said with a shake of the head. "It's only that I'm—I'm a trifle too chilly to be comfortable."

And the foolish youth, at that, straightway fell to stoking the fire. I had to laugh a little. And that made him study me with solemn eyes.

"Just think, Gershom," I said as I gathered up my sewing, "my heart is perishing of cold in a province which is estimated to contain almost seventeen per cent. of the world's known coal-supply!"

And that, apparently, left him with something to think about as I made my way off to bed. It's hard to write coherently, I find, when you're not living coherently—

Syd Woodward of Buckhorn, having learned that I can drive a tractor, has asked me if I'll take part in the plowing-match to-morrow. And I've given my promise to show Mere Man what a woman can do in the matter of turning a mile-long furrow. I feel rather audacious over it all. And I'm glad to inject a little excitement into life. I'm saving up for a sewing-machine. Tarzanette has got rather badly cut up in some of our barb-wire fencing.

Friday the Fifteenth.

THE plowing-match was good fun, and I enjoyed it even more than I had expected. The men "kidded" me a good deal, and gave me a cheer at the end (I don't quite know whether it was for my work or my costume), and I had to pose for photographs, and a motion-picture man even followed me about for a round, shooting me as I turned my prairie stubble upside down. But the excitement of the plowing-match has been eclipsed by a bit of news which has rather taken my breath away. *It is Peter Kelley who has bought the Harris Ranch.*

Saturday the Twenty-third.

THE rains have brought mushrooms, slathers of mushrooms, and I joy in gathering them.

Yesterday afternoon I rode past the Harris Ranch. The old place brought back a confusion of memories. But I was most disturbed by the signs of building going on there. It seems to mean a new shack on Alabama Ranch. And a new shack of very considerable dimensions. I've been wondering what this implies. I don't know whether to be elated or depressed. And what business is it, after all, of mine?

My Dinkie—I have altogether given up trying to call my Dinkie anything but Dinkie—came home two evenings ago with a discolored eye and a distinct air of silence. Gershom, too, seemed equally reticent. So I set about discreetly third-degreeing Poppsy, who finally acknowledged, with awe in her voice, that Dinkie had been in a fight.

It was, according to my petticoated Herodotus, a truly terrible fight. Noses got bloodied, and no one could make the fighters stop. But Dinkie was unquestionably the conqueror.

Yet, oddly enough, I am informed that he cried all through the combat. He was a crying fighter. And he had his fight with Climmie O'Lone—trust the Irish to look for trouble!—who seems to have been accepted as the ring-master of his younger clan. Their differences arose out of the accusation that Dinkie, my bashful little Dinkie, had been forcing his unwelcomed attentions on one Doreen O'Lone, Climmie's younger sister. That's absurd, of course. And Dinkie must have realized it. He didn't want to fight, acknowledged Poppsy, from the first. He even cried over it. And Doreen also cried. And Poppsy herself joined in.

I fancy it was a truly Homeric struggle, for it seems to have lasted for round after round. It lasted, I have been able to gather, until Climmie was arrested and down on his back crying "Enough!" Which Poppsy reports Dinkie made him say three times, until Doreen nodded and said she'd heard. But my young son, apparently, is one of those crying fighters, who are reckoned, if I remember aright, as the worst breed of belligerents!

I have decided not to tell Dinkie what I know. But I'm rather anxious to get a glimpse of this young Mistress Doreen, for whom lances are already being shattered in the lists of youth. The O'Lones regard themselves as the landed aristocracy of the Elk-Trail district. And Doreen O'Lone impresses me as a very musical appellative. Yet I prefer to keep my kin free from all entangling alliances, even tho they have to do with a cattle king's offspring.

I had a short letter from Dinkydunk to-day, asking me to send on a package of papers which he had left in a pigeon-hole of his desk here. It was a depressingly non-committal little note, without a glimmer of warmth between the lines. I'm afraid there's a certain ugly truth which will have to be faced some day. But I intend to stick to the ship as long as the ship can keep afloat. I am so essentially a family woman that I can't conceive of life without it's home circle. Home, however, is where the heart is. And it seems to take more than one heart to keep it going.

I keep reminding myself that I have my children at the same time that I keep asking myself why my children are not enough, why they can't seem to fill my cup of contentment as they ought. Now that their father is so much away,

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a great deal of their training is falling on my shoulders. And I must, in some way, be a model to them. So I'll continue to show them what a Penelope I can be. Perhaps, after all, they will prove our salvation. For our offspring ought to be the snow-fences along the wind-harried rails of matrimony. They should prevent drifting along the line, and from terminal to lonely terminal should keep traffic open. I have to-night induced Poppsy to write a long and affectionate letter to her *pater*, telling him all the news of *Casa Grande*. Perhaps it will awaken a little pang in the breast of her absent parent.

Monday the Twenty-fifth.

I HAVE aroused the ire of the Dour Man. He has sent me a message strongly disapproving of my conduct. He even claims that I've humiliated him. I never dreamed, when that movie-man with the camera followed me about at the plowing-match, that my husband would wander into a Calgary picture-house and behold his wife, in driving-gauntlets and Stetson, mounted on a tractor and twiddling her fingers at the camera-operator, just to show how much at home she felt! Dinkydunk must have experienced a distinctly new thrill when he saw his own wife come riding through that pictorial news weekly. He would have preferred not recognizing me, I suppose. But there I was, duly named and labeled—and hence the ponderous little note of disapproval.

But I'm not going to let Duncan start a quarrel over trivialities like this. I intend to sit tight. There'd be little use in argument, anyway, for Duncan would only ignore me as the predatory tom-cat ignores the foolishly scolding robin. I'm going to be a regular mallard, and stick to these home regions until the ice forms. And our most mountainous troubles, after all, can't quite survive being exteriorated through the inkwell. It relieves me to write about them. But I wish I had a woman of my own age to talk to. I get a bit lonely, now that Winter is slipping down out of the Northland again. And I find that I'm not as companionable as I ought to be. It comes home to me, now and then, how far away from the world we are, how remote from everything that counts.

The tragedy of life with Chaddie McKail, I suppose, is that she's let existence narrow down to just one thing—to her family. Other women seem to have substitutes. But I've about forgotten how to be a social animal. I seem to grow as segregative as the timber-wolf. There's nothing for me in the woman's club life one gets out here. I can't force myself into church work, and the rural reading-club is something beyond me. I simply couldn't endure those women's club meetings which open with a hymn and end up with sponge-cake and green tea, after a platitudinous paper on the Beauty of Prairie Life. It has its beauties, God knows, or we'd all go mad.

We women, in this brand-new land, try to bolster ourselves up with the belief that we have greatnesses which the rest of the world must get along without. But that is only the flaunting of *La Panache*, the feather of courage in our cap of discouragement. There is so much, so much, we are denied! So much we must do without! So much we must see go to others! So much we must never even hope for! O pioneers, great you are and great you must be to endure what you have endured! You must be strong in your hours of secret questioning and you must be strong in your quest for consolation. If nothing else, you must at least be strong. And these western men of ours should all be strong men, should all be great men, because they must have been the children of great mothers. A prairie mother *has* to be a great woman. She must be great to survive, to endure, to leave her progeny behind her.

I've heard the Wise Men talk about nature looking after her own. I've heard sentimentalists sing about the strength that lies in the soil. But, O pioneers, you know what you know! In your secret heart of hearts you remember the lonely hours, the lonely years, the lonely graves! For in the matter of infant mortality alone prairie life shows a record shocking to read. We are making that better, it is true, with our district nursing and our motherhood clubs and our rural phones and our organized letting in of light and passing on of knowledge. We are not so overburdened as those nobler women who went before us. But, O pioneers along these lonely northern trails, I salute you and honor you for your courage! Your greatness will never be known. It will be seen only in the great country which you gave up your lives to bring to birth!

Wednesday the Twenty-seventh.

WHAT weathercocks we are! My blue Monday is over and done with; this is a crystalline Winter day with all the earth at peace with itself; and I've just had a letter from Peter asking if I could take care of his sister's girl, Susie Mumford, until after Christmas. The Mumfords, it seems, are going through the divorce-mill, and Susie's mother is anxious that her one and only child should be afar from the scene when the grist of liberty is agrinding.

I know nothing of Susie except what Peter has told me, that she is not yet nineteen, that she is intelligent but obstreperous, and much wiser than she pretends to be, that the machinery of life has always run much too smoothly about her for her own good, and that a couple of months of prairie life might be the means of introducing her to her own soul.

That's all I know of Susie, but I shall welcome her to *Casa Grande*. I'll be glad to see a city girl again, to talk over face-creams and the Follies and Tschaikovsky and brasières and Strindberg with. And I'll be glad to do a little toward repaying big-hearted old Peter for all his kindnesses of the past. Susie may be both sophisticated and intractable, but I await her with joy. She seems almost the answer to my one big want.

But *Casa Grande*, I have been realizing, will have to be refurbished for its coming guest. We have grown a bit shoddy about the edges here. It's hard to keep a house spick and span, with two active-bodied children running about it. And my heart, I suppose, has not been in that work of late. But I've been on a tour of inspection, and I realize it's time to reform. So Struthers and I are about to doll up these dilapidated quarters of ours. And I intend to have my dolorously neglected guest-room (for such I used to call it) done over before the arrival of Susie.

I rode over to the Teetzels' this afternoon to explain about our cattle getting through on their land. It was the road-workers who broke down the Teetzel fence, to squat on a coulée-corner for their camp. And they hadn't the decency to restore what they had wrecked. So Bud Teetzel and I rode seven miles up the new turnpike and overtook those road-workers, and I harangued their foreman for a full fifteen minutes. But it made little impression on him. He merely grinned and stared at me with a sort of insolent admiration on his face. And when I had finished he audibly remarked to one of his teamsters that I made a fine figure of a woman on horseback.

Bud says they're thinking of selling out if they can get their price. The old folks want to move to Victoria, and Bud and his brother have a hankering to try their luck up in the Peace River district. I asked Bud if he wouldn't rather settle down in one of the big cities. He merely laughed at me. "No, thank you, Lady! This old prair-ee is comp'ny enough for me!" he said as he loped brown as a nut along the trail as tawny as a lion's mane, with a sky of steel-cold blue smiling down on his lopsided old sombrero. I studied him with a less impersonal eye. He was a handsome and husky young giant, with the joy of life still frankly imprinted on his face.

"Bud," I said as I loped along beside him, "why haven't you ever married?"

That made him laugh again. Then he turned russet as he showed me the white of an eye.

"All the peaches seemed picked in this district," he found the courage to proclaim.

This made me rout out the old platitude about the fish in the sea being as good as any ever caught—and there really ought to be an excise tax on platitudes, for being addicted to them is quite as bad as being addicted to alcohol, and quite as benumbing to the brain.

But Bud, with his next speech, brought me up short.

"Say, Lady, if you was still in the runnin' I'd give 'em a race that'd make a centipede look like a caterpillar on crutches!"

He said it solemnly, and his solemnity kept it respectful. But it was my turn to laugh. And ridiculous as it may sound, this doesn't impress me as such a dark world as I had imagined! A woman, after all, is a good deal like mother earth: each has to be cultivated a little to keep it mellow.

Where the Female is, there also is the unexpected. For when I got home I found that my decorous Poppsy, my irreproachable Poppsy, had succumbed before the temptation to investigate my new sewing-machine. And once having nibbled at the fruit of the tree of knowledge, she went rampaging through the whole garden. She made a stubborn effort to exhaust the possibilities of all the little bemmers, and tried the shirrer and the five-stitch ruffler, and obviously had a fling at the binder and a turn at the tucker. What she did to the tension-spring Heaven only knows. And my brand-new machine is on the blink. And my meek-eyed little Poppsy isn't as impeccable as the world about her imagined!

Wednesday the Third.

SUSIE MUMFORD arrived yesterday. The weather, Heaven be thanked, was perfect, an opal day with the earth as fresh-smelling as Poppsy just out of her bath. There was just enough chill in the air to make one's blood tingle and just enough warmth in the sunlight to make it feel like a benediction. Whinstane Sandy, in fact, avers that we're in for a spell of Indian Summer.

I motored in to Buckhorn and met Susie, who wasn't in the least what I expected. I was looking for a high-spirited and insolent-eyed young lady who'd probably be traveling with a French maid and a van-load of trunks, after the manner of Lady Alicia. But the Susie I met was a tired and listless and rather white-faced girl who reminds me just enough of her Uncle Peter to make me like her. The poor child knows next to nothing of the continent on which she was born, and the immensity of our West has rather appalled her. She told me, driving home, that she had never before been this side of the Adirondacks. Yet she had crossed the Atlantic eight times and knows Western Europe about as well as she knows Long Island itself.

There is a matter-of-factness about Susie which makes her easy to get along with. Poppsy took to her at once, and was a garrulous and happy witness of Susie's unpacking. Dinkie, on the other hand, developed an altogether unlooked-for shyness and turned red when Susie kissed him. There was no melting of the ice until the strange lady produced a very wonderful toy airship, which you wind up and which soars right over the haystacks, if you start it right. This was a present which Peter sent out. Dinkie, in fact, spent most of his spare time last night writing a letter to his Uncle Peter, a letter which he intimated he had no wish for the rest of the family to read. He was willing to acknowledge, this morning, that since he and Susie both had the same Uncle Peter, they really ought to be cousins.

Susie has not been sleeping well, and for all her weariness last night had to take five grains of veronal before she could settle down. The result is that she looks whiter than ever this morning, and ate very little of Struthers's really splendiferous breakfast. But she made a valorous enough effort to be blithe, and has rambled about *Casa Grande* with the febrile, quick curiosity of a young setter, making friends with the animals and for the first time in her life picking an egg out of a nest. I was afraid, at first, that she was going to complain about the quietness of existence out here, for our pace must seem a slow one, after New York. But Susie says the one thing she wants is peace. It's not often a girl not yet out of her teens makes any such qualified demand on life. I can't help feeling that the break-up of her family must be depressing her more than she pretends. She speaks about it in a half-joking way, however, and said this morning,

"WHILE I EXPECTED TO BE THE MEANS OF CHEERING SUSIE UP, SUSIE HAS QUITE UNCONSCIOUSLY BEEN THE MEANS OF REJUVENATING ME"

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"Dad certainly deserves a little freedom!" We sat for an hour at the breakfast-table, powwowing about everything under the blessed sun.

In some ways Susie is a very mature woman, for nineteen and three-quarters. She is also an exceptionally companionable one. She has a sort of lapis lazuli eye with paler streaks in the iris, like banded agate. It is a brooding eye, with a great deal of beauty in it. And she has a magnolia-white skin which one doesn't often see on the prairie. It's not the sort of skin, in fact, which could last very long on the open range. It's the sort that's had too much bevel-plate between it and the buffeting winds of the world. But it's lovely to look upon, especially when it's touched with its almost imperceptible shell-pink of excitement, as it was this afternoon when Susie climbed on Buntie and tried a canter or two about the corrals. Susie, I noticed, rode well. I couldn't quite make out why her riding made me at once think of Theobald Gustav. But she explained, later, that she had been taught by a German riding-master—and then I understood.

But I must not overlook Gershom, who duly donned his Sunday best in honor of Susie's arrival and who is already undertaking to educate the brooding-eyed young lady from the East. He explained to her that there were eight hundred and fifty thousand square miles of Canada still unexplored, and Susie said, "Then lead me into the most far-away part of it!" And when he told her, during their first meal together, that the human brain was estimated to contain half a billion cells and that the number of brain-impressions collected by an average person during fifty years of life aggregated three billion one hundred and fifty-five million seven hundred and sixty thousand, Susie sighed and said it was no wonder women were so contradictory. Which impressed me as very like one of my own retorts to Gershom. I saw Susie studying him, studying him with a quiet and meditative eye. "I believe your Gershom is one of the few good men in the world," she afterward acknowledged to me. And I've been wondering why one so young should be so saturated with cynicism.

A small incident occurred to-night which disturbed me more than I can explain to myself. Susie, who had been looking through one of Dinkie's school-scribblers, guardedly passed the book over to me where I sat sewing in front of the fire. For, whatever may happen, a prairie mother can always find plenty of sewing to do. I looked at the bottom of the page which Susie pointed out to me. There I saw two names, one above the other, with certain of the letters stricken out, two names written like this,

Ethel Mc Kail.... Love
Boffin O'Lone..... Love

And that set me off in a brown study which even Susie seemed to fathom. She smiled understandingly and turned and inspected Dinkie, bent over his arithmetic, with an entirely new curiosity.

"I suppose that's what every mother has to face, some day," she said as she sat down beside me in front of the fire.

But it seemed a fire without warmth. Life, apparently, had brought me to another of its Great Divides. My boy had a secret apart from his mother. My son was no longer all mine. It had come at last.

Friday the Fifth.

THIS morning at breakfast, when Dinkie and I were alone at the table, I crossed over to him and sat down beside him.

"Dinkie," I said, with my hand on his tousled young head, "whom do you love best in all the world?"

"Mummy!" he said, looking me straight in the eye. And at that I drank in a deep breath.

"Are you sure?" I demanded.

"As sure as death and taxes," he said, with his one-sided little smile. It was a phrase which his father used to use, on similar occasions, in the long, long ago. And it didn't quite drive the mists out of my heart.

"And who comes next?" I asked, with my hand still on his head.

"Buntie," he replied, with what I suspected as a barricaded look on his face.

"No, no," I told him; "it has to be a human being."

"Then Poppsy," he admitted.

"And who next?" I persisted.

"Whinnie!" exclaimed my son.

But I had to shake my head at that. "Aren't you forgetting somebody very important?" I very gently hinted.

"Who?" he asked, deepening just a trifle in color.

"How about Daddy?" I asked. "Isn't it about time for him there?"

"Yes, Daddy," he dutifully repeated. But his face cleared, and my own heart clouded, as he went through the empty rite.

Dinkie was studying that clouded face of mine by this time, and I began to feel embarrassed. But I was determined to see the thing through. It was hard, tho, for me to say what I wanted to.

"Isn't there somebody, somebody else you are especially fond of?" I inquired, as artlessly as I could. And it hurt like cold steel to think that I had to fence with my own boy in such a fashion.

Dinkie looked at me and then he looked out of the window. "I think I like Susie," he finally admitted.

"But in your own life, Dinkie, in your work and your play, in your school, isn't—isn't there *somebody?*" I found the courage to ask.

Dinkie's face grew thoughtful. For just a moment I thought I caught a touch of the Holbein Astronomer in it.

"There's lots of boys and girls I like," he non-committally asserted. And I began to see that it was hopeless. My boy had reservations from his own mother, reservations which I would be compelled to respect. He was no longer entirely and unequivocally mine. There was a third part of him which had escaped, which I could never recapture and cage again. The thing that his father had foretold was really coming about. My laddie would some day grow out of my reach. I would lose him. And my happiness, which had been trying its wings for the last few days, came down out of the sky like a shot duck. All day long, for Susie's sake, I've tried to be light-hearted. But my efforts make me think of a poor old, worn-out movie-hall piano doing its pathetic level best to be magnificently blithe. It's a meaningless clatter in a meaningless world.

Thursday the Eleventh.

IT OUGHT to be Winter, according to the almanac, but our wonderful Indian Summer weather continues. Susie and I have been "blue-doming" to-day. We converted ourselves into a mounted escort for Gershom and the kiddies as far as the schoolhouse, and then rode on to Dead Horse Lake in the hope of getting a few ducks. But the weather was too fine, tho I managed to bring down a couple of mallard, after one of which Susie, having removed her shoes and stockings, waded knee-deep in the slough. She enjoys that sort of thing; it's something so entirely new to the child of the city. And Susie, I might add, is already looking much better. She is sleeping soundly, at last, and has promised me there shall be no more nightcaps of veronal. What is more, I am getting to know her better—and I have several revisions to make.

In the first place, it is not the family divorce cloud that has been darkening Susie's soul. She let the cat out of the bag on the way home this afternoon. Susie has been in love with a man who didn't come up to expectations. She was very much in love, apparently, and disregarded what people said about him. Then, much to her surprise, her Uncle Peter took a hand in the game. It must have been rather a violent hand, from a person so habitually placid.

But Peter, apparently, wasn't altogether ignorant of the club-talk about the young rake in question. At any rate, he decided it was about time to act. Susie declined to explain in just what way he acted. Yet she admits now that Peter was entirely in the right and she, for a time, was entirely in the wrong. But it is rather like having one's appendix cut out, she protests, without an anesthetic. It takes time to heal such wounds. Susie obviously was bowled over. She is still suffering from shock.

WEEL, I'LL TAK' THE WOMAN,' HE CONCEDED"

But I like the spirit of the girl. She's not the kind that one disappointment is going to kill. And prairie life is already doing her good. For she announced this morning that her clothes were positively getting tight for her. And such clothes they are! Such delicate silks and cobwebs of lace and pale-pink contraptions of satin! Such neatly tailored skirts and short-vamped shoes and thingumajigs of Irish linen and platinum and gold trinkets to deck out her contemptuous little body with! For Susie takes them all with a shrug of indifference. She loves to slip on my oil-stained old hunting-jacket and my weather-beaten old golf-boots and go meandering about the ranges.

Another revision which I am compelled to make is that while I expected to be the means of cheering Susie up, Susie has quite unconsciously been the means of rejuvenating *me.* I think I've been able to catch at least a hollow echo of her youth from her. I know I have. Two days ago, when we motored in to Buckhorn with my precious marketing of butter and eggs—and Susie never before quite realized how butter and eggs reached the ultimate consumer—a visiting Odd Fellows' band was playing a two-step on the balcony of the Commercial Hotel. Susie and I stopped the car, and while Struthers stared at us aghast from the back seat, we two-stepped together on the main street of Buckhorn. We just let the music go to our heads and danced there until the crowd in front of the band began to right-about-face and a cowboy in chaps brazenly announced that he was Susie's next partner. So we danced back to our running-board, stepped into our devil-wagon, and headed for home, in the icy aura of Struthers's sustained indignation.

I begin to get terribly tired of propriety. I don't know whether it's Struthers, or Struthers and Gershom combined, or having to watch one's step so when there are children about one. But I'm tired of being respectable. I'm tired of holding myself in. I warn the world that I'm about ready for anything, anything from horse-stealing to putting a dummy-lady in Whinstane Sandy's bed. I don't believe there's much wickedness that's beyond me. I'm a reckless and abandoned woman. And if that cold-blooded old Covenanter doesn't get home from Calgary pretty soon I'm going buckboard-riding with Bud Teetzel!

I've been asking Susie if we measure up to her expectations. She said, in reply, that we fretted in to a T. For her Uncle Peter, she acknowledged, had already done us in oils on the canvas of her curiosity. She accused me, however, of reveling in that primitiveness which is the last resort of the sophisticated—like the log cabins the city folk fashion for themselves when they get up in the Adirondacks. And *Casa Grande,* she further amended, impressed her as being almost disappointingly comfortable.

After that Susie fell to talking about Peter. She is affectionately contemptuous toward her uncle, protesting that he's forever throwing away his chances and letting other people impose on his good nature. It was lucky, averred Susie, that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. For he was a hopeless espouser of lost causes. She inclined to the belief that he should have married young, should have married young and had a flock of children, for he was crazy about kiddies.

I asked Susie what sort of wife Peter should have chosen. And Susie said Peter should have hitched up with a good, capable, practical-minded woman who could manage him without letting him know he was being managed. There was a widow in the East, acknowledged his niece, who had been angling for poor Peter for years. And Peter was still free, Susie suspected, because in the presence of that widow he emulated *Hamlet* and always put an antic disposition on. Did the most absurd things, and appeared to be little more than half-witted. The widow in question had even spoken to Susie about her uncle's eccentricities and intimated that his segregative manner of life might in the end affect his intellect!

The thought of Peter marrying rather gave me a shock. It was like being told by some authority in astronomy that your earth was about to collide with Wernecke's Comet. And, vain peacock that I was, I rather liked to think of Peter going through life mourning for me, alone and melancholy and misogynistic for the rest of his days! Yet there must be dozens, there must be hundreds, of attractive girls along the paths which he travels. I found the courage to mention this fact to Susie, who merely laughed and said her Uncle Peter would probably be saved by his homeliness. But I can't say that I ever regarded Peter Ketley as homely. He may never carry off a blue ribbon from a beauty show, but he has the sort of face that a woman of sense can find tremendous appeal in. Your flapper type, I suppose, will always succumb to the curled Romeo, but it's the ruggeder and stronger man with the bright mind and the kindly heart who will always appeal to the clearer-eyed woman who has come to know life. Susie has told me, by the way, that Josie Langdon and her husband quarreled on their honeymoon, quarreled the first week in Paris and right across the Continent for the momentous reason that Josie *insisted on putting sugar in her claret!*

I've been doing a good deal of thinking the last few hours. I've been wondering if I'm a lost cause. And I've been wondering why women should want to put sugar in their claret. If it's made to be bitter, why not accept the bitterness, and let it go at that?

Friday the Twelfth.

DINKYDUNK has just sent word that he will be home to-morrow night and asks if I'll mind motoring in to Buckhorn for him.

It impresses me as a non-committal little message, yet it means more to me than I imagined. *My husband is coming home.*

Susie has been eying me all afternoon, with a pucker of perplexity about her lapis lazuli eyes. We are busy getting things to rights. And I've made an appallingly long list of what I must buy in Buckhorn to-morrow. Even Struthers has perked up a bit, and is making furtive preparations for a sage-tea wash in the morning.

Tuesday the Sixteenth.

WHY is life so tangled up? Why can't we be either completely happy or completely the other way? Why must wretchedness come sandwiched in between slices of hope and contentment, and why must happiness be haunted by some ghostly echo of pain? And why can't people be all good or all bad, so that the tares and the wheat never get mixed up together and make a dismal mess of our harvest of Expectation?

These are some of the questions I've been asking myself since Duncan went back to Calgary last night. He stayed only two days. And they were days of terribly complicated emotions. I went to the station for him on Saturday, and in my impatience to be there on time found myself with an hour and a half of waiting, an hour and a half of wandering up and down that ugly open platform in the clear cool light of evening.

There was a hint of Winter in the air, an intimidating northern nip which made the thought of a warm home and

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WE published Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence" in 1920—one of the season's sensations. Next month the first instalment of her latest novel, "Glimpses of the Moon," will appear. It deals with the problems of two fashionable young newlyweds who plan to spend their honeymoon sponging on their friends. Will the ship Matrimony make harbor? There are breakers ahead.

an open fire a consolation to the chilled heart. And I felt depressed, in spite of everything I could do to bolster up my courage. In the first place, I couldn't keep from thinking of Alsina Teeswater. And in the second place, never, on the prairie, have I watched a railway-train come in or a railway-train pass away without feeling lonesome. It reminds me how big is the outside world, how infinitesimal is Chaddie McKail and her unremembered existence up here a thousand miles from nowhere! It humbles me. It reminds me that I have in some way failed to mesh in with the bigger machinery of life.

I had a lump in my throat by the time Dinkydunk's train pulled in and I saw him swing down from the car-steps. I made for him through the crowd, in fact, with my all but forgotten Australian crawl-stroke, and accosted him with rather a briny kiss and so tight a hug that he stood back and studied my face. He wanted to ask, I know, if anything had happened. He was obviously startled, and just a trifle embarrassed. My lump, by this time, was bigger than ever, but I had to swallow it in secret. Dinkydunk, I found, was changed in many ways. He was tired, and he seemed older. But he was prosperous-looking, in brand-new raiment, and reported that luck was still with him, and everything was flourishing. Give him one year, he protested, and he'd show them he wasn't a piker.

"HE DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT, ACKNOWLEDGED POPPSY. HE EVEN CRIED OVER IT. AND DOREEN ALSO CRIED. AND POPPSY HERSELF JOINED IN"

I WAITED for him to ask about the children, but his mind seemed full of his Barcona coal business. The railway was learning to treat them half decently and the coal was coming out better than they'd hoped for. They'd a franchise to light the town, developing their power from the mine-screenings, and what they got from this would be so much velvet. And he had a chance to take over one of the finest houses in Mount Royal, if he had a family along with him to excuse such magnificence.

That final speech of his brought me up short. It was dark along the trail, and dark in my heart. And more things than one had happened that day to humble me. So I took one hand off the wheel and put it on his knee.

"Do you want me to go to Calgary?" I asked him.

"That's up to you," he said, without budging an inch. He said it, in fact, with a steel-cold finality which sent my soul cringing back into its kennel. And the trail ahead of me seemed blacker than ever.

"I'll have to have time to think it over," I said with a composure which was nine-tenths pretense.

"Some wives," he remarked, "are willing to help their husbands."

"I know it, Dinkydunk," I acknowledged, hoping against hope he'd give me the opening I was looking for. "And I want to help, if you'll only let me."

"I think I'm doing my part," he rather solemnly asserted. I couldn't see his face in the dark, but there was little hope to be wrung from the tone of his voice. So I knew it would be best to hold my peace.

Casa Grande blazed a welcome to us as we drove up to it, and the children, thank Heaven, were relievingly boisterous over the adventure of their dad's return. He seemed genuinely amazed at their growth, seemed slightly irritated at Dinkie's long stares of appraisal, and feigned an interest in the paraded new possessions of Poppsy and her brother—until it came to Peter's toy airship, which was thrust almost bruskly aside.

And that reminds me of one thing which I am reluctant to acknowledge. Dinkydunk was anything but nice to Susie. He may have his perverse reasons for disliking everything in any way connected with Peter Ketley, but I at least expected my husband to be agreeable to the casual guest under his roof. Through it all, I must confess, Susie was wonderful. She made no effort to ignore Duncan, as his ignoring of her only too plainly merited. She remained not only poised and imperturbable, but impersonal and impenetrable. She found herself, I think, driven just a tiny bit closer to Gershom, who still shows a placid exterior to Duncan's slightly contemptuous indifference.

My husband, I'm afraid, was not altogether happy in his own home. In one way, of course, I can not altogether blame him for that, since his bigger interests are now outside that home. But I begin to see how dangerous these long separations can be. Somewhere and at some time, before too much water runs under the bridges, there will have to be a readjustment.

I realized that, in fact, as I drove Duncan back to the station last night, after I'd duly signed the different papers he'd brought for that purpose. I had a feeling that every chug of the motor was carrying him further and further on of my life. Heaven knows, I was willing enough to eat crow. I was ready to bury the hatchet, and bury it in my own bosom, if need be, rather than see it swinging free to strike some deeper blow.

"Dinkydunk," I said, after a particularly long silence between us, "what is it you want me to do?"

My heart was beating much faster than he could have imagined and I was more than grateful for the chance to pretend the road was taking up most of my attention.

"Do about what?" he none too encouragingly inquired.

"We don't seem to be hitting it off the way we should be," I went on, speaking as quietly as I was able. "And I want you to tell me where I'm failing to do my share."

That note of humility from me must have surprized him a little, for we rode quite a distance without a word.

"What makes you feel that way?" he finally asked.

I found it hard to answer that question. It would never be easy, at any rate, to answer it as I wanted to.

"Because things can't go on this way forever," I found the courage to tell him.

"Why not?" he asked. He seemed indifferent again.

"Because they're all wrong," I rather tremulously replied. "Can't you see they're all wrong?"

"But why do you want them changed?" he asked with a disheartening sort of impersonality.

"FOR the sake of the children," I told him. And I could feel the impatient movement of his body on the car-seat beside me.

"The children!" he repeated with acid-drop deliberation. "The children, of course! It's always the children!"

"You're still their father," I reminded him.

"A sort of honorary president of the family," he amended.

Hope ebbed out of my heart, like air out of a punctured tire.

"Aren't you making it rather hard for me?" I demanded, trying to hold myself in, but feeling the bobcat getting the better of the purring tabby.

"I'd rather concluded that was the way you made it for *me*," countered Duncan, with a coolness of manner which I came more and more to resent.

"In what way?" I asked.

"In shutting up shop," he rather listlessly responded.

"I don't think I quite understand," I told him.

"Well, in crowbarring me out of your scheme of life, if you insist on knowing," were the words that came from the husband sitting so close beside me. "You had your other interests, of course. But you also seem to have had the idea that you could turn me loose like a range-horse. I could paw for my fodder and eat snow when I got thirsty. You didn't even care to give me a windbreak to keep a forty-mile blizzard out of my bones. You didn't know where I was browsing, and didn't much care. It was up to me to rustle for myself and be rounded up when the Winter was over and there was another spell of work on hand!"

We rode on in silence, for almost a mile, with the cold air beating against my body and a colder numbness creeping about the corner of my heart.

"Do you mean, Dinkydunk," I finally asked, "that you want your freedom?"

"I'm not saying that," he said, after another short silence.

"Then what is it you want?" I asked, wondering why the windshield should look so blurred in the half-light.

"I want to get something out of life," was his embittered retort.

It was a retort that I thought over, thought over with an oddly settling mind, like a stirred pool that has been left to clear itself. For that grown man sitting there beside me seemed ridiculously like a spoiled child, an indulged child forlornly alone in the fogs of his own arrogance. He made me think of a black bear which bites at the bullet-wound in his own body.

I FELT suddenly sorry for him in a maternal sort of way. I felt sorry for him at the same time that I remained a trifle afraid of him, for he still possessed, I knew, his black-bear power of inflicting unlooked-for and ursine blows. I simply ached to swing about on him and say, "Dinkydunk, what you need is a good spanking!" But I didn't have the courage. I had to keep my sense of humor under cover, just as you have to blanket garden-geraniums before the threat of a black frost. Yet, oddly enough, I felt fortified by that sense of pity. It seemed to bring with it the impression that Duncan was still a small boy who could some day grow out of his badness. It made me feel suddenly older and wiser than this overgrown child who was still crying for the moon. And with that feeling came a wave of tolerance, followed by a smaller wave of faith, of faith that everything might yet come out right, if only I could learn to be patient, as mothers are patient with children.

"And I, on my part, Dinkydunk, want to see you get the very best out of life," I found myself saying to him. My intentions were good, but I suppose I made my speech in a very superior and school-teachery sort of way.

"I guess I've got about all that's coming to me," he retorted, with the note of bitterness still in his voice.

And again I had the feeling of sitting mother-wise and mother-patient beside an unruly small boy.

"There's much more, Dinkydunk, if you only ask for it," I said as gently as I was able.

He turned at that, and studied me in the failing light, studied me with a sharp look of interrogation on his face. I had the feeling, as he did so, of something epochal in the air, as tho the drama of life were narrowing up to its climactic last moment. Yet I felt helpless to direct the course of that drama. I sensed the impression that we stood at the parting of the ways, that we stood hesitating at the fork of two long and lonely trails which struck off across an illimitable world, further and further apart.

I vaguely regretted that we were already in the streets of Buckhorn, for I was half hoping that Duncan would tell me to stop the car. Then I vaguely regretted that I was busy driving that car, as otherwise I might have been free to get my arms about that granitic Dour Man of mine and strangle him into submitting to that momentary mood of softness which seems to come less and less to the male as he grows older.

But Duncan merely laughed a bit uneasily, and just as suddenly grew silent again. I had a sense of asbestos curtains coming down between us, coming down before the climax was reached or the drama was ended. I couldn't help wondering, as we drove into the cindered station-yard

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THE CASE OF THE RIVAL FAMILIARS

First of a Series of Mystery Stories
Introducing Alpin Stone, a Detective with a New Method

By
CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD L. CHASE

"'HE WAS ABOUT TO BRAIN YOU WITH THE CRYSTAL,' SAID ALPIN CALMLY AND, I THOUGHT, WITH SATISFACTION, WHICH I RESENTED"

ONE may live next door to a man for a dozen years without discovering more interesting facts concerning him than that he wears woolen underwear, is an abominable gardener, plays a mediocre hand of bridge, and is dominated by his wife. Then, of a sudden, some event occurs which presents him to you as an intricate and fascinating personality, whereupon you regret your failure to have made the most of the dozen years during which you might have cultivated him and enriched your life by observation of his peculiar genius.

It was so with Alpin Stone. He owned the unpretentious home next to my own, and we were something more than acquaintances, tho less than friends. I knew he was proprietor of a considerable business in books—second-hand books of all sorts, but particularly rare editions, which he kept in a fire-proof vault at the rear of his store. He has invited me to inspect these treasures, but I have never availed myself of the opportunity, my literary taste running more to the daily press and to works dealing with building materials and their uses. Indeed, I have written somewhat extensively of my experiments with concrete, and from this practise grows any facility in expression which I may be observed to possess.

Mr. Stone was not a person you would glance at a second time if you were to pass him upon the street, unless, indeed, he chanced to have removed his hat. His hair was of that tightly curling variety sometimes seen upon statues of Greek gods. I make this comparison because I have made a number of unsuccessful attempts to produce replicas of famous sculptures in concrete. Aside from this peculiarity of his hair and its reddish-gray color and abundance, his appearance was nowhere arresting. He was of moderate height and had acquired no more pronounced abdomen than is decent in a man verging upon fifty.

I fancied, as a neighbor might well do, that I knew Alpin Stone thoroughly for a decent, prompt, methodical man whose weakness was that he would rather acquire a book for the shelves of his somewhat dingy store than to find a customer who would purchase one from him at a profit. My undervaluation was grotesque.

My real acquaintance with Mr. Stone commenced upon a May afternoon. I was working in my garden. As I worked I could see him through the dividing wire fence, and noted how he was setting out tomato-plants in his usual reprehensible manner. I have expostulated with him upon the subject of tomatoes for many years. I remember I was measuring with a folding rule to establish the exact and appropriate distance between projected rows of peas when a woman's voice, immediately behind me, uttered an incoherent cry of terror.

I turned and saw a young woman, evidently a servant-girl of foreign birth. She rushed toward me.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried. "Over there—over there—" She pointed with a pudgy finger to a house across the street, and I saw that its door was standing open.

"What is over there?" I asked. "Stop shrieking and tell me what ails you."

"In the tub," she said, and threw herself upon the ground, covering her face with her apron.

"What tub?" said I.

"I have a notion she means the bathtub," said Alpin Stone, who had approached and was leaning over the fence.

The girl continued to utter hysterical sounds, and I could get no coherent explanation of her, nor would she describe what had frightened her other than to say that she had opened the door and *it* was in the tub and she ran out of the house.

"Perhaps," said Alpin Stone, "we'd better look." He touched the girl's shoulder. "Come show us," he said, and led the way. She came along docilely enough, but sniffling in a most disturbing manner. We entered the vestibule and proceeded into the hall.

"Up-stairs," said the girl.

We mounted to the second floor and then proceeded to what I took to be the owner's bedroom, a large apartment containing a four-poster and other pieces which I hastily judged to be antiques. A door at the end stood ajar, and toward this the girl made gestures with her hand. Alpin Stone opened the door slowly to a distance sufficient to admit his head. For a moment he stared, and then he pushed the door wide. I could see a bathroom with floor and wall of white tiling, and, over the edge of the tub, the back of a man's head. It lopped to the right in a most unsightly manner.

Alpin Stone was now standing beside the tub studying its occupant. I took my place at his side, and beheld a man whom I judged to be about thirty-five years of age, unclothed as you would expect to find a man in his bath, but obviously dead. Stone pointed to the young man's right temple, where I saw nauseating evidence of the manner of his death. He had been struck by some heavy object with a rounding surface.

"Who is he?" Stone asked of the maid, who was peering apprehensively through the door.

"I don't know. I never see him before."

"Do you work here?"

"Yes."

"This is not your employer?"

"No. He go away for two week, and the missis."

"How long have they been gone?"

"Five day."

"Leaving you alone?"

"Yes."

"This man was not a guest in the house?"

"No—no—I never see him. He is never here. I go out las' night to dance, and this morning I clean the house. I see him here. Then I run out."

"Do you mean to say," I demanded, "that this man is a stranger in this house? That he has never been a guest of your employers? It's incredible," said I.

"Nothing is incredible," said Alpin Stone. "Do you see his clothing?"

I looked in the adjoining room. No clothing was there, nor, tho I searched each room on that floor, was there a garment belonging to the man.

"I can find no clothes whatever," I told Alpin Stone.

"Murdered in a strange house—no clothes," he said to himself.

"It's absurd."

"It's remarkable," said Alpin Stone.

"We must notify the police," said I.

"Presently, presently. Did you notice the contents of the wash-bowl, Junkins?"

I LOOKED in the bowl and found it to contain a glass ball of the bigness of a choice grapefruit.

"The weapon," said I.

"Possibly," said Alpin, "but rather more than a mere weapon. It adds a distinct quality to this crime."

"I do not understand you," said I, genuinely puzzled.

"Without that ball of glass we should have an interesting crime, certainly, but one whose characteristics were only those of unusual human cleverness. The presence of the ball indicates the intervention of the occult, the intervention of the supernatural, either genuine or spurious. Of course the bit of glass may be merely fortuitous. That can be ascertained from the maid."

He lifted the globe from the wash-bowl and stepped into the bedroom, where he displayed it to the servant.

"Have you ever seen this about the house?" he asked.

"No. I have not see'."

"Do you know what it is?"

She shook her head.

"You are sure your master or mistress never made use of this object?"

"I never see it. It come with that man."

"What is the thing?" I asked, and Alpin Stone looked at me with ill-concealed disgust.

"A crystal—a gazing-crystal," he said. "History fails to record a time so remote that crystals such as this were not used to peer into the future."

"Surely you don't credit such nonsense," said I.

"I am not a gullible man, Junkins. I am moved by facts. To be able to prove a thing is a sort of passion with me. I am forced to confess that the preponderance of available evidence favors the crystal."

"What then?" said I.

"It means that we are likely to encounter strange and twisted motives in this matter; that we may chance to meet with human beings actuated by reasons incomprehensible to the normal man; urged on by sinister, malignant forces at whose very existence the police would scoff. It is my observation that the police recognize four primary motives: greed, revenge, fear, jealousy. All acts must spring from one of these." He shrugged his shoulders. "I have known a man murdered by a *thought*, as surely murdered as if with a knife, and the motive was—curiosity."

He replaced the crystal in the wash-bowl. "Suppose you telephone the police while I look about," he suggested, and I felt rather better for doing so. It regularized our position, or so it seemed to me. Presently Alpin Stone came down-stairs, and we seated ourselves on the porch to await the appearance of officials. Alpin lighted a cigar and then said in the manner of a man who makes a most ordinary observation, "Nothing ever happens that has not happened before, either in fact or in some one's imagination. I doubt if a thing can happen which you will not find duplicated, making allowance for the conditions of the period of the world's history, in some book or biography, of actual history, or in fiction. I prefer fiction. Imagination is more accurate than actuality. What I mean, Junkins, is that if a man read and remembered every book of fiction in the world, he would undoubtedly be able to unravel any puzzle of human conduct without difficulty. He would find his premises duplicated somewhere, and would have to recall only how the author reached a solution."

"Possibly," said I.

"CERTAINLY," said he dogmatically. "Somewhere in the literature of this world is a condition analogous to the one we have met in this house: of a complete stranger, naked, in a house with which he has no connection whatever, and with the attendant presence of the occult. But I fail to recall it. However," he said with an air of modesty, "I have not read *everything*."

"It would be impossible," said I.

"Still," said he, "I have tried to read every book in which a crime is mentioned, or to have some dependable reader make a brief of the outstanding characteristics of the crime described. You have never seen my index?" he asked tentatively.

"Never," said I.

"You will not mention it to my wife," said he. "It distresses her." He smiled whimsically. "She regards me as a sort of drug-addict. I even suspect her of putting things in my coffee to break the habit."

"What habit, Mr. Stone?"

"The abominable and degrading habit of meddling with fascinating crimes," he said, "and of endeavoring to solve by the application of my theory mysteries which are beyond the somewhat limited powers of the regular police. My index——"

"Your index," said I, as he paused.

"Is, I flatter myself, a fairly complete and practical record of criminal plots, both actual and fictional. Minutely classified and with ample cross-references. For instance, I can readily select from recorded crimes those whose feature is the finding of the body of the victim in a naked state. From this large number I can eliminate, by following down my cross-references and selecting only cases where the body was found in an unusual and incredible place. The appearance of the occult will eliminate still others, and so on, narrowing the scope of the inquiry, until I discover one or more

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plots closely comparable with the problem in hand. Then I have only to apply the determined solution to the mystery. It is merely putting to practical use the aphorism that there is nothing new under the sun."

Twenty minutes later two men, whose appearance indicated very limited mental capacity, made their appearance and greeted Alpin Stone with some surprize. They spoke to him by name and were evidently old acquaintances. He introduced them as Detectives Samuels and Roush.

"How come you here ahead of us?" asked Mr. Roush.

"Accident. Pure accident. I live across the street."

"Huh! When you I says to Ed that we was up against a puzzler or you wouldn't be here. Glad it ain't so."

"I'M AFRAID it is so, or at least it seems puzzling to me. It may not appear so to the greater experience of you gentlemen."

"Huh!" said Mr. Samuels, eying Alpin Stone as if he suspected veiled sarcasm. "Where's *it*?"

"Up-stairs in the bathtub," said Alpin Stone with what seemed to me a certain callousness.

The detectives tramped noisily into the house, and Alpin Stone smiled after them quizzically.

"Here's what they'll do," he said. "Their first move will be to suspect the servant-girl, or possibly her sweetheart. Motive: jealousy. The murdered man comes to visit the servant-girl in the absence of her employers. Her sweetheart discovers he is being deceived and murders the Lothario. Then he carries off the clothes to prevent identification. You'll see. And when that fails they'll try to connect the victim with the people who live here. Who are they, by the way?"

"I believe the name is Wiggins," said I; "they bought the place very recently."

"Our friends up-stairs will refuse to credit the obvious. No amount of evidence will convince them that the dead man is not connected with somebody who lives here. A number of innocent people are going to be put to the annoyance of proving themselves innocent. These fellows tickle me, they're so reliable."

Another individual, who asserted with considerable importance that he was the coroner, arrived upon the heels of the detectives.

He treated the officers with scorn, and they replied with contempt, all to the great amusement of Alpin Stone, who appeared to enjoy even the inquisition to which we were subjected by all three official persons, who, it seemed to me, worked rather to impress us with the fact they were in no wise bewildered by the circumstances of the crime than to elicit information. When they had gone, taking with them a very frightened servant-girl—to be detained as an important witness—Alpin Stone got up from his seat chuckling.

Then, suddenly, Stone manifested one of the peculiarities which I was thereafter to associate with his personality. He seemed to drop me out of his consciousness, to forget my existence utterly. Without a word or a glance, he turned abruptly and walked away from me at a rapid pace.

It may be imagined that I watched the newspapers with keen interest. The account of the finding of the body, gathered by reporters at police headquarters, was passably accurate. At the hour of going to press there had been no identification of the victim, nor were the morning papers able to tell who or what the dead man had been.

Apparently nobody was missing, nor had any individual come forward to claim acquaintance with the dead man and his antecedents. This condition persisted on the following day and all through the day succeeding. The affair, possessing characteristics of an unusual and mysterious nature, excited public interest to a degree. But the curiosity of the public remained unsatisfied by so much as the production of a clue.

THO I lay in wait for Alpin Stone I did not see him until the evening of the third day, when, with that abruptness while I found rather disconcerting, he stood under my dining-room window and called my name lustily. I went out to him immediately, leaving untouched a dessert of pudding of which I am especially fond.

"Are you afraid of ghosts?" he said without preliminaries.

"I do not believe in their existence," said I.

"H'm!" he said in a tone which irritated me somewhat. "Are you still interested in the gentleman we found—?"

"Very much so," said I.

"Get your hat," he said hurriedly. I did so. "Where are we going?"

"To visit some creatures whose existence you deny."

"Ghosts?"

"Ghosts, spirits, occult manifestations—whatever you choose to call them. By the way, did you ever chance to notice how rare it is for psychics to marry psychics? Or for two sisters, or two brothers, or a brother and sister to be psychic?"

"No."

"One medium to a family seems the rule," he said. "We are going to call upon a family which boasts two mediums—husband and wife. The only family of the sort in our city. I have consumed three days in determining that."

"Surely," said I, "you do not think to solve this mystery by consulting some charlatan?"

"Junkins," said he, "I would consult Balaam's ass if I thought I could get anything out of him."

We entered a street-car and rode across town for half an hour, alighting at a mean street of untidy, narrow lots occupied by frowzy houses. It possessed a sinister aspect, tho perhaps that was a product of my imagination urged to activity by my notions of the characters of those who deluded the credulous by apocryphal dealings with the non-existent. Alpin Stone had not spoken since we entered the street-car, nor had I sought to intrude upon his absorption. He seemed a man possessed by some gleeful familiar. It was not the enjoyment of anticipation such as a man may permit himself in contemplating some approaching pleasure, such as an excellent meal. It was rather the excited, somewhat reprehensible glee of a drug-addict whose craving is about to be satiated.

We paused before a two-story frame house numbered One Hundred and Six. It was a furtive house, for houses possess characters as well as individuals. It was a house that peered slyly at you when your eyes were turned. Its windows recalled to me the eyes of Napoleon III., which were said to have secondary lids capable of being dropped to conceal what the eyes might have revealed. Alpin Stone sighed as I imagine some opium-addict might sigh at the moment of drawing into his lungs the fumes of the debasing drug. He removed his hat, and his great shock of tight-curling red hair seemed endowed with independent life. It was a phenomenon I was to witness many times, but I have never been able to account for it. Perhaps the mental excitement under which he labored caused his scalp to quiver. At any rate it was unpleasant and disconcerting. He pulled the bell.

A WOMAN opened the door. She did not fulfil my preconceived ideas of the personality of a medium, for she was tiny and not without remnants of a certain daintiness. Her age might have been forty years, altho she may have been younger, for there was a look about her at once strained and weary, which added to the apparent number of her years.

"Mrs. Bolero?" asked Alpin Stone.

The woman nodded, but her attitude was defensive.

'SHE RUSHED TOWARD ME. 'OH! OH! OH!' SHE CRIED. 'OVER THERE—OVER THERE!' SHE POINTED WITH A PUDGY FINGER TO A HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET"

"My name is Stone," said he. "I am recommended to you by Andrew McTosh."

Her inhospitable expression altered somewhat. "Mr. McTosh sent you to me? Or to my husband?"

"To you," said Alpin Stone.

"That is queer," she said to herself, ignoring our presence. "To me! McTosh knows how *she* interferes."

"I beg your pardon?" said Stone.

"Come in," she said. "I will see what I can do. I—there are influences which thwart me."

I was mildly astonished at her use of that word and gazed at her with even greater interest, and then I saw what I had not seen before, that the look in her eyes was one of suppressed terror. And, somehow, I knew her fear was not of the material.

"Come in," she said.

"Is *he* at home?" asked Alpin.

"No. Let us make haste. He may not return for an hour."

Alpin nodded. He appeared to understand something which was hidden from me, and followed the woman into a room which was set in the middle of the house: a dim, murky room with heavy air and a single shaded window. It contained a round table and chairs, and against the wall stood a sort of cabinet—a thing I took to be a makeshift photographer's dark room, for it was draped to the floor with curtains of black. It was an uncomfortable apartment, and the short hairs at the back of my neck arose in protest.

I AM called a hard-headed man by my friends and one not to be imposed upon readily. It is my belief that the dead are dead. I am not shaken in that belief, and yet there were occurrences in that room which I shall never be able to explain even to myself. To these occurrences I was a witness both through the eye and through the ear, and I am compelled to the conclusion that there were abroad that day forces which have no equivalent in human knowledge and which were potent to fill me with such dread and horror as I hope never again to experience. If there is such a thing as malignancy, in the sense that there is steam or electricity, then I have touched its essence. If there is no such force, then I must remain forever at a loss and bewildered.

We seated ourselves at the table, Alpin Stone opposite Mrs. Bolero, and I at one side. Stone leaned against his knee his crooked-handled walking-stick.

"What do you want of me?" asked Mrs. Bolero.

"I wish you to hold my hand," said Alpin Stone, "while I gaze into the crystal. It is only by that means I am enabled to see."

"But I have no crystal," she said in a strange voice.

"I have brought my own," said Alpin Stone, and he placed a ball of clearest glass upon the table between them. "Your power must pass through your hand to me. By contact with your fingers your control becomes my control. You have done the thing before."

"Yes," she said, and as she extended her hand toward Alpin Stone I saw that it was very small, of a peculiarly unhealthy white, and trembling as if with some disease of the nerves.

Now, as I live and am a man of probity and not given to falsehood, the things which I relate I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears.

The hands of Alpin Stone and Mrs. Bolero clasped and there was silence. Then, by degrees and gradually, rather than with any sudden radiance, the crystal began to glow, beginning at the heart of it, until it became a ball of light, and in the radiance of it I could see other matters indistinctly, tiny forms which had the semblance of the human figure. To my eyes they were not clear, but were nebulous and incoherent; but it was not so with Alpin Stone, as I could perceive by the fixing of his eyes and the stiffening of his features. That he perceived something of moment to him I could not doubt, but upon that matter he has maintained a reserve which I have never been able to penetrate. On that afternoon Alpin Stone saw matters in that crystal which were for him alone, and which he has locked forever in a secret chamber of his breast.

Nor was this glowing of the crystal all that I saw or felt. There was a stirring of the air, not as of a draft, for the room was tight and the door and window closed, but rather as if the air were stirred by the passage of something which fanned it into waves. I felt it passing through my hair and touching my face. Distinctly I felt some material thing draw across my back, and, turning in apprehenion, I saw that the curtains of the black cabinet were bellying like the sails of some ship before a trade-wind, and that it was they which had touched me. Then a door at the rear of the house slammed loudly——

Almost instantly I heard a sort of shriek. Let me be honest and accurate. I can not to this day tell if I heard that sound, or *felt* it. But the sound was there. It was not a cry of grief or pain, but a sound which I can compare only to that of some merciless cat-thing enraged. It seemed as if all the hate and jealousy and malignancy of the world had been collected and expressed in that shriek. Terror sank into me to the marrow of my bones, and I would have started to my feet and fled the place, but an insupportable weight held me fast. Mrs. Bolero uttered a moan of pain, and as I live, I saw upon the side of her face, from the corner of the eye to the point of the jaw, four livid marks such as nothing can cause except the scratching nails of some venomous woman.

A chair crashed to the floor as if thrown down by a violent hand. The air was full of a sobbing screech as of a woman in the control of hysterical rage. I saw objects move with

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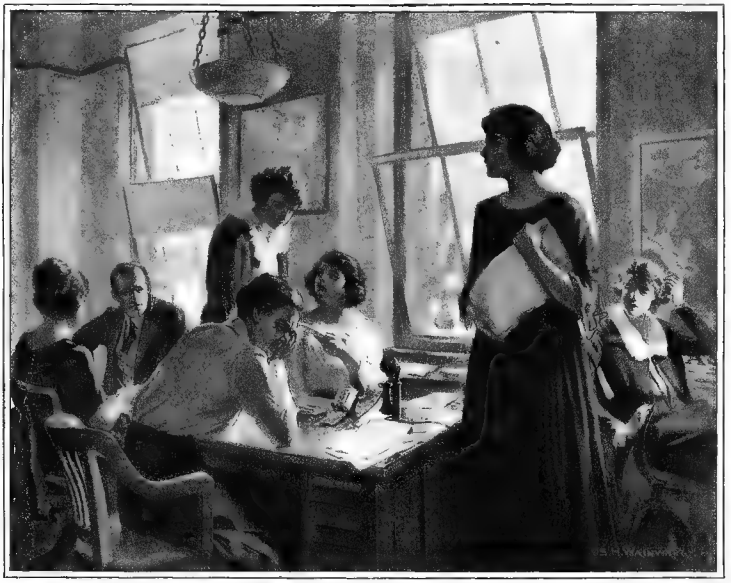

"'OF COURSE I WAS SORRY ABOUT POOR HARRIET. WE ALL WERE. AND SHE CRIED ALL OVER THE OFFICE'"

EAGLE'S WINGS

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

WAS IT RIGHT FOR THIS RICH YOUNG GIRL TO GO TO WORK?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. H. WAINWRIGHT

GERDA BRECK was just like the wonderful girls you read about in books and in the success treatises. Only, perhaps, a little more wonderful.

She was splendid. Everybody at Paignton said so. At least everybody whose opinion was worth while.

Of course, in every community there are a lot of old dodo-birds, chock-full of silly ideas that were old-fashioned when Noah took out his pilot-license. Such people's verdict on Gerda Breck didn't count. Any more than did Bram Hegan's. We come to Bram Hegan presently.

Gerda's biography, up to the time she honors this story by dominating it, would have made finely profitable reading. It seems a pity to have to boil it down to a mere mouthful of words.

Her parents had all the money they really needed. Almost as much as they wanted. They were mighty well liked, too, at Paignton. They lived in the big house on the Ridge Boulevard; the house with the seven elm-trees in front of its lawn, and with the pretty grounds that back up against the old Hegan place on Maple Avenue. (That same propinquity of houses had started all the muddle between Gerda Breck and Bram Hegan—in the prehistoric days when she was at high school and he was a senior at Williams.)

Gerda had begun life with no nobler ambition than to have a good time, to be a good girl, to chum with the parents whose only child she was, and to potter about a bit in the kitchen for the fun of it, and to think up little ways of making the house prettier.

In all fairness, these lowly and narrowly absurd beginnings must be told, if only to show from what hopeless nothings a grand career can be born.

Then, in her last year at high school, she found that two girls from her class—one of them her best friend—were going to college. And Gerda thought it might be rather fun to go too. So she went.

She cried all night, from sheer idiotic homesickness, the first two nights she was at Harle College for Women. And nothing but innate spunk kept her from packing her trim little trunk and starting back right away for Paignton.

Her parents were homesick for her—bitterly, grindingly, hollowly homesick for her—for much more than two nights. In fact—except during vacations—for four drearily quiet and laughless years. Which is the legal toll exacted, by youth from age, for the privilege of remembering that once there were laughter and fluffiness and childish nonsense and the queer charm of girlhood about a now-grim homestead.

But, after a very few months, Gerda could look back in frank amazement at memory of her own babylike homesickness. In this feat she had the advantage of her father and mother. Indeed, thanks to college life, she had innumerable advantages over them. Advantages not bounded by her ability to repeat pages of Tagore and to discuss Freud in a way that struck poor horrified Mrs. Breck as little short of brazen.

You see, Harle was not one of those bonbon-and-accomplishments colleges such as story-book girls used to frequent. Harle was vocational. Almost any vocation. And its faculty and trustees were sterling men and women who held that their institution's mission was the broadening and emancipating and uplifting of plastic girlish minds.

Was the newcomer frivolous and with no thoughts above home and marriage and gaiety? Harle was no place for her. And scant precious time was wasted in telling her so.

Was she amenable to the highest teachings? Did she yearn, or could she be made to yearn, for woman's true sphere in the universe? Then Harle wrought tirelessly and ardently over her until she was fashioned into the mold of modern perfection and was ready to take her place in the world of endeavor—a living monument (and advertisement) for her alma mater.

Thus did Harle begin to mold and fashion Gerda Breck; almost from the very moment that her tears of homesickness were dry.

Impressionable, enthusiastic, quick to absorb new thoughts, Gerda was the type of girl in which Harle reveled; as might the sculptor in supermalleable clay or flawless marble.

And the great work began. It was Harle which claimed credit for introducing into women's colleges the post of "adviser." Each small unit of pupils was assigned to the special care of one of the college's advisers—brilliant and efficient and magnetic and keenly enthusiastic women of middle age, to whom the advisees were supposed to turn for counsel and aid of every mental variety, and whose duty it was to find each girl's special forte and to build up her education along its lines.

A Miss Candace was Gerda's adviser. Before the end of the first term, Gerda had placed the all-wise adviser on a pedestal above those occupied by her father and mother—assuredly many miles higher than a certain incipient and amorphous pedestal which Bram Hegan of late had presumed to occupy.

Before the end of freshman year, Gerda had supplanted all revealed wisdom and exact science and life intuitions with the far wiser teachings of Miss Candace. She sat at the comfortably roomy feet of Miss Candace in reverent zeal, and she sopped up the adviser's precepts as a July sun might sop up dew.

To Miss Candace she owed everything. Whatever her future might bring forth, the credit was Miss Candace's. Gerda said so herself. She said it to her mother, who sighed; to her father, who grunted; to Bram Hegan, who grinned; to Miss Candace, who knew it already.

Among the seven trillion mighty truths gleaned from her adviser, Gerda discovered to her own secret shame that hitherto she had been a waster, a drone, a non-essential; and but for the blessed chance which had guided her to Harle, she might have gone through life heedless of woman's glorious duties and mission and opportunities.

She might have gone on as a humdrum home body with no ambition loftier than to marry some non-intellectual mediocrity and keep his home and order his food and rear his children and subordinate her high destiny to his petty routine.

At the very thought of her narrow escape, Gerda used to shudder a little, and look back with guilty disgust at those aimless years before her soul had been awakened.

SHE learned, too, that every woman should have a career—independent and apart from that of her family—that she should not only learn practical means of employment, but should practise them. She must be ready to meet man on equal terms in the business and professional world and to cope with him on his own ground.

The woman who was content to sit supine and let first her parents and then her husband support her was no better than an odalisk or a mollusk. She was a consumer, not a producer; and for her was the aloof contempt of all emancipated women.

After which, Miss Candace was kind enough to help Gerda choose the method whereby she should storm the ramparts of livelihood

The girl had a hundred fields of endeavor open to her, for all of which Harle supplied the groundwork of education. After dallying irresolutely with the prospects held out by such employments as librarian, accountant, bookkeeper, domestic-science exponent, efficiency expert, educator, and the like, Gerda took up the preparatory work for a career as private secretary.

Miss Candace indorsed the idea. As the private secretary to some man of affairs there was scope for advancement to almost any post of honor and emolument. Just look at the great men's private secretaries who had been boosted into

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For Fridays

a rich smooth delicious cream soup

Easily prepared with Campbell's!

A real luxury of the dining table awaits you when you serve a cream soup made with one of these invitingly smooth, finely flavored Campbell's Soups. They are already enriched by golden creamery butter. You have only to add milk or cream, when serving, to produce an extra heavy, velvety, luxurious soup that is a rare delight. Especially appropriate Fridays; creamery butter is used instead of meat broths to give strength and richness to these soups.

For the cream soups, stir slowly into Campbell's Pea Soup or Campbell's Celery Soup, an equal quantity of milk or cream, adding only a little at a time and each time mixing until smooth. (Use a spoon or egg beater.) Heat almost to boiling point but do not boil. Serve immediately. For Cream of Tomato, follow the simple directions on the can.

Pea Soup

You will relish this delightful essence of selected peas, sifted and refined with the utmost care. Daintily prepared by a Campbell's recipe to retain their delicate aroma and flavor, smoothed with milk and creamery butter, they make an extremely palatable soup—children love it.

Tomato Soup

Just the pure juices and rich fruity parts of ruddy, luscious Jersey tomatoes. Grown from selected seed, picked full-ripe and made into soup the very same day. In the blend also are creamery butter, snow-white granulated sugar, tasty herbs and delicate spices. This is the most popular soup in the world today.

Celery Soup

Crisp stalks of celery, gathered in the autumn when field-blanched to a creamy whiteness, are made into a puree and blended with rich milk, creamery butter and delightful seasoning. A refreshing delicacy—wonderfully appetizing and invigorating.

Guarantee

Don't limit your enjoyment to just two or three of the Campbell's soups—there are twenty-one different kinds, a wide and tempting variety. And remember our unlimited guarantee:

Money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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bank presidencies and into the Cabinet itself! Why, for the right woman, the field was illimitable! And if ever any one was the right woman that woman was Gerda.

In the early Spring of 1914 Mr. Breck was dickering for the purchase of a bijou electric runabout, with tapestry upholstering and his daughter's initials in tiny dull-gold letters on the maroon doors. Mrs. Breck was refurnishing the whole house and turning Gerda's room into a veritable nest of non-utilitarian daintiness and ease, and was plotting a truly Aladdin-like moonlight dance on the lawn and on the new veranda.

Bram Hegan was going around with a fatuous grin on his rather good-looking face and a whole chorus of nightingales singing in his heart. Indeed, for a successful young importer, he was thinking unduly much to be free not to do his part in the economic cosmos. She begged her father not to oppose this; and she quoted Bernard Shaw and somebody with a German name on the crime of depriving youth of the divine privilege of self-expression and self-determination.

In the first draft, Gerda had been so moved by her own plea that she added burning similes about a caged eagle. Her adviser, on reflection, had suggested that Gerda leave out that part about the caged eagle, as tending to confuse the issue and to weaken a thus far flawless appeal. Besides, Miss Candace was a bit in doubt as to the customs of caged eagles. She seemed to remember reading, in some poem, that they "sang sweetest with their breasts against a thorn." Or perhaps that was the bulbul. Ornithology was not one of Miss Candace's specializations at Harle. But she knew a faulty simile is a blot on any rhetorical plea. So, in the revision, the caged eagle was deleted.

Gerda went on to beseech her parents not to blight her eager young life by shackling her to the home, but to let her go forth and take her due place in the world of endeavor. Descending to facts, she told of her two-year special secretarial course. And she asked that her father use his influence to get her a position as private secretary with some New Yorker of prominence. If not that, then a position that might lead up to such a goal.

As a touch of allure to the old people, as well as to stir up the job-quest, she said she hoped very much she could find in New York such a position as she wanted, and that her father could get it for her. Otherwise she must apply to an agency. And the nearest job the agency might be able to give her would perhaps be 'way out in Minneapolis or Seattle or somewhere. If she could get work in New York, and daily easy hours, she could commute back and forth from home—at least until cold weather should settle down.

Bram Hegan chanced to drop in on the Brecks; he did this as a rule on the evenings after Gerda's semiweekly letters arrived. He found husband and wife sitting huddled close together in the sunset light, as if for mutual support against some fear that was mastering them both. Mr. Breck was still fumbling the wide-open letter in one shaky hand. At sight of Bram both he and his wife opened fire with the incredible tidings they had just received. And presently Bram was reading the letter for himself.

"AND just as we were making the house so lovely for her, too!" babbled Mrs. Breck, as the man laid down the missive after a second slow reading. "Oh, she must be crazy! She must! It's no more like my little girl than it's like—than it's like—! And did you notice in the postscript part where she says she wants to go to work at once—and not even wait to take a vacation after all her terribly hard studying and her graduating and everything? What is it she says about 'before I have a chance to sink back into my old-time lethargy' or ——?"

"Lethargy!" snorted Mr. Breck. "The kid was about as lethargic as a butterfly when she lived here. It's that measly college that's put brain in the discard. She——"

"Your sister went to college," feebly protested his wife, "and it didn't spoil her one bit. She was content to——"

"There are colleges and colleges," interposed Bram. "Besides, that was a lot of years ago, wasn't it, sir? Before women stopped being our superiors and became our equals? She——"

"What in blue blazes is getting into college girls nowadays?" fumed Mr. Breck in impotent wrath. "Look at the crowd of Paignton youngsters who went to college about the same time Gerda went. All it taught them was that there's no place like home—to get away from. There was Maisie Gibbs. Before she went to Harle she was a dandy little home body. She came back, last Spring, with a 'vocation' to teach dietetics somewhere out in Illinois. And she hasn't had time to run home since. Then there's Katharine Forster. Dick Forster was still up over in ... Told me about it on the train. He and his wife are getting pretty old, you know. And Mrs. Forster's a hopeless invalid. Katharine's the only child they've got left living. And they cramped themselves down to two meals a day, to send her to college. Now she's out; and she's gone to Burma—to teach drawing and singing in a mission school there. Left her mother to——"

"It's a disease," diagnosed Bram, sick and cold in the pit of his stomach, yet touched by the helpless flurry of misery in the elderly couple, "just a disease. It will wear itself out. In——"

"But it will wear us present-day parents out first," prophesied Breck, in dire gloom. "Here we bring up our girls and make fools of ourselves over them and look forward to the time when they'll be all through with schooling and be able to make life kind of sweet and sunshiny and wonderful for us old folks. And then, after they've cost us a young fortune to educate them, we find we've educated them out of their homes and educated ourselves out of their companionship. It's a swell social system, isn't it?"

"If it was art or music or writing," murmured Mrs. Breck, dolorously, "or some of the other things that make the world nicer to live in—why, I'd feel we were losing her so that thousands of other people could be made happy by the things she was doing for them. But to get a position in an office or somewhere like that—when we can support her so easily now——"

"AND while thousands of poor girls are needing her job to support their kid brothers and sisters and maybe their parents, too!" chimed in Breck. "Or else they're maybe crowding some married man out of a livelihood. That's another side of it, dear 'old girl. But that's no lookout of ours. I'll write and tell her to-night that we won't stand for——"

"Doesn't she say, somewhere in that terrible letter," asked Mrs. Breck, "something about being twenty-one this Spring and being of legal age to——?"

"Yes," snarled Breck. "She sure does. And it's true. And if we kick, she's up to going to an agency and get work, out the other side of nowhere, where we won't set eyes on her again in Lord knows when. She's of age and her own mistress. But I notice she isn't too independent to cadge on me to get her a comfortable job or to plan to do her eating and her sleeping at my expense. I'm going to write and tell her that we both——"

"Don't, dear!" pleaded his wife. "You'll only make her stubborn and lead her to do something crazy, like asking the agency to send her as far away from Paignton as possible. We'll—we'll just have to do as she asks. Maybe," with a glint of sorry hope; "maybe when she sees how different office work is from everything here at home, she may get sick of it and want to——"

"I doubt it," growled Breck. "But I suppose you're right about its being useless for me to kick. You're apt to be right, I notice. Just the same—it'd be a re—relief to me to sit down and write about twenty pages to the fool brat and tell her just what I think of her."

"Then why not do it?" urged his wife. "Write her a nice furious letter. Say every awful thing you can think of. Then read it all over and get angry again from reading it. And then tear it up and burn it. That's a splendid way to do when one wants to write an angry letter. I know, because I've done it twice. It gives one all the fun of being mad on paper, and it doesn't hurt the person it's written to, or start any family rows or anything. Try it. If——"

"Here's another thing!" broke in her husband. "Look at the stunt she's sawed off on me! Asks me to get her a job as private secretary with some big man. Fine and easy, eh? All I have to do is to breeze into the office of a corporation magnate or a senator or a judge and say to him, 'You've got a private secretary here who worked perhaps for ten years before getting such a snug berth—a secretary that you've been training into your ways for another four or five years. Well, please fire him or her and give the job to my kid daughter who hasn't had a lick of experience. I don't know if she'll be any good or not as a secretary, but she's a wonder at looking for chances of self-expression. Just start her in at what your present secretary's getting. Then she won't want a raise for a month or two.' How'm I going to say that to——?"

"But, in the letter, she says she is ready to start lower than that, if she has nothing in our own place just now. And if there were—well, she'd feel less self-conscious working for strangers than for a—a—for me. Harry Cabell can find an opening for her, tho, if I ask him to. He owes me one or two good turns. And he has hopes of owing me one or two more. I'll see him about it to-morrow. And I'll see he makes the job as little unpleasant for her—in the way of surroundings and fresh clerks and all that—as he can. And I'll get him to start her at as good a salary as I can wheedle him into paying. If it's only a fad with her, his office will be as good a place as any other to work it out. And there's fair chance of advancement, too, if she shows promise and sticks to the work—which God forbid! All I ask is that you never let her know the job was gotten through me. I've—I've reasons," he finished, lamely.

Precisely three weeks later Gerda Breck took up her duties in the correspondence department of the huge export house of Cabell & Laight. The pay was seventeen dollars and fifty cents a week as a starter—a revelation to her father, who, in his own anteretirement days, a decade earlier, had been able to hire fairly good stenographers for anywhere from ten to twelve dollars a week.

By the time Gerda came home to Paignton, as a graduate, the fame of her resolve for a career had traveled fast and wide and with scroll-shaped additions and ramifications. For Mrs. Breck had decided to make the best of the unhappy fact to the neighborhood. Which she did by reading Gerda's letter—or portions of it—to her dearest friends, and smiling happily as she read. It hurt the poor woman's face-muscles, cruelly, to smile that way.

As a result Gerda was hailed with just a little of the same ardor that may have awaited Joan of Arc on some brief return visit to Domremy.

Here was a young and pretty girl—popular in the Country Club set and elsewhere—the only child of rich parents—a girl who need never do a stroke of work in all her life and who was free to live as the average girl would have longed vainly to live! And what was she doing?

She was turning her back on luxury and on ease and on society and on the early prospect of some glittering marriage. And she was going to work. Not going to work in a dreamily artistic studio, at that, but in a hustling and sordid city office. Going to work as a mere stenographer, too—she who might have loafed in rose-leaves. She was commuting, besides—going to town on the 7:20, rain or shine, and not getting back until the 5:41. It was just splendid. If only more well-to-do girls were like-that!

NOT being a born Olympian, Gerda was not immune to the gushes of praise that spurted at her from every direction. She expanded under the adulation. It made early rising less of an ordeal. It softened the long and rackety train-ride at the close of a particularly hard day. It made things worth while.

It proved to her how right she had been, and how ridiculous had been the futile protests of her father and mother. As the praises came from outside her own family, they offset with ease the expostulations of her hopelessly old-world parents.

It must have been infinitely easier for Joan of Arc to gird on her shining white armor and ride her shining white horse into the face of danger at Orleans than to spend week after week in the trenches or in her tent, working out her campaign problems and solving commissariat tangles and arguing her less resolute officers into loyalty and hammering common intelligence into the war-office at Chinon and making out and auditing the endless reports connected with her tatterdemalion army. History is wordless as to all these trivial details which must have sapped the Maid's divine vitality and set her peasant brain to throbbing. Yet these details must have done more to reconcile her to fagot and stake than did all the perils and turmoil of actual battle.

So was it balm to Gerda Breck to hear herself acclaimed throughout Paignton for her courage in daring to take up a career. Yet the first two months of that career were torment.

At the office, for instance, no one thought of calling her a marvel. Indeed no one thought of doing anything, in those first two months, except to call her down. Practise was so incredibly different from study in this new life-work of hers. Half the things she had learned at Harle about stenography, etc., had to be unlearned or else learned all over from a different angle. And to take dictation from a terrier-voiced man who yapped his sentences at her in bunches was quite another thing from jotting down in shorthand the slow-flowing phrases of a teacher.

Then there were the twenty and ten other bits of office work for which she found she had no training at all. And there were the giggles of other girls to listen to in the wake of some impatient rebuke from the department chief. Oh, there were a thousand details in that seemingly simple job! And every last one of them was eternally going wrong!

The nine other stenographers in the big room puzzled and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

"'LETHARGY!' SNORTED MR. BRECK. 'IT'S THAT MEASLY COLLEGE THAT'S PUT HER BRAIN IN THE DISCARD'"

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A LEADING WOMAN AT THIRTEEN

The Remarkable Career of Miss Marjorie Rambeau

BY PERCY WAXMAN

MISS MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Who, Reversing Euclid, Makes the Part Greater than the Whole—Play

MARJORIE RAMBEAU is one of the most popular actresses on the American stage to-day, yet, the critics say, she has never appeared in a play that was worthy of her talents. This does not mean that she has not played in "box-office" successes, because she has had many of these. But she has not yet had the good fortune to secure a play big enough to test her abilities to the utmost. If ever there was an actress to whom playwrights owe a deep debt of gratitude it is Miss Rambeau. Her versatility, originality of conception, and sincere earnestness have saved many a play from disaster, and this is why in inner theatrical circles Miss Rambeau is often referred to as the "life-saver." "Send for Miss Rambeau" has been a frequent cry when things have been going badly, and the results she has achieved have never failed to prove the wisdom of the selection.

As an emotional actress Miss Rambeau has already displayed an extraordinary ability, and her performances are achieved with such a sense of ease as to create the impression that she possesses a considerable reserve force that has not yet been touched. Her voice has a curiously appealing quality that touches the hearts of even the most-hardened theatergoers, while her youth and beauty have a potent charm of their own quite apart from her talents as an actress. The secret of her success may be summed up in one sentence—natural gifts, hard work, and a most unusual training. When you see her dressed in the height of fashion, swaying her audience in the rôle of one of those tear-stricken heroines that seem to be her fate to keep on playing, you find it difficult to realize that this talented and charming actress has had a career packed with more varied and adventurous experiences than usually fall to the lot of most human beings. The story of her life, particularly in her early childhood, reads like a veritable romance.

At a time when most children are facing no greater problems than making two and two come out four, Marjorie Rambeau had already been a witness to a murder. It happened in a dance-hall in Alaska when she was nine years of age. One day, dressed as a boy and with her hair cut, she was leaning against the bar in a dance-hall, gazing around her with the fascinated attention of childhood. She was looking at just the kind of scene made familiar to us in motion-pictures. Nothing more violent than boisterous laughter, rough conversation, and the scraping of boots on the floor seemed to be disturbing the merriment when suddenly the door opened and a strange man entered. As soon as he came in he began studying the faces of every man and woman in the place. Then suddenly he whipped a revolver out of his pocket, pointed it at one of the dancing girls, and fired. She dropped at once, and when they picked the unfortunate creature up she was stone-dead. Later on, when arrested, the man who did the shooting stated that the murdered girl was his wife, who had deserted him back in Idaho, and that he had followed her solely to be revenged——

And now, by this time, you are no doubt wondering how it happened that a little girl of nine, who had always been carefully and lovingly brought up, should be dressed as a boy, and a witness of a sordid tragedy like this in a saloon in Alaska. When this question was put to Miss Rambeau she smiled and said: "It was rather unusual now that I look back upon it, but when it all happened I was too young to try to analyze it. My grandmother and mother and I were living in San Francisco at the time that gold was discovered at Nome, and my mother (who was a practising physician) got an idea into her head that opening a hospital at Nome might be a good thing for humanity and the Rambeau family. So she and my grandmother (who had been a missionary to China), who were both of an unusually adventurous nature, and thought nothing of taking me off to Alaska with them, set forth in an old wooden tub that took us thirty days to reach its destination."

As might be expected, Nome was a pretty rough place to bring little girls of nine to, so young Marjorie's mother thought it might be better to cut off her curls, put her skirts in storage, and dress her as a boy. Little Marjorie was in that saloon doing her bit for the Rambeau family by selling doughnuts!

The family remained in Alaska for almost a year, and when they returned to San Francisco Marjorie was placed in what is known as a School of Expression in order to receive instruction in dancing, fencing, elocution, and deportment, besides being taught various phases of elementary dramatic work.

After she had been a student there for several months, something happened that determined the subsequent course of her life for her. One day an actor named G. P. MacLean called at the school to see if he could find a young woman suitable for a part in a vaudeville sketch he was about to produce, called "The Lady and the Tramp." At the precise moment of his arrival Marjorie Rambeau, filled with the sheer joy of living, came sliding down the banisters of the staircase, laughing and yelling at the top of her voice. Without the slightest hesitation and without even bothering to see any one else in the institution the man engaged her on the spot because he liked her voice and the way she laughed.

Soon afterward "The Lady and the Tramp" opened in Oakland, Cal., and thus, at the mature age of twelve, Marjorie made her début! Just picture that child of twelve playing "the lady" in a vaudeville sketch and doing it every day and night for almost an entire year!

MR. MacLEAN becoming thoroughly convinced that his vaudeville partner was no ordinary "child-actress" conceived a highly original idea for her and incidentally for himself. He went to the managers of a stock company in Portland, Ore., and told them what a wonderful novelty it would be for them if they engaged this young actress of thirteen whom he knew, and billed her as the youngest leading lady in the world!

"I shall never in my life forget the opening night of 'Camille,'" said Miss Rambeau when asked how she felt on the momentous occasion. "Remember, I was thirteen, and altho I was large for my age and quite physically equipped for the part, I now know only too well that mentally and emotionally I was utterly unfit to comprehend its inner meaning.

"At rehearsals I was never able to entirely remember the death scene, so on the opening night, in order not to take any chances, my mother was placed under the bed to prompt me. On my first entrance I was well received, and from then on enjoyed every moment I was on the stage. At all events, by the time it came to my death scene the audience became so saturated with tears that I just hated to end it all. I prolonged it despite the warnings, in husky whispers, from my mother under the bed. She pleaded with me to die, telling me that her position was most uncomfortable. She also informed me that I had said all of the lines twice, but it made no impression on me. I was acting, acting, having my first chance in a big city, and loving every minute of it. The audience was crying, so why should I stop?

"Eventually my mother, cramped and exhausted, poked a long hatpin through the mattress. I sprang into the air, and *Camille* fell dead in Portland more suddenly and probably more acrobatically than ever before in her history. . . . However, our venture in that city proving successful, we played there a year to profitable business.

"My first appearance in New York," said Miss Rambeau, "was in a play called 'So Much for So Much.' It was not a success, but it enabled me to break through. Next came 'Sadie Love,' also not much of a hit, but the critics were good to me. Then I played 'Chesting Cheaters,' 'Eyes of Youth,' 'Where Poppies Bloom,' being fortunate enough to score a big personal success in each of these plays. Last season I appeared in 'The Fortune Teller,' in which I played a woman of sixty-five years of age who had a son. The theme of 'The Fortune Teller' was mother-love, and you may be interested to learn that the man who played my son in that play is now my husband. And while we are on this subject, let me emphatically state that I have no patience with the silly chatter that an actress should not marry. It is perfect nonsense to say that marriage retards an actress's growth in her profession, promotes jealousy, and detracts from her development. Any man or woman who is sincerely striving for high ideals in his or her work will attain finer results much sooner by having the love and encouragement of the right wife or husband. Theatrical people having their work in common should really make the happiest mates. But they should stick together. It is long absences that cause domestic troubles, whether people are on the stage or not, and my husband and I have made up our minds never to be separated."

In private life Marjorie Rambeau is Mrs. Hugh Dillman, her husband being a very capable young actor who seems content to play modest rôles in every piece in which his wife appears.

SERIOUS critics of acting have frequently drawn attention to her sincerity and fidelity in each character she portrays. When questioned on this phase of her work, Miss Rambeau said: "What people seek in a play is the truth about themselves. They want to be able to say, 'If I were that kind of person and were subjected to those influences that's the way I would act.' As soon as I get a part I settle down to *be* the character. What critics are kind enough to refer to as my earnestness comes, I think, in large measure from my rather unusual experiences and the influence of my mother's teaching. Up to the time I was married my mother was my inseparable companion. I learned from her the necessity of being honest with myself; of always facing facts, including the facts about myself, however disagreeable they might be; of never being deceived about myself in any particular. This undoubtedly has helped me to keep my feet firmly on the ground." Miss Rambeau says she can not give too much credit to her early training in stock companies, where constant hard work, quick study, and the necessity for versatility were the order of the day. "My advice to every ambitious young player," said Miss Rambeau, "is to join a stock company, in no matter how humble a capacity, for in the wonderful training of stock lies the future hope of our stage."

In spite of a success that might have turned the head of many a young actress, Marjorie Rambeau is to-day as unspoiled and free from affectation as the day she made her original the world's youngest leading lady.

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PRACTICAL LESSONS IN HOUSE-PLANNING

Second Article—Kitchen and Breakfast-Room for a Small House

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

IN STARTING in to discuss the individual rooms which are contained in the ideal home it seems appropriate to begin with that part of the house in which most of the trouble is generally to be found, and a popular vote would certainly show this to be that in which occur the preparation and cleaning-up after the inevitable three meals each day. In fact it has been said that more architects and builders have been cursed in the kitchen than in any other room in the house, so a little study of this portion of the building may mean that those engaged in house-planning and -construction may receive more complimentary blessings in the future.

The illustrations here given show a type of kitchen and breakfast-room arrangement which has been tried out by actual use in my own home, and it seems to be ideal in appearance as well as from the standpoint of practical utility. The plan is not shown in connection with the other rooms of the house, as the kitchen and breakfast-room features here described can be adapted to a great variety of plan arrangements, and in fact can be applied equally well to the remodeling of existing houses.

Kitchens and breakfast-rooms of this sort can, of course, be built in other sizes and with various details altered to suit other conditions; but in regard to the dimensions I believe that those here given will be found to be just about ideal, being about as small as would be found comfortable, and yet they are as large as would be advisable if the step-saving idea is to be closely followed.

The kitchen measures 9 feet by 13 feet 6 inches, which gives a clear space of about 5 feet between the two lines of furniture and fixtures. This passage is certainly sufficient for ample space to move about, and yet it means only a step to turn and reach from one side to the other.

The two elevations show the details of the various fittings, which are further explained as follows: In order to preserve the good appearance of the room a small cornice is run around the ceiling, enclosing a rectangular space about 5 feet by 13 feet 6 inches, corresponding with the clear floor-space below, at each end of which are found the wide openings into the adjoining rooms, such a treatment giving, at slight expense, an appearance of a well-studied design.

The diagonal dotted lines over the range indicate a metal hood which is built above to carry off through the roof the fumes and smoke from the cooking, the front of this hood being concealed behind a stationary wood panel. The corresponding spaces over the kitchen cabinet, refrigerator, and the service-entrance door (marked "A" on plan) can be similarly treated for appearance; or if the story-height is sufficient to warrant it these panels can be made as doors, and cupboards provided for the storage of certain articles which do not have to be frequently reached.

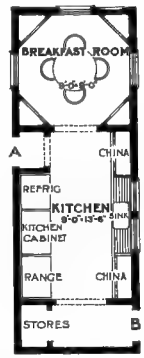
The kitchen cabinet is placed where its wide shelf may serve as a table convenient to the range; and the refrigerator is located adjoining the service-entrance door. Or the refrigerator may be placed on the rear porch near the kitchen door if desired.

ON THE other side of the kitchen will be seen two large cabinets, both of which can be used for china or for the storage of provisions as desired. A sink with double drain-board is shown supported by the usually provided legs to floor; but where such a sink is located as here indicated it is an excellent idea to do away with the legs and provide brackets at each end on the ends of the china-cabinets, thus eliminating the annoyance of having to clean around the legs at the floor.

It is also very desirable to run the water- and soil-pipes beneath the sink into the wall as shown in the elevation, in order to avoid the troubles mentioned above, but, being an outside wall, it is of course necessary to take extra precautions against freezing. If steam or hot-water heat is used the space under the sink or drain-boards provides a suitable location for the radiator.

The breakfast-room presents a most attractive appearance and also contains some very practical features. For instance, the table and chairs are movable, as the stationary kind, while most alluring in the pictures, give some trouble in cleaning around them, and are also open to the further objection that the person seated at the inner end of one of the seats is hemmed in where he can not be called on to "bring another pitcher of water" or some other needed part of the meal, and he is later punished by not being able to leave the table until the person seated next to him feels like permitting him to go. Those who have tried the built-in seats know all about this.

The cabinets shown in the four corners of the breakfast-room, while not in any way essential, are attractive in appearance and very useful. A folding ironing-board may be placed in one, an electric grill and toaster in another, and the others used for general storage. Doors may be provided between the breakfast-room and kitchen, which may be kept closed during the cooking of the meal, thus preventing the fumes from entering the eating-place. The opening marked "B" on the plan is intended to lead to the main dining-room, but this can, of course, be rearranged to suit other conditions.



FLOOR-PLAN LAYOUT

No gas-heater or -boiler is shown in the kitchen, as one of the automatic types placed in the cellar is highly recommended, if the first cost is not prohibitive. Such an arrangement does away with the unsightly appearance of these fixtures in the kitchen, and provides hot water at all times without the bother of lighting and turning off the gas and of sometimes worrying for fear it may have been left burning too long.

If the left-hand drain-board is of wood, and is hinged at the side to the china-cabinet, a convenient place is arranged for installing an electric dish-washing machine if desired. Also other electric apparatus may easily be arranged for as wanted.

Many families prefer to have the laundry work done in the kitchen. In such cases arrangement can easily be made for placing built-in laundry-tubs alongside the sink, or for using some of the combination laundry-tub and sink fixtures which a number of the manufacturers carry. In such cases the laundry-tubs are provided with covers which make them available for use as tables or as drain-boards for the sink, when so desired.

Also by lengthening the kitchen other appliances may be included in the line of fixtures, such as the laundry washing- and drying-machines, which can be placed along the wall next to the sink.

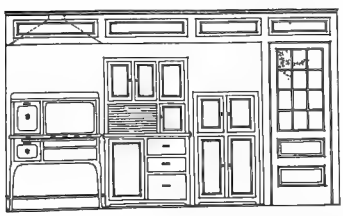
In other cases it may be desired to use more than one range, gas and coal, or electric, or perhaps a garbage-incinerator or some of the other appliances which are offered to add to the convenience of the kitchen, and any of these conditions can easily be met by altering the length of the two wall-spaces shown on opposite sides of the room.

VIEW OF KITCHEN AND BREAKFAST-ROOM, SHOWING THE TWO LINES OF UTILITIES PLACED FAR ENOUGH APART TO GIVE A COMFORTABLE WORKING SPACE

IN THE last issue we began a new series on practical house-planning, and in that number some general features of plan arrangement were discussed. This number begins the description of the individual rooms, and those following will treat of the other standard parts of the average small dwelling.

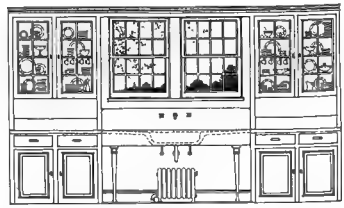
Many plan arrangements have been worked out in which are incorporated these kitchen and breakfast-room ideas. Write us regarding your requirements, and copies of those which seem to best suit your needs will be mailed without charge.

In some of these plans this scheme of efficiency kitchen has been applied to the very tiny four-room bungalow, while in others it has been used in connection with homes of eight or nine rooms. Also in some cases the breakfast-room has been arranged so as to provide, as its name implies, an auxiliary eating-place for ordinary use when it seems unnecessary to disturb the dining-room; and in other plans the dining-room has been omitted altogether, the breakfast-room being used for all occasions. This omission might just as well be made where the family is small and where the mother and the maid are one and the same.



ELEVATION SHOWING RANGE, KITCHEN CABINET, AND REFRIGERATOR

IF YOU want to help to plan your own home send for one of our free chart sheets, containing a large assortment of ideal rooms, in many sizes, which you can put together in various combinations until you have arrived at a satisfactory arrangement. Also all of the standard furniture pieces are shown, and these can be placed in position in the rooms as desired. After you have done this send us your plan, and Mr. Woods will be glad to give you a free criticism of your efforts.



ELEVATION SHOWING CHINA-CABINETS AND SINK WITH DOUBLE DRAIN-BOARD

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Every normal skin needs two creams

One for protection and to hold the powder
A wholly different cream to cleanse at night

To protect the skin against wind and dust, apply ***Pond's Vanishing*** *Cream each time before you go out*

To cleanse the skin thoroughly, use ***Pond's Cold Cream*** *before retiring*

ONE cream alone cannot supply the skin with all the elements that are needed to keep it in perfect condition. Certain flaws to which the skin is subject can be prevented only by a softening, protective cream. Other flaws need a cream rich in oil, that cleanses and stimulates.

Flaws that require a daytime cream without oil

If you do not protect the skin against sun and wind, it will protect itself by developing a rough, coarse surface. To give the needed protection apply a little Pond's *Vanishing* Cream before going out. This cream is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect. It leaves the skin fresh and invisibly shielded. Dust cannot work into the pores, wind and sun cannot dry out the skin and make it rough and coarse. Pond's *Vanishing* Cream contains no oil and cannot possibly reappear in a shine.

Before you powder, smooth a little Pond's *Vanishing* Cream on the face. It is absorbed instantly, removing any shine there may be on the skin. Moreover, it cannot come out in a shine later, for there is not a drop of oil in it. With this softening cream as a base, powder just as usual. You will find that the powder lasts many times longer and that it shows less, for there are no rough places for it to catch on.

Whenever your face feels drawn and tight, as if the muscles under it were tied in little knots, touch it lightly with Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It brings instant relief to a tired skin, relaxing the muscles, softening the hard, set lines, giving the whole face a fresher color and added vigor.

Flaws that need an oil cream at night

Have you begun to notice little fine lines under the eyes, depressions at the corners of the mouth and the base of the nose, a tendency to flabbiness under the chin? Fine lines become wrinkles before you know it, and wrinkles are almost impossible to erase. The way to prevent them is to give your skin regularly a tonic rousing with an oil cream.

Pond's *Cold* Cream is a rich oil cream that stimulates the skin, lubricating it and restoring its elasticity. Smooth the cream into the little fine lines, rubbing gently with the lines, not across them. Use a gentle motion always, for too strenuous rubbing is apt to be harmful. Finish by gently wiping the cream off with a soft cloth. By the faithful use of this rich cream, you can keep the lines from fastening themselves on the skin and forming real wrinkles. You can actually see the lines disappear after a few weeks' systematic and careful use of Pond's *Cold* Cream in this way.

Use Pond's *Cold* Cream also for your nightly cleansing. The dust and dirt that clog the pores, working their way under the surface of the skin, help to form blackheads. Ordinary washing will not remove them. They demand a deeper, more thorough cleansing.

After washing the face with warm water and pure soap, rub Pond's *Cold* Cream into the skin until the pores are saturated with it. Let the cream remain on a few moments, then wipe it off with a soft cloth. This rich cream contains the oil necessary to penetrate the pores and rid them of every particle of dirt. Do not neglect to give your face this nightly cleansing.

Begin using both these creams today

Use regularly these two creams that every normal skin needs. Neither will clog the pores nor encourage the growth of hair. Your druggist and the department stores carry both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to prevent chapping and to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
119 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

THE case of Geraldine Proctor was really pathetic. Most of the girls in her set were married, or about to be. Yet not one of them possessed more grace or charm or beauty than she.

And as Miss Proctor's birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther away from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

Your mirror can't tell you when your breath is not right. And even your most intimate friends probably won't.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). Halitosis creeps upon you unawares. You may even have it for years without knowing so yourself.

That of course is when halitosis is a symptom of some deep-seated organic trouble a doctor must correct. Or maybe a dentist.

But so commonly halitosis is rather a temporary or local condition that will yield to more simple treatment.

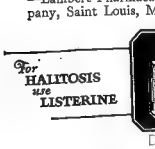
Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, possesses wonderful properties as a mouth deodorant. When regularly used, it arrests food fermentation and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

As such it becomes an indispensable friend to people who wish to enjoy the comfortable assurance that their breath is always beyond reproach.

Listerine will put you on the safe and polite side. Provide yourself with a bottle today and use it regularly as a gargle and mouth wash.

Your druggist has handled Listerine for years, and regards it as a safe, effective antiseptic of great merit.

Start using Listerine today. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath —Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Mo.



PITY: By Dana Burnet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

to the railroad tracks. He heard the rumble of an approaching train and headed in the direction of the sound. Now he could see the engine's headlight. It thrilled him. He ran, floundering and tripping, but keeping his feet.

As he reached the embankment marking the right of way the train roared by going south, toward New York. He stood in the darkness, gaping up at the flutter of lighted windows, confused and delighted—a child margveling at some new wonderful toy—

Then he became aware of another train standing motionless on the further track. A huge, vertebrate monster with faint fire coming out of its single nostril blowing in the distance—a freight train.

Charley Garford heard the groan and clash of the couplings as the monster lurched forward. With music of creaking wood and iron in his ears he climbed the embankment, crossed the nearer tracks, and trotted alongside the slow-moving train.

A flat car loaded with ghostly hooded shapes loomed up beside him. He grabbed at the forward hand-rail and missed it; but managed to catch the next one. With a desperate leap he got his foot into the iron stirrup.

He was a free man.

The hooded shapes on the flat car proved to be automobiles covered with sheets of canvas. He crouched under the chassis of one of the machines and lay with his head pillowed on his arms. He was panting and shaken, but he knew for the time being he was safe. Safe and dry.

While the freight rolled northward he slept. It was a light sleep, frequently broken and troubled with grotesque dreams. Sometime in the night he became hungry and taking the second biscuit from his pocket, ate it.

WHEN he woke again it was to a consciousness of light and of immobility. He started up and struck his head against the shaft of the motor under which he was lying. That brought him fully to his senses.

He cautiously peered out from his hiding-place and decided that the train was stalled in some station-yard. He could see across the tracks a row of frame houses, cut to a pattern and each a dirty color. To Charley Garford they were exquisitely beautiful.

He wormed his way to the edge of the flat car and, watching his chance, jumped to the ground. Immediately he pulled his workman's cap over his eyes, put his hands in his pockets and strolled across the tracks, whistling.

He met no one but a switchman who gave him a friendly nod. Charley grinned and winked in return. A low wooden fence separated the railroad yard from the street. He vaulted over this as tho it was the most usual act in his life and landed near the sidewalk. A man was passing by. Charley spoke to him—"Fine day!"

"Fine!" said the man, indifferently.

His confidence renewed, Charley crossed the street and turned a corner. He paused before a news-stand, and under the pretext of buying a paper managed to count the money in his pocket—the money he had taken from the guard's purse. It amounted to some thirty dollars.

He bought with his funds a suit of clothes for $10, a pair of shoes for $3, a soft shirt for $1.50, a necktie, socks, and a straw hat that cost $1. The dealer who sold him the outfit gave him permission to change his clothes on the premises. He left his overalls and his cigarmish boots with the dealer. "I won't need them again," said Charley; and added casually that he was on his way to Colorado for his health.

He stopped at the first barber-shop he came to and got shaved. Then he hunted up a lunch-room and ordered a good breakfast.

Twenty-four hours later he was seated on a bench in a public park, in Boston, reading the half-column story of Charles Garford's escape from Sing Sing prison. This Garford, it seemed, was a desperate character. He had attacked one of the guards, who for several hours had lain unconscious in the wagon-shop, and who on recovering his senses had given the alarm. ("I'm glad I didn't kill him," thought Charley.) It had then been discovered that Garford was missing from his cell. The other occupant of the cell, a hardened criminal named Jenks, was suspected of complicity in the escape and was sentenced to a week in solitary confinement. ("Poor old Baldy! God bless you, Baldy!")

The story concluded with the prediction by prison officials that Garford would be captured. The Warden was quoted as saying that sooner or later a criminal invariably betrays himself.

Garford, it seemed when that day arrived, would have to face in addition to his original commitment, charges of felonious assault and of jail-breaking. Altogether, he had hanging over his head sentences aggregating from twenty to thirty years of his life. The story concluded with another quotation from the Warden, "They always come back!"

Charley Garford laughed under his breath. "Here's one that won't."

In the same Boston paper he found an advertisement of the Great Northern Paper Company stating that men were wanted to work in the Maine woods, apply such and such a number, opposite the North Station.

Charley got up and strolled out of the park. In the entrance he met a policeman. "How do I get to the North Station?" he asked.

The policeman told him.

"Thanks," said Charley. "Nice day, isn't it?"

CHARLEY GARFORD spent five years in the Maine woods. He lumbered, hunted, fished, lived the lonely life of a guide and trapper in the wilderness. It was a primitive existence and he thrived under it. He grew out of his boyish slenderness into a bulky, broad-shouldered man. He let his mustache grow. He got his nose broken, accidentally but with fine effect, in a fight with a husky Canuck. A long scar ran down his right cheek where a dead bobcat that he was taking out of a trap had come to life and scratched him. He was no longer Charley Garford. He was Bill Herbert, of Ox Bow, Maine, and points north.

But he had been born in the city and the city was his dream. After five years he came down to Portland, bought himself a suitcase, some good clothes, an overcoat, and a derby hat and took the train to New York.

He arrived at the Grand Central station early in the morning. By consulting the advertising columns of a newspaper he found quickly a suitable furnished room. It wasn't far from the boarding house to where he and his mother had lived and where his mother had died. But when he made the pilgrimage to his former home he discovered that it had been turned into a kind of a shop or small factory. At the window where his mother used to stand to watch for his return from work—(so as to know when to put the steak on)—was now some dim figure bent hopelessly over a machine.

He stared at that figure with a curious feeling of dread and disgust; then turned and walked rapidly away. He never came back to that spot again.

The next day he got a job in a grocery-shop in Sixth Avenue. It was owned by a man named Grossbeck, a large, bulbous person who wore drooping mustaches and looked like a walrus. It developed later that he had hired Charley, or Bill Herbert, because he liked the latter's mustache. He was a connoisseur on the subject of mustaches.

Charley began by selling vegetables and

Photograph by Paul Thompson

DANA BURNET
The Man Who Wrote "Pity"

HE was born in 1888 in Cincinnati, O., and after graduating from high school went to Cornell University, where he studied law. He graduated in 1911, and immediately joined the staff of a well-known New York evening newspaper as a general reporter. He did this work for several years, and in 1918 resigned to devote his entire time to fiction, poetry, and dramatic writing.

Yes, he is married, and has one tiny daughter. Their home is in Ogunquit, a quaint old village on the coast of Maine, which has lately become a colony of artistic and literary people.

ended by falling in love with Grossbeck's daughter.

Mamie Grossbeck was the cashier in her father's store. She sat behind a little brass cage near the front window. The window was piled full of lemons and oranges and grapefruit. Mamie's hair was the color of the grapefruit. Her skin was as white as the shell of a White Leghorn egg. She wasn't a pretty girl; her nose was little and snub. Her mouth was too large for beauty and her cheekbones too prominent. But she had remarkable coloring, a softly-rounded, voluptuous figure, and a sweet, a genuinely sweet smile.

The second Sunday after Grossbeck had hired him Charley invited Mamie to go rowing on the lake in Central Park. They had taken their supper in a paper parcel. They ate it in the boat, while the May night drew veils of tender color over the towers striking distantly against the sky.

"I've sat like this in a boat on a lake," said Charley, "where all those buildings would be mountains and there wouldn't be another soul within fifty miles of you."

"Gee!" marveled Mamie Grossbeck. She trailed her white hand in the water. "I guess this seen., pretty tame to you—huh?"

"That's why I like it. I've had all the wild life I want." He was silent a moment. "What I want's a home," he said.

"Me too!" heartily agreed Mamie. "I'm tired workin' for Papa. You know I hads keep house for him ever since Mama died. Insidnes workin' in the store. It's diff'rent with you. You're a man, you can go get married any time you wanna, but I gotta wait till some fella asks me."

"Maybe I'll ask you."

She giggled in confusion. "I didn't mean it that way. Honest, Mr. Herbert, I wasn't fishin'."

Going home in the gray-green dusk they stopped and sat down on a bench to rest. Charley slipped his arm along the back of the seat and let it fall about the girl's shoulders. She nestled against him, quite naturally and naively. She was soft as a young bird, unbelievably soft and yielding. He bent his head and kissed her. Her lips, too, were soft and moistly warm—

That night, in his furnished room in Third Avenue, he had a quarter of an hour's weak struggling with himself. Had he any business to make love to a decent girl without telling her the truth about himself?

Of course that kiss meant nothing in itself; she would have thought it strange if he hadn't kissed her. But he realized that to him the incident was more than a mere postitude to a Sunday outing. It was a turning of the way and as such he had to consider it. In his heart he knew that he could have Mamie Grossbeck if he wanted her and he felt that he was going to want her. The point was had he any right to want her?

He remembered having much the same twinge of conscience over the first animal he had ever caught in a trap. The animal in question was a small black bear with a fine face and eyes of a hurt dog. It sat humped on a blow-down with those cruel steel jaws clamped its foot. Its red tongue hanging out and its dog-eyes pleading to be put out of misery. Charley Garford shot it through the brain with a high-powered rifle bullet. Then he sat down on the log and debated whether man had the right to inflict such pain on other living creatures.

"No," he said aloud, looking up at the pine tops swaying in the Autumn wind. "He hasn't any right. But he's got to do it just the same—because that's life!"

Thereafter he did his trapping regardless of the suffering it caused. He had spent ten dollars for a license and a hundred for his gear. He couldn't afford to be soft about it.

His fellow men hadn't been soft with him. He had been weak and they had jailed him for his weakness. He had sought to gratify a certain hunger of his spirit and they had trapped him. They had shown no pity in their treatment of him.

He made a resolution that so long as he lived he would never pity any living thing.

IN THE case of Mamie Grossbeck the issue wasn't so direct as it had been in the case of the bear. He didn't intend that she should suffer because of him. He intended to marry her; to work for her; to give her a home that she could be proud of. Of course if she ever found out that he was Charley Garford, thief and ex-convict —but she wouldn't find out. He had beaten that game so far and he would continue to beat it.

He would beat it by steadily looking out for number one. He would beat it by accepting the standards of society as they had been revealed to him. No pity. No quarter. The right of the strong to take vengeance. The right to love. The right to live above the need to love——

Perhaps if he had loved Mamie Grossbeck deeply and sincerely he would have told her about himself. But he didn't love her in that way. He couldn't. He wasn't capable of it.

What he wanted was a mate. He was willing to pay for his desire with fidelity and strength. If it wasn't a fair bargain it was the best he could do. He would take Mamie Grossbeck with her white skin and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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Why Stout People Can't Wear New Styles

Easy to lose a pound a day or more by new fascinating method. No exercise, self-denial or discomforts.

Illustrations show what wonderful improvement in figure is secured by reduction of 30 pounds.

Reduce to Your Ideal Figure In *Two Weeks!*

Make This Free Test – Results Guaranteed.

"I REDUCED from 175 pounds to 153 pounds in 2 weeks! (22 pounds lost in 14 days). If you had known me before and could see me now, you would realize what a wonderful discovery your new method is. Before I started I was flabby, heavy and sick—had stomach trouble all the time. Had no vigor. I feel wonderful now." (*Name furnished on request.*)

This person's experience is duplicated by that of hundreds of others who have quickly regained their normal, healthful weight and strong, graceful and slender figures in the simplest, easiest and most delightful way known. Mrs. George Guiterman of 420 East 66th Street, New York, lost 13 pounds in the very first 8 days.

Mrs. A. Clare of 9919 Ostend Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, writes that she lost 45 pounds and completely banished her daily sick headaches and indigestion. Miss Kathleen Mullane, the famous artist's model, reduced 20 pounds in three weeks. Mrs. J. D. Speltz of 3943 Ruckle Street, Indianapolis, reduced her bust from 40 inches to 36 inches, her hips from 40 inches to 36 inches, and her waist from 29 inches to 26 inches. She attained what are considered ideal measurements for the perfect American woman. She writes: "My husband says I look as if I were 16. Complexion and eyes also are so much clearer." Mrs. J. C. Vermilya, a doctor's wife, of Bloomington, Indiana, lost 40 pounds. Her heart trouble and stomach trouble vanished, and her complexion cleared so that her friends all began to beg her for her beauty secret. She adds: "I had begun to get wrinkles when I was fat, but my flesh is now firm and free from a single wrinkle. I used to have my clothes made from 'stout' patterns, but now I can wear any charming, girlish gown I wish."

Look Years Younger When Fat Departs

A Pennsylvania woman writes: "Since I lost those 54 pounds, I *feel* 20 years younger—and my family say I *look* it."

This appearance of youth is one of the most delightful results of this new method. Fat people always look older than they really are. Merely to secure a slender form would bring a more youthful appearance. But this new method also results in a clearer skin, a brighter eye, a firmer step and the most wonderful energy and vitality. Many write us that they have been positively amazed to lose lines and wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable. So that when you reduce to normal weight in this new simple, fascinating, natural way you look even younger than most slender people of the same age. You can then dress stylishly and yet be in perfect taste. This season's designs are made for thin people. In a very short time after using this marvelous new method you can wear the most colorful, the most fluffy and the most extreme styles—and look well in them.

NO *Exercise, Starving, Special Baths, Rolling, Massage, Appliances, Special Clothing or Any Discomfort Whatever.*
Results in 48 Hours

And, best of all, these wonderful benefits are secured without any discomforts whatever. No starving, no exercise, no medicines—nothing to do but pay attention to an easily followed law of nature. In reward, nature gives everything and exacts no payment.

The Secret Explained

As simple and easily understood as is this natural law, it seems almost magical in its results. Eugene Christian, a specialist of international renown, discovered that it is not *how much* they eat, and to a certain extent it is not even *what* they eat that causes people with *natural fatty tendencies* to put on surplus flesh. It is how their food is *combined*. Eat certain dishes at the same meal and they will cause more flabbiness and fat and fill the body with the poisons that cause the puffiness, the lack-lustre eyes and the skin blemishes which so often accompany obesity. But eat these very same dishes at different times and properly combined with other ordinary foods, and they make muscle and bone and good rich blood instead of fat. Then the fat you have already stored up is rapidly consumed. This discovery is the greatest boon ever given to stout people who have found dieting a weakener, exercises a task and drugs a delusion. For when you learn the secret of properly combining your food you can eat **Potatoes, Fowl, Meat, Fish, Milk, Butter, Cheese, Chocolate, Corn Bread, Wheat Bread** and many other dishes you have probably been denying yourself. And yet you will lose weight steadily, right from the start, perhaps a pound a day, perhaps more, as so many others have done.

And as the unhealthy fat departs your flesh becomes firm, your complexion clears, your eyes brighten and your health and energy increase wonderfully. Youthful looks, youthful spirits and a youthful form become quickly yours.

Your Fat Goes Forever

When you have reduced to normal weight and your fatty tendencies have been corrected it will not be necessary for you to pay further attention to how your food is combined. Still you will probably want to keep these combinations up all your life, for, as Mr. Clyde Tapp of Poole, Ky., says, "The delicious menus make every meal a pleasure never experienced before."

And Mrs. Wm. B. Boyer of 9919 Ostend Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, who lost 47 pounds and lowered a high blood pressure by this method states, "I will follow this method the balance of my life even when there is no need to reduce. For the menus are so wonderfully balanced and so satisfying."

Free Trial—Send No Money

Send no money now—just fill out and mail coupon or send letter if you prefer. We will send you in 12 interesting booklets, complete instruction and dozens of delicious menus containing the foods you like combined in a way to enable you to quickly attain a slenderness which makes you look well in the most colorful, fluffy or bouffant styles. Weigh yourself when the course arrives. Follow the appetizing menus in the first lesson. Weigh yourself again in a couple of days and note the delightful and astonishing result.

People have been so grateful for what Christian has done for them that they have voluntarily paid him fees of $500.00 to $1,000.00. But he wants everyone to be able to own this course on "Weight Control." So in addition to a FREE TRIAL offer, he makes the following nominal price, which you will probably consider as hardly paying for printing and handling. You pay the postman only $1.97 (plus the few cents postage) in full payment when the course arrives. And it is then yours. There will be no further charges. If you are dissatisfied with it you will have the privilege of returning it within 5 days and your money will then be instantly refunded. So you risk nothing. Act to-day! You'll soon create astonishment and envy among your friends by your renewed slenderness, increased health and youthful appearance.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-884,
43 W. 16th Street, New York City.

If you prefer to write a letter, copy wording of coupon in a letter or on a post card.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-884, 43 W. 16th Street, New York City

You may send me, IN PLAIN WRAPPER, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 books. I will pay the postman $1.97 (Plus Postage) on arrival. But if I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning the course within 5 days and my money will be instantly refunded.

Name .....
Please Write Plainly

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Price in Canada $2.15 Cash with Order

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Why

IPANA

is good for gums

IPANA tooth paste contains Ziratol, a healing agent to the gums.

This unique property has made Ipana a favorite tooth paste with dentists, who, better than all others, know how vital gum health is.

Over 2000 dentists have told us that Ipana heals bleeding gums and strengthens soft and spongy gums—and they have told their patients too, and that's how Ipana got its first great start.

Ipana, in addition, does everything that a good, pure tooth paste can do—and its smooth, snappy and delightful flavor is something you will think of as a treat.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

Your druggist has it in generous tubes at 50 cents. A sample, enough for a week, may be had for ten cents from Bristol-Myers Co., 42 Rector Street, New York City.

PITY: By Dana Burnet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

her pale yellow hair if he was able to, because she was life and a man must live.

He made love to Mamie on subsequent Sundays and on weekdays, too, when business was slack. Old man Grossbeck sat bellying on a chair in a corner and stroked his mustaches. He would look at Charley Garford leaning against the cashier's cage and would shout across the store, "Sol I should pay you for spooning mit my daughter, hey?" Then he would shake silently with laughter till his face got red.

One Sunday evening Mamie asked Bill Herbert to come to supper. She lived with her father in the flat over the grocery-store. "Come early," she said, "an' you can help cook the dogs."

Charley arrived about five-thirty. Old man Grossbeck was asleep in the living-room. The windows were open and the thunder of the elevated trains, roaring by within a few feet of his face, made his fat cheeks tremble. "Look at Papa! He can't sleep anywheres else. Come on into the kitchen," said Mamie, taking Charley by the hand.

The kitchen was so small that they were continually brushing into each other. Finally Mamie, flushed and giggling, said he must sit down in a chair and let her alone or there wouldn't be any supper. He sat down and watched her. She had a pink gingham apron. Her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows and her hair, in the gaslight, was like yellow silk. Her cheeks were scarlet with bending over the stove. She knelt to put some biscuits in the oven and he saw the smooth turn of her leg. She was adorable.

He suddenly thrust out his arm and swept her toward him. She fell, breathless on his knees. "Bill, oh Bill—!"

"I want you, Mamie. Little girl—Marry me! Will you? No, don't move. *Will* you?"

"You know I— But you haven't said anything! You never said you loved me——"

"I do love you, Mamie. You—you're my little sweetheart. Aren't you?"

"Yeah, I guess so— If you want me!"

He pressed her against him. He kissed her white throat and her warm mouth. Her arms wound themselves fiercely about his neck and the biscuits went to rack and ruin in the oven.

Old man Grossbeck complained bitterly at the supper they brought in an hour later. But when Mamie, clasping his thick body, told him that she was going to marry Bill Herbert he became inarticulate with emotion. He ate his wiener-wurst and drank his beer in ponderous silence. Finally he drew out his pipe, filled and lighted it and blew a vast cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. Then he looked at Charley.

"I am gedting old. We will divide the business between the three of us. You and Mamie will do the work. You will get schmoke my pipe. All I ask iss you give me a third of the profits und plendty of grand-children."

OLD man Grossbeck had no cause to be dissatisfied with the business aspect of this arrangement. The store, under Charley's management, made more money than Grossbeck ever had been able to squeeze out of it. But on the human side of the bargain the old man had cause for secret sorrow.

He no longer lived with his daughter, Mamie, the light and flower of his declining years. Bill Herbert had taken her away from the floor over the grocery-store. He had taken her to an apartment across town, in Lexington Avenue near 34th Street. She was expecting her first baby and the elevated trains, as Bill pointed out to old man Grossbeck, were bad for her nerves. "It's no place for her," he said solemnly.

"Vat will I do?" asked Grossbeck, in a bewildered way.

"You can come live with us if you want to."

The other put his pipe in his mouth; took it out again.

"No. I guess I stay here yedt."

He stayed, taking his meals at the delicatessen across the street. At first, as usual, he spent his days in the store. But when Mamie gave up her cashier's job for the more confining demands of approaching maternity he retired to his flat above-stairs. The neighborhood grew accustomed to seeing him in the upper window, his head fallen forward on his breast, his pipe drooping from his lips. People began to say that old man Grossbeck was done for, that he wouldn't last much longer. They would add invariably, "It's lucky he's got such a good son-in-law. That Bill Herbert's a smart fellow."

Old man Grossbeck lived to see Mamie's baby, a fine, ten-pound boy. Then he went back to his flat over the grocery-store and died. His son-in-law gave him an economical funeral and let the flat to the new clerk and his wife at an advanced rental.

Charley Garford by this time was well launched on his career He had tasted success and the fever of it was in his blood. To Mamie and her offspring—she had another boy baby within a year—he was jealously tender and considerate. He frightened her at times with the strength of his passion for protecting her and the children. He was like a wary animal, alert and prepared at any moment to spring to the defense of his brood.

Mamie attributed this characteristic, which he had developed entirely since his marriage, to that somewhat vague period in his past when he had been a hunter and trapper in the Maine woods.

With the world at large, with all persons outside the sacred circle of his home, Charley Garford, in the guise of Bill Herbert, was silently but relentlessly at war. He made few open enemies, because to do so would have been bad business. But he got what he wanted. He succeeded by impeccable legal methods. The law, he found, was in the main a weapon fashioned by the strong for the use of the strong.

He began to branch out, to expand the firm of Grossbeck & Herbert. He bought, one by one, three more grocery-stores in the neighborhood. The proprietor of a fourth, one Fred Hutter, a middle-aged man with a wife and five children, refused to sell. Charley Garford said he was disappointed, shook hands with Hutter, complimented the latter on his window display, and went out. Six months later he sent for Hutter. "You have two notes of $1,500 falling due within a week. They're secured by a $7,000 mortgage. I own both the notes and the mortgage. I know as well as you do that you can't pay. Now, either you sell out to me at a fair figure or you lose the property on a forced sale. Which is it to be?"

Hutter begged for time to decide. Charley gave him three days. That night, when he got home, he found Mamie very much disturbed. Mrs. Hutter had come across from the next and had pleaded with her to make Bill Herbert let up on Fred. Mamie repeated Mrs. Hutter's importunings. "Fred's been ten years tryin' to get started, Bill, an' he's just gettin' on his feet an' all an' they got nothin' but the business, an'—the chilern—you know how it is——"

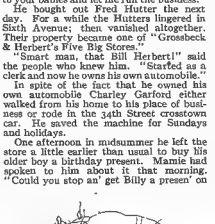
Charley heard her to the end without interruption or sign of emotion. Then he put his arm around her and drew her down on his knees. "Little girl, I can't do it. I've got to have Fred Hutter's store. He won't starve. If he does that's his own lookout. I didn't make the world. I'm just taking things as I find them." Mamie looking at her husband's face saw it as immobile as stone. He went on, "I've got my own kids—and you—to look out for. There's plenty of people ready to cut my throat. I know you feel bad about Mrs. Hutter, and I suppose you think I'm hard. I am hard. I've got to be." He kissed her, very gently. "After this, girlie, you stick to your babies and let me run the business."

He bought out Fred Hutter the next day. For a while the Hutters lingered in Sixth Avenue; then vanished altogether. Their property became one of "Grossbeck & Herbert's Five Big Stores."

"Smart man, that Bill Herbert!" said the people who knew him. "Started as a clerk and now he owns his own automobile."

In spite of the fact that he owned his own automobile Charley Garford either walked from his home to his place of business or rode in the 34th Street crosstown car. He saved the machine for Sundays and holidays.

One afternoon in midsummer he left the store a little earlier than usual to buy his older boy a birthday present. Mamie had spoken to him about it that morning. "Could you stop an' get Billy a presen' on your way home? You know it's his birthday to-morrow."



"No, is it?"

"You know it is," Mamie had said, smiling. "You just don' wanna let on——"

As he walked through 34th Street he observed that it was an unusually warm afternoon. He glanced up at the sky. It had a steely hot sheen. Looked like rain, too.

He remembered suddenly how the sky had looked that morning of his escape from prison. God! What a memory! But that was long ago. He had put all thoughts of Sing Sing definitely out of his mind, out of his life.

He reached Fifth Avenue and turned south, walking toward the toy-shop he had in mind. On the way he stopped to look in at the window of a bird-store. It was a large show window filled with cages containing birds of various size and color; large birds and small birds, birds brilliant and birds drab. A red and green macaw, a parrakeet the color of emerald, gray doves, golden canaries, tiny birds with red topknots and red tails, birds with iridescent feathers that looked as tho they had been dipped in phosphorescent sea-water—

In the front of the window was a bird that particularly interested Charley Garford. It was a black-and-yellow bird about the size of a robin. It had a white stripe down each wing.

"Done two years, huh, old fellow? Got your good conduct stripes," muttered Charley; then broke off and glanced quickly at the street. Other people were standing before the window, but none had noticed him. "Fool!" he said to himself.

He turned his attention once more to the bird. "It's the only one of the lot that wants to get out," he reflected. Quite unconsciously he had spoken in the whisper of the criminal brotherhood. "The rest are beaten, but this fellow—by Jiminy, he's got one of the bars loose!"

It was true. One of the wires on the door of the cage had been broken off at the top, where a drop of solder had joined it to a cross-bar. It was doubtful whether the black-and-yellow bird recognized any advantage in the situation; nevertheless it would take that instant to see in its long bill and twist at it with an earnestness, with an apparent purpose that produced in Charley Garford a deep and growing excitement.

"No, no—not that one, old pal; the next one!" he whispered once, when the bird took the wrong wire in its beak.

HE STOOD a long time at the window, absorbed in a drama whose very triviality fascinated him. Something about the black-and-yellow bird touched his imagination. It was different from its fellows. It had fire and courage. It flew at that broken wire with undaunted energy. It moved restlessly about the floor of its cage. It had a queer way of sidling up and down the cross-bar. Several times it cocked its head on one side and looked up at Charley Garford staring in at it from the street.

He stayed there till the shop closed, till a curtain fell on the window of the bird-cages. Then he turned away and walked home.

"Did you get the present for Billy?" asked his wife

He looked at her and said, "No." She opened her mouth to exclaim at his forgetfulness; it was not like him to forget such an errand. But something in his eyes, a quiet, set look, checked her. She decided not to speak of it. She would get the toy herself, in the morning. Meanwhile—

"Anything go wrong in the store to-day, Bill?" she asked, as she brought in his supper. She always served him herself.

He shook his head and began to eat.

"Are you sick?"

"No."

"I thought— You're so kind of quiet an'——"

"It's the heat," he said; and pushed away his plate.

All evening he sat by one of the windows in the front room, smoking, his eyes fixed on the opposite wall. He didn't look out of the window or at the children. The latter were affected by his unusual taciturnity and avoided him. They hovered about their teacher's skirts until it was time to go to bed—

Mamie was seized with an unaccountable dread. She searched in an excuse to break in on his silence. Finally she made some lemonade and brought it in to him. He drank it but didn't speak to her; indeed he hardly looked at her.

"I'm goin' to bed, Bill. Are you comin'?"

"Huh? Yes. Pretty soon."

The next morning Charley Garford rose early and dressed without waking his wife. He looked at Mamie asleep in the bed. She seemed to him a stranger, a woman he had never seen before.

He crept down to the street and without thinking of breakfast started toward Fifth Avenue. He arrived at the bird-store window only to find the curtain still drawn. The place wouldn't open for another hour or two.

Charley Garford began to walk up and down the block, but finally grew conscious of the fact that a policeman was watching him. A sense of guilt came over him. He crossed the avenue and headed toward his own place of business.

That too was closed, but he had a key in his pocket. He unlocked the door and went in. Instead of going to his desk in the office at the rear of the store, he sat down on a box and began to think.

After a while the clerk and his wife came down-stairs and were startled to find him there. They spoke to him in tones of awe and timidity. Was he sick? Was anything wrong? Wasn't he satisfied with the way—

He got up, stared at them and moved toward the door. They observed with a good deal of curiosity that on his way out he stopped, opened a large biscuit-tin that

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PITY: By Dana Burnet

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was standing on the counter and took out two crackers. With the air of a man walking in his sleep he put the crackers into his pocket and then wandered into the street.

He went back to Fifth Avenue and the bird-shop. He could tell from a distance that it was open. The curtain was up. He could see the cages glistening behind the wall of plate glass.

As he approached the window he felt his heart beating. Yes! There he was, the same black-and-yellow bird in the same cage with the broken wire— "By God! He still wants to get out!"

The night hadn't dulled the spirit or weakened the purpose of the feathered prisoner. As Charley Garford looked, the bird flew at the side of the cage with fluttering wings, its bill pecking at the bars.

The morning sun struck down into the street. Charley Garford felt the heat of it on his back. He glanced into the dimness of the store and saw the figure of a man idly pacing up and down.

The eternal figure of the Guard on the Wall—

The bird had got hold of the broken wire and was twisting it. All day long it would do that, striving for freedom, driven by some unconquerable instinct to spread its wings once more against the sky. People would pass the window by thousands, some would stop to stare curiously at the bird's antics, but of all the crowds in all the city there would be none to understand or to pity the living creature shut up in a cage—

None but he.

A STORM of madness rose in him and beat against the man he was, against the man he had created through years of effort and of painful striving. Somewhere within him, from the depths of his soul, sprang up the slender and passionate youth that had been Charley Garford. A fool, that youth, and weak— But he had known how to feel, he had known how to pity— He was a better man than Bill Herbert, and Bill Herbert knew it—

Bill Herbert was breaking up and dying under the hot sun of midsummer.

The black-and-yellow bird was tugging at the wrong wire—

Charley Garford raised his two hands and pushed with all his might against the window. There was a sharp snapping sound and a crash of glass. He struck with his fist, drew it back covered with blood and struck again. He was aware of cries and of human shapes gathering behind him. The figure in the store was standing as tho hypnotized, its arms half-raised—exclamatory, impotent—

Charley Garford laughed, and lifting his foot kicked loose the lower segment of the pane. He reached into the window, picked up the cage with the broken wire and turning, began to fumble at its tiny door. He was conscious of a semicircle of people, of straw hats and faces— How quickly they assembled, these faces—

Another figure, authoritative, done in dark blue, pressing through the crowd—

His fingers found the miniature catch; he thrust his hand through the opening, caught the black-and-yellow bird and drew it gently out of its prison. For an instant he held it warm in his palm; then, with a shout, he tossed it into the air—

When the policeman reached him he was standing with his head thrown back, staring into the sky.

"I'M Charley Garford," he said, almost with pride, to the Police Sergeant who recorded his name in the station-house blotter. But it was his bloody finger-prints on the bottom of the bird-cage that finally established his identity.

The Judge who sent him back to Sing Sing for terms aggregating twenty-four years and eight months asked him why he hadn't bought the bird instead of breaking the window.

"I don't know," mumbled Charley. "I didn't think of it. I was out of my head, I guess."

The Court, in pronouncing sentence, said that it was a plain case of criminal violence manifesting itself in a sentimental assault against the laws of property. "Society must take stern measures to defend itself against such enemies—" etc., etc.

Mamie Grossbeck went back eventually to live in the flat over the grocery-store. In due time she secured a divorce and married again. But the people of the neighborhood never forgot her earlier history.

"Her first husband was an escaped convict. Called himself Bill Herbert. Smart fellow, smart as a whip; but underneath it a born criminal. Broke a window over in Fifth Avenue one day to steal something and got sent back to Sing Sing. Funny how those people always give themselves away!"

MENDEL MARANTZ—HOUSEWIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Mendel Marantz was poised on high, searching through the closet. Dishes, pans, bottles, and rags lay scattered in ruined fragments beneath him.

Zelde blazed.

"Gozlen!" she almost shrieked. "What do you want up there!"

Mendel steadied himself. His heart having missed a beat, he waited a moment, then answered quietly, "Iodin."

"What Iodin, what for?" She was still furious, but also a little anxious.

"A small scratch," he explained without moving. "My finger got caught—under the meat-chopper."

"Oh! You clumsy! And what's all the rags and the water on the floor?"

"To put by my side and my leg. I—slipped and—the gas-range fell on me. My ankle turned around. The soup was good and hot. Maybe you got something for burns?"

ZELDE was a little less furious and a little more anxious.

"Then what are you climbing on the walls for? Go in bed. Go—you look broken in pieces!"

She sighed heavily and shook her head.

"After all, he's only a man," she soliloquized. "What can you expect? He don't know if he's alive!"

She continued to scold, but nursed him tenderly.

"How is it? You're a inventor, and you don't know how to light the gas without blowing up the house? A man who can't help himself—he can't help himself!"

After a pause she said, "Maybe I should stay home? Ah?"

"Maybe," he murmured weakly.

Zelde vacillated.

"So what'll be if I stay home?" she prodded.

"It'll be better."

"That I know, but what'll be with you?"

"I'll get well."

"And—?" She expected him not only to recover, but to reform.

"And if I get well I'll feel good. What is health? A garden. What is sickness? A grave. What is a good wife? A gardener. What is a bad wife? A grave-digger."

"He's as bad as ever," she thought.

She finally resolved, "It's not such a terrible! He won't die from it and we can't live from it. He'll learn a lesson and I'll earn a living."

And the experiment continued.

It was very hard on Mendel. It was harder on Sarah and hardest on Zelde. But time subdued Mendel's protests and improved his work.

Zelde was surprized at his altered attitude of gradual submission. It almost alarmed her. She had never really imagined this radical change to last. She had expected Mendel to rebel more and more violently as time went on and finally to make a break for his freedom and reclaim, "I'm sick and tired of this slavery. I'm going to work!"

Instead he was getting actually to like it. By degrees Zelde found less to do in the house after her return from the shop. True, his work was crude and slovenly to her practised eye. She never would have cleaned dishes as he did, with a whisk-broom, or swept dirt under the table, or boiled soup in a coffee-pot, or wiped the floor with a perfectly good skirt.

But withal, Mendel was doing things, and as his domestic craftsmanship improved, Zelde grew more disappointed and depressed. She felt that he was planning to displace her permanently. She pictured him bending over the wash-tub as she used to do; or arranging the dishes in the closet, which was once her favorite diversion; or scouring the pots and pans as only she knew how, and a genuine feeling of envy and longing seized her.

"THIEF!" she was tempted to cry. "Go out from my kitchen! Give me back my apron and let alone my housework!"

For she felt that, having nothing more than a boarder in that home, to be tolerated merely because she earned the rent. She saw the children only at supper-time, and they looked curiously at her as if they hardly recognized her.

At table all eyes were turned to pa.

"Papa, Sammy took my spoon!"

"Take his," Mendel decreed.

"Pa, I want some more meat!"

"Take mine."

"Pop, Lena stealed my bread!"

"Take hers."

"Pa-ah! The thoup ith too hot. I tan't eat it!" Jakie complained, and turned a bruised tongue to his father.

"Take some water from the sink," was Mendel's motherly advice.

Zelde felt like a stranger. They did not seem to know that she was present. She tried to interfere.

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HEINZ
OVEN BAKED BEANS

HERE'S the real baked bean flavor and real bean nutriment assured by the Heinz method of real baking by dry heat in real ovens.

And a distinctively different good taste—that flavor of the delicious tomato sauce famous for its use in Heinz Oven Baked Beans.

Eat them often, instead of many other foods that are not so good for you, not so completely satisfying, and cost so much more.

You will save money. You will save time and fuss in the kitchen. You will better your health. First of all, you will like the Beans, like them so well that you will never tire of them.

FOUR KINDS:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

ALL HEINZ GOODS SOLD IN CANADA ARE PACKED IN CANADA

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Making the MOST of Your Hair

How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically. People judge you by its appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The women with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

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It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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MENDEL MARANTZ—HOUSEWIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

"Don't put water in soup, Jakie! Better blow on it."

But the little boy slipped down from the chair without noticing her, wriggled out from under the table, and soon returned, gaily carrying a cup of sink-water.

Her maternal instinct rebelled.

"No!" she said warningly, as Jakie tilted the cup over the plate of bean-soup.

But the child, with his eyes fixed on Mendel, poured the contents bravely.

Zelde slapped his hand, and the cup fell with a clatter. It was not a hard blow, but an impulsive one. It created a strained and awkward silence. Jakie burst into tears. He ran to Mendel and buried his little face in daddy's lap. Lena began to whimper in sympathy.

Something snapped in Zelde. Her appetite was gone. She rose and went into the bedroom and shut the door behind her.

She did not want them to hear her sobs.

It had all turned out so different!

Instead of driving Mendel to work she had driven herself into exile. Mendel the housewife was now further from ever getting a man's job than Mendel the idler had ever been. Zelde felt she had made a grave mistake. Rather should she have permitted him to idle and mope—he would have tired of it eventually—than that he should be wrongly occupied and contented.

If only she could undo what she had done, she'd be satisfied.

"After all, a house to manage is for a woman," she mused, bent upon reestablishing the old order. "A man should do housework? It can make him crazy yet!"

"I believe you," Mendel conceded.

"It don't look like housework should agree with you," she observed.

"Looks is deceiving."

There was a pause. A good deal of understanding passed between them.

"Mendel, hard work will kill you yet," she insisted.

"So will idleness—in the long run. What is death? Only an appointment. You got to keep it some time."

"But you don't look good."

"I don't feel bad."

Zelde became a little dizzy. Did he mean to say that he intended to stick to housework? She tried to tempt him.

"Wouldn't you like, like you used to, to have nothing to do and sit and cross your legs, and, whatever you should move, somebody should bring you hot tea?"

Mendel blew rings of smoke at the ceiling.

Zelde continued, scarcely breathing.

"And wouldn't you like to lie on the couch with your hands together behind your head and look on the sky from the window and dream what a great inventor you are?"

AN IMPRESSIVE silence followed. On Mendel's face were fleeting traces of an inner struggle.

"And—I'll clean the house," she added softly to clear any doubts that he might still have.

Mendel shook his head.

"It'll be too hard for you," he said gallantly.

"It's not such a terrible!"

"I haven't the heart to let you," he complained feebly.

"You'll get over it."

His tone became firmer.

"No! Housework is not for a woman. Like the Masora says, 'Be good to your wife and give your children to eat.' That means a man should clean the house and cook for his children. What is a wife? A soldier. Her place is on the field. What is a husband? A general. His place is at home!"

Zelde was chagrined.

"So this is the future what you aimed for?" she chided. "To be a washerwoman and a porter! Pooh! You ought to be ashamed to look on my face! Think what people say! They don't know which is what! If I am the husband or if you are the wife or how!"

Mendel carefully rolled a new cigaret. There was a plaintive note in her anger. He could afford to be defiant.

"Didn't you make me to stay home and work? So! I'm working! What is work? Pleasure!—If you know how!"

And he struck a match.

Zelde sat down to avoid falling down.

"Work is pleasure," echoed through her mind like an explosion. Maybe solitary confinement at home every day had gone to his head. Or maybe—maybe—! She slowly repeated to herself his sally. "What is work? Pleasure!" and "What is pleasure?" she wondered. The shock of the answer almost made her scream.

So that was it! She had suspected something but *that* would never have occurred to her in a million years. Those floor-brushes that she found the other day under the bed, and the mop

DAVID FREEDMAN
The Man Who Wrote "Mendel Marantz"

AT THE age of six, David Freedman began to write fairy-tales. At fifteen he was editor of a newspaper department, and herewith publishes his first story at the age of twenty-four. He was educated at the City College of New York. He is married and has one child. At the present time his work is superintending an East Side Orphan Asylum which has one hundred and fifty children on its roster.

"Mendel Marantz—Housewife" is an exceptional first story. Mendel is a real type—one of the many that Freedman knows to the soul. He will write more stories for Pictorial Review about Mendel, as well as yarns about other picturesque and regular human beings.

and the tin pail. They did not belong to the house. To whom *did* they belong? She had certainly seen them somewhere before. Now she knew! At the janitor's!

"No wonder he likes to stay home," she muttered to herself. "I should have knew: it's a bad sign if Mendel likes work all of a sudden!"

Her suspicions were still hypothetical, but fragments of evidence were fast falling in to shape an ominous and accusing picture.

ONE day, upon her return from work, Zelde found Mendel sitting near the window, restfully smoking a cigaret. His legs were crossed under his apron and his arms were folded over his lap. He gazed pensively out upon fifty-.

Zelde looked about her in astonishment. The house was tidy, the kitchen spick and span, the wash dried and ironed, the floor freshly scrubbed. A model housewife would have envied the immaculate perfection of the work.

Zelde gasped. So early in the day and already through with all his work! And what work!

"Sarah, I wonder who did it," she finally said to her daughter when she had somewhat regained her composure.

Her groping suspicions now became a startling conviction. Evidence fairly shrieked at her from every corner.

"Only a woman could do this," she thought, overcome by the shock of the revelation.

"Who do you think?" Sarah asked innocently.

"Did you see the way she looks at me?" Zelde exclaimed with mounting fury. "No wonder she laughs in my face. No wonder she tells all the neighbors, 'Such a fool! She works and he plays!' No wonder!"

"What are you talking about?" Sarah inquired, bewildered.

"Never mind! Your father knows what I mean! *She* did it! Rifke! The janitor's wife! I know her, all right. She made eyes to Mister Mendel Marantz lots of times! She's older from me by four years, but she paints up like a sign and makes her hair Buster Brown and thinks the men die for her. Ask your father. He knows!"

Mendel sat dumfounded. His eyes opened like mouths.

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MENDEL MARANTZ—HOUSEWIFE

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"Don't make believe you're innocent. I know you men too good." Zelde broke out violently. "I slave like a dog and that dirty old—" Tears of rage stifled her. But with a swift change of tone she added, her finger shaking under Mendel's nose, "Mister Marantz, remember, you'll be sorry for this." And she walked out of the room.

Mendel was sorry for her. He turned a puzzled face to Sarah. "When the house was upside down she said I made her crazy. Now when it's fixed up she tries to make me crazy! What's a wife? An epidemic. If it don't break out here it breaks out there!"

The next day Zelde fidgeted at her work. She was prompted to fling it aside, rush home, and catch them together—Mendel and Rifke—and pull out the old vixen's hair and scratch out her eyes. But she bided her time. Mendel was, no doubt, expecting a surprize attack and perhaps had warned his paramour to stay away.

Zelde decided to be wily. She would make believe that she had forgotten and forgiven. But how could she?

THAT night on the landing of the fourth floor she met Rifke coming down from the fifth. There were only two tenants on the fifth floor—Mrs. Peril Tyvack, a widow who hated Rifke and would never let her into her house, and Mendel Marantz. From which of the two was Rifke coming?

As Zelde entered her home the same neatness, the same cleanliness and smartness stung her sight. In fact she herself could not have done better. To be honest—not even as good. The house was a mirror of spotlessness. It was so obviously the accomplishment of the wicked woman she had met on the stairs that Zelde spent a tortured and sleepless night.

She went to work the next morning with a splitting headache, and mists swam before her eyes as she tried to sew. Weird thoughts revolved in her mind. If it were only a question of Mendel, she would not hesitate a moment to leave him forever. But the children! A daughter of marriageable age and the tiny ones! What would people say? And even Mendel. True, there was no excuse—absolutely none—for his abominable treachery. She would never forgive him! Still, Rifke, that supernumerated flirt, was the kind of woman that could turn any man's head! With that double chin of hers and the shaved neck and a dimple like a fund in her cheek! That's what the men liked!

After all, Mendel was a helpless male, all alone in a house. He probably did not know the first thing about housekeeping and would have starved or been buried in dirt if he had not appealed to somebody to help him. And Rifke was just the type to take advantage of a defenseless man in such a predicament. She doubtless opened her eyes at him like two coal-scuttles, and pursed her lips—she had a way of doing it which gave the women of the neighborhood heart-failure. And Mendel must have been grateful and kind to her for her assistance, and she must have mistaken his attitude for something else. She always misunderstood kindness from men.

So that's how Mendel managed to clean the house so well! And that's why work was pleasure to him! Judging by the amount and quality of the work Rifke was doing for him, their affection for each other must have developed to an alarming degree.

Zelde visualized the hateful scenes of faithlessness in which Mendel probably danced fawningly about Rifke, the fifty-three-year-old "vamp" who cleaned dishes and washed clothes for him as a reward. She must have nudged him with her elbow while she boiled the water and said invitingly, "Mendel, dear, why are you blind to beauty?"

And Mendel, edging closer, must have answered, "What is beauty? Wine! The older it gets, the rarer it is!" Then pressing his cheek against hers, he undoubtedly added, with tenderness, "You're so fat! It's a pleasure to hold you around! What is a man? Dynamite. What is a woman? A burning match. What is passion? The explosion."

"Stop it! Your whiskers tickle me," she probably replied with a coquettish laugh, and slapped him playfully over the hands with a rinsed shirt.

But she was only jesting, and was perhaps ecstatic with joy when Mendel courageously kissed her on the cheek despite her protests, and exclaimed, "What is a kiss? A smack for which you turn the other cheek!" And she probably turned it.

Then Rifke amorously rested her head on his chest and looked up with those devilish eyes of hers, and, linking her plump arms about his neck, she whispered, "Love me, Mendel, love me! I am yours!"

And Mendel, planting his feet more solidly to bear her weight, and carried away by the flames of desire, must have gripped her in his passionate embrace and murmured in a throaty voice, "What is love? A broom. It sweeps you away!"

"WHAT'S the matter with you, Zelde?" cried Marcus the tailor, biting the thread from a seam. "You stitched the skirt to a sleeve and you're sewing up the back of the waist!

"You look white like a ghost!"

Zelde drew herself up, as out of a lethargy.

"Eh! W—where am I? Oh!"

And her face sank into her palms.

Instantly there was a tumult in the shop. A startled group of frightened men and women gathered about her.

But Zelde regained her self-control without aid, and pale and faint tho she was, she smiled weakly to reassure them all.

"It's nothing. A dizziness. I'm better," she said. But Sarah insisted upon taking her home at once.

"That's right," Marcus advised. "Go home and take a hot tea with lemon. It'll sweat you out."

He added in an undertone to his neighbor. "It's a shame! Such a fine woman! She's got a husband who's a nix!"

Zelde refused to have Sarah accompany her home.

"We can't afford you shall lose a half day," she argued. But the real reason was that she did not wish her daughter to behold her father's infamy.

At eleven Zelde left. As she neared the house her breath became short and rapid. She stumbled several times going up the stairs. She stood at the door.

Was it voices or was it her imagination?

No. Yes. It was. A man's voice, then a woman's laugh. Rifke's! Mendel! She could stand it no longer. She broke wildly into the room and dislodged a bulky person who had been leaning against the door. Zelde stood electrified.

It was Rifke. And she was laughing in her face! And she was Mendel. And the janitor, too—Rifke's husband. And two men! With stovepipe hats and cutaways and spats! Detectives no doubt, brought by the janitor to catch his wife and arrest Mendel! Oh, Heavens! And there was Moon, Mendel's nephew, a lawyer!

"Oil A lawyer in the case!" she moaned to herself. "Then everything is lost!"

Zelde was ready to drop, but Mendel took her by the hand, and she heard him say, "This is my wife. It's all her fault. She drove me to it."

"We want you to come with us now," one of the strangers said to Mendel.

"What's the matter here, anyhow?" Zelde exclaimed at last.

"I got to go with these people," Mendel replied. "But you stick—Rifke," he added significantly. "She knows all about it."

MENDEL, his nephew, and the two gentlemen departed before Zelde had time to protest. She turned with burning eyes to Rifke—the hussy!

"I wish they could take my husband where they take yours," Rifke began by way of explanation. "You don't know what kind of a husband you got. It's gonna be in all the papers. He did something. Those men what was here watched him, and when they seen it they jumped up like crazy."

"What did he do?" Zelde asked in great alarm. "I betcha you made him to do it."

"I? I'm not the cop. You made him. I only brought up the people. They knock by me in the door. They say, 'Do Mendel Marantz live here?' Why is your husband in the door. They say, 'Do Mendel Marantz live here?' Where is it?' So I bring them up."

"What for did you bring them up—what for? A blind could see it's detectives!" Zelde muttered angrily.

"How shall I know it who they are? When they came in your husband turned white like milk. 'Are you the man which done it?' they ask him, and he says, shivering, 'Yes.'"

Zelde wrung her hands.

"What for did he say 'Yes'—what for?"

"Because it's true," Rifke explained.

"What's true?"

"That he done it."

"What did he done—what? You'll make me crazy yet. Why don't you tell me?"

"But I told you already!"

"When did you tell me—when? You're talkin' and talkin' and it don't come out nothing! What happened here? What did they want here? Why is your husband here? Why were they here? Why were they here? What's the matter here altogether, anyway?"

"It's a whole lot the matter—with you!" Rifke exclaimed impatiently. "Come over here but don't say nothing, be it'll open your eyes!"

She led the dazed Zelde into the kitchen.

"You see it?" Rifke asked triumphantly, pointing out a mass of wrinkled canvas in the middle of the room.

"What shall I see?" Zelde answered skeptically. "Rags I see!"

"But under the rags!" Rifke insisted.

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From 700 letters

from those who are eating Fleischmann's Yeast

Doctors, mechanics, stenographers, housewives, teachers, nurses, clergymen, farmers, policemen, architects—in all, men and women in 113 different occupations recently told their experiences with eating yeast for health

THE reports came from all parts of the United States. Lawyers, artists, lumbermen wrote in. Housemaids and private secretaries. Dressmakers. Even a boxer told why he was eating Fleischmann's Yeast and what results he was getting.

Nearly 300 of those who wrote in were eating yeast to build up strength and vigor. 251 were freed from constipation by it. A great many others had digestion and appetite restored. Almost as many had been freed of pimples and boils.

"After using every known cathartic"

Hundreds of men and women depend day after day on cathartics. Yet this never corrects their trouble. Here was a man who had used "every known cathartic" ever since he was eleven years old. At last he solved his problem. A simple food, Fleischmann's Yeast, eaten like cheese or butter, had stimulated the activity of the intestines and restored regular functions. Another who had been eating yeast for three months wrote "Since eating Fleischmann's Yeast I have had no bowel trouble." A woman eating yeast for constipation and gas had "greatly benefited" and also was delighted with the way her skin had cleared.

"Suffered with gas for years. Fleischmann's Yeast has cured me after taking for three weeks"

Many suffer for years with some digestive disturbance without ever realizing that faulty eating is the trouble. Since the fresh yeast cake has been known to have a beneficial effect on the entire digestive process, it is now being advised in cases of stomach and intestinal trouble.

Many men and women who had been suffering from poor appetite have regained appetite and vigor. One of them wrote, "My vitality is back to normal. I have a ravenous appetite and every morning I get up full of 'pep' and ambition."

Severe cases of pimples

Both men and women suffering from boils or pimples—over one hundred men and over seventy women—reported rapid relief from these troubles through adding to their diet Fleischmann's Yeast, the food which is now known to correct the basic cause of these troubles. One man who had been eating Fleischmann's Yeast for over a month wrote, "I have no more pimples and have gained four pounds."

"Flu left me very weak and painfully thin. Tried numerous remedies, even went to Germany for serums, but to no avail. Took Fleischmann's Yeast and have greatly benefited by it."

"Can now do all of my work without feeling tired." —"Has relieved and strengthened me."—"Has made me full of energy."—"Now have the pep I need."

In cases of rundown condition—men and women—astonishingly quick response came after the addition of the health-stimulating Fleischmann's Yeast to the regular food. In some of these cases, improvement was noticed in less than one month.

The ways they liked to eat it best

Some of these men and women did not like the taste of yeast at first. Almost all grew to like it. Most people took it in water. A number liked it in milk. It tastes something like an egg-nog. Many of the men liked it plain. Women liked to make sandwiches with it, or they took it in fruit juices. Two or three liked it in ice cream. One took it in soup. Several liked it in muffins.

Add 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast to your own daily diet and notice the difference. *Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.* Send for free booklet telling all about yeast. Use coupon, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 304, 701 Washington St., New York.

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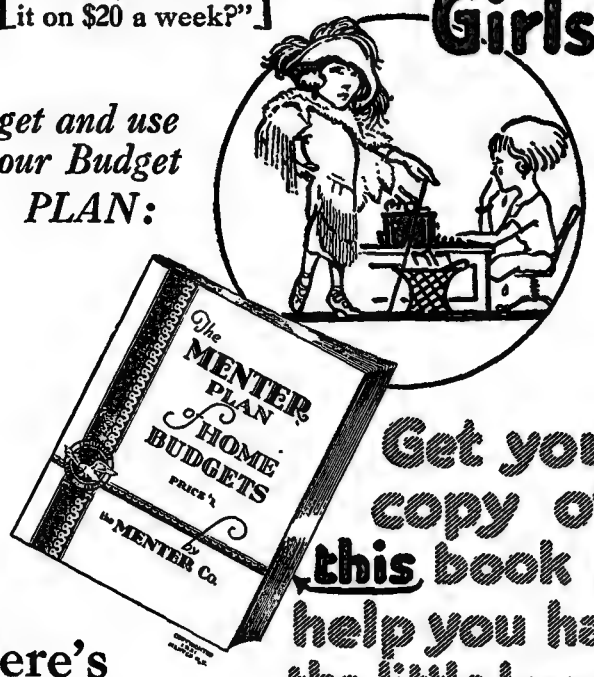

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*NOTE: A BUDGET is simply a PLAN which regulates the spending and saving of your INcome, so that you can control your OUTgo and live on less than your EARNINGS. It helps you to accumulate money and open a savings account.

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MENDEL MARANTZ—HOUSEWIFE

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She lifted the canvas. Zelde stood completely bewildered. Her eyes opened wide, then her face reddened. A feeling of indignation welled up in her.

"You can't make a fool from me!" she began at last with rising momentum. "What do you show me—what? An ash-can on wheels! What's that got to do with you and my husband? Don't think I don't know! You show me this, I should forget *that!*"

RIFKE began to perspire. She mopped her face with her apron as she struggled to keep calm.

"You don't know what I'm talkin' about and I don't know what you're talkin' about. It's mixed up, everything! Where do you see a ash-can? This ain't a ash-can! It looks, maybe, like it. But it ain't. All my friends should have such ash-cans! It's a wonder in the world!"

Zelde's head was reeling.

"So what is it, I'm asking you?" she gasped helplessly.

"It's a whole business!" Rifke replied. "We seen it, my husband Shmeril and me and the people which was here. Your husband showed us. He winds up the can like a phonograph and it begins to play. The dishes go in dirty and they come out clean like after a bath. You see it? On these straps the dishes take a ride. They go in from the back and come out on the front. When it's finished the dishes, your husband opens the box—I thought a man will jump out from it—but it's only wheels and straps and wires and pipes inside! Did you ever!

"Then he pulls off the feet and the box sits down on the floor, and he takes out the straps from the back door and puts in such a board with bumps and brushes, and he turns the handle and the box rides around like a automobile and washes up the floor till it shines! I tell you the people was standing and looking—I thought their eyes would fall out!

"Then your husband stands up the box and puts back the feet and takes out the bumpy board and sticks in a whole machinery with pipes and wheels and winds up the machine and pumps in fresh water and throws in all the old clothes, and you hear inside such a noises, and then the clothes come out like frankfurters, clean and washed and ready to hang! Such a business! You don't have to work no more! It works itself! I wouldn't mind to have such a box by me!"

Zelde, dumb with amazement, gazed at the mute, ugly monster before her. She recognized the wheels from the old baby-carriage; the legs were from her kitchen chair, the handle from the stove. And now she remembered the can, the brushes, and the mops that Rifke had probably discarded, and that Mendel had used in the creation of this freak.

So this was the rival she had been jealous of; the usurper of her rights!

"It makes in five minutes what I do a whole day," Rifke rambled along. "They call it such a fancy name—Combination House-cleaner. It cleans everything. The strangers is from a company which goes to make millions cans like this.

"You're gonna be rich, Mrs. Marantz!

"Who would think from house-cleaning you could get rich! Here I'm cleaning houses for twenty-nine years and I never thought from such a scheme! You gotta have luck, I tell you!"

"AND I thought all the time it was Rifke! Oi, Mendel, you must think I'm such a fool!"

"Forget it. If not for you I never would have did what I done. You made me to do it."

"I didn't, Mendel."

She added in a caressing tone,

"Your laziness did it, Mendel. You invented that machine because you were too lazy to work."

"What's a wife? An X-ray. She knows you through and through!"

WHAT SUGGESTION REALLY IS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

the acceptance—the faith-inspired response—that made the suggestion effective. And always this is the decisive thing in determining the success or the failure of suggestion.

Now you will appreciate, I am sure, why I began by deprecating the widely entertained notion that suggestion is something supernormal and exceptional, and in opposition insisted that it is both a normal and a universal force in affecting the conduct of men. You will now appreciate, too, the correctness of the definition of suggestion offered by the psychologist Boris Sidis, who describes it as nothing more or less than "the intrusion into a person's mind of an idea which is accepted uncritically and carried out unreflectively, almost automatically." There must be both intrusion of some definite idea and full acceptance of that idea. Then and only then will suggestion "work." That it does then "work" is not by reason of any occult element in the mechanism of suggestion, but because of the profound, and as yet not fully measured, influence exercised by fervently accepted ideas on the human organism and its processes and activities in general.

"As a man thinketh so is he," is no mere figure of speech. It is a psychological truism. A man's thoughts, his ideas, are the great determinants of all his behavior, even of the behavior of the least of his bodily organs. Ponder this bit of testimony from the famous William James, summing up in a few sentences the findings of many psychophysiological experiments of special significance in the present connection:

"All mental states are followed by bodily activity of some sort. There is no sort of consciousness whatever, be it sensation, feeling, or idea, which does not directly and of itself tend to discharge into some motor effect.

"The motor effect need not always be an outward stroke of behavior. It may be only an alteration of the heart-beats or breathing, or a modification of the distribution of the blood, or perhaps inconspicuous changes in general muscular tension and glandular or other visceral activity. But, in any case, it is there in some degree when any consciousness is there."

ALSO from another psychologist, Professor C. A. Strong, of Columbia University:

"All mental states are followed by bodily changes—all consciousness leads to action. This is true of desires, of emotions, of pleasures and pains, of even such seemingly non-impulsive states as sensations and ideas. It is true, in a word, of the entire range of our mental life.

"The bodily effects in question are of course not limited to the voluntary muscles, but consist in large part of less patent changes in the action of heart, lungs, stomach, and other viscera, in the caliber of blood-vessels and the secretion of glands."

These passages go to the very root of the problem of suggestion, and especially that astonishing phase of the problem to which we have been giving most attention. With ideas thus capable of effecting, not merely changes in conduct, but also changes in internal bodily conditions, the development of physical maladies which baffle all treatment save treatment by suggestion becomes readily understandable.

IF a fervently accepted idea suffices to cure such maladies, it is because they had their origin in—or, at all events, were reenforced by—ideas of a disease-producing character. Naturally so long as these ideas grip the mind the state of disease must persist. Things could not be otherwise, in view of the motor tendencies of ideas as emphasized in the passages from James and Strong. But let new and health-conserving ideas be intruded into the mind, so as to oust the ideas formerly dominant, and just as naturally the situation will change for the better, a reinvigorating impulse being given to all the internal organs and processes, the improvement of course varying with the degree of responsiveness to the better ideas. Similarly in the case of diseased conditions, not of the body, but of the morale.

Everybody is familiar with the phenomenon of religious conversion which so often leads to almost incredible improvement in behavior. Equally with "mental healing" this is an instance of the power of suggestion. Under the suggestive influence of some eloquent preacher or the reading of some book of "inspirational" significance, moral ideas grip the mind with such force and tenacity as to change completely the dominant trend of thought. And since "conscious processes must pass over into motion," the behavior alters with the alteration in the thinking. In the same way are to be explained the frequent instances of behavior improvement following contact, not with an eloquent preacher or with "inspirational" literature, but with any man of so-called "forceful personality" and enthusiastic devotion to some worthy end.

The more frequent and the more intimate the contact the more surely will a character transformation be wrought. Which brings us to what is, for practical purposes, the most important of all the laws of suggestion—the law of repetition.

Were it not for this law, spectacular cures of disease by mental means—such as the cases cited above—and spectacular reformations of character would be far more common than is actually the case. For responsiveness to healing suggestions and to reformative suggestions would be more general. As things stand, many people, I am tempted to write most people, unconsciously resist the suggestions that would benefit them, because they have permitted contrary suggestions, repeated per-

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WHAT SUGGESTION REALLY IS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

haps through a period of years, to give their thinking—hence their behaving—too firm a trend to be changed by any one suggestion no matter how skillfully applied.

Take the case of a typical nervous invalid, a middle-aged woman suffering mostly, let us suppose, from a chronic dyspepsia. The digestive trouble set in following overindulgence in some favorite article of food, digestible enough when not eaten to excess. Or perhaps the original digestive attack was brought on by eating a full meal at a time of undue fatigue, a mistake responsible for much indigestion. Unfortunately the part played by the dietary indiscretion is not recognized by the sufferer. Instead the attack of indigestion gives rise to the self-suggestion, "I must have a weak stomach." This idea is in itself sufficient to affect unfavorably all the workings of the stomach, with the result that indigestion soon follows the eating of other foods. Then a medical man is consulted.

THE medical man may or may not appreciate that the digestive disturbance he has been called upon to treat has its source in unfavorable suggestion. In fact, he may be misled to a faulty diagnosis by the discovery that there is an actual undersecretion of gastric juices, or a sluggishness of movement by the muscles of the stomach conditions themselves caused by the untoward self-suggestion, "I have a weak stomach." In any event, instead of promptly setting to work to change the current of his patient's thinking, he prescribes tonics and puts the patient on a rigid diet.

And now the idea of stomach weakness becomes reenforced by the suggestions of anxious relatives. "Mother, don't forget your medicine." "Mother, you must not eat this." "Oh, Mother, what in the world induced you to eat that?" The whole home environment, in a word, radiates suggestions tending to keep the nervous dyspeptic in a mental state perpetuating and intensifying the nervous dyspepsia.

There is just one way a cure can be effected—a better mental state must be made dominant. This has been known to be achieved by a single suggestive treatment. More commonly, however, a long course of "psychic reeducation" is required, perhaps involving the removal of the invalid from her home surroundings to the surroundings of a sanitarium where she will receive, from the whole atmosphere of the place as well as from the lips of its medical director, repeated suggestions of health and strength. Then and only then, as she is gradually brought to believe, "My stomach is as strong as anybody's," will her poor stomach gradually reacquire normal power of functioning.

As with this nervous invalid, so with nervous invalids generally. So, likewise, with the victims of such moral maladies as laziness and lack of ambition.

Study the life history of any man who displays a deplorable dislike for work and indifference to the winning of business success, and you are pretty sure to discover that from his earliest days he has been subjected to suggestions adverse to the development of any keen desire for productive activity. You will discover, in all probability, that while he was a child his parents set before him an example—which is the same thing as saying, continually gave him suggestions—not so much of eager industry as of a craving for amusement and diversion. A little later, you will learn, he drifted into the company of boys who, consciously or unconsciously, bombarded him with suggestions making work seem increasingly distasteful to him. Still later, his history shows, when he found himself under the compulsion of going to work in order to be self-supporting, he not surprisingly selected as his intimates spineless and shiftless fellow workers, thus receiving day in and day out additional suggestions confirming him in his laziness and in his willingness to be content with "getting by."

It is conceivable that a miracle of reform may be effected in the case of this ne'er-do-well by circumstances giving unusual potency to a single reformative suggestion. Such miracles are on record. But the chances are that, repeated suggestions of an inferior sort having made him what he is, repeated suggestions of a superior sort will be necessary to remake him.

Persuade him to choose worthier companions, better "working models." Place good books in his hands. Picture to him the rewards of success in the most attractive colors you can find in the paint-box of your imagination. Do all this adroitly and patiently, and you may confidently look forward to seeing his laziness give place to dawning earnestness of endeavor and an augmenting desire to make more of himself. Suggestion, by turning his thinking into a new and better channel, will in time make a real man of him as certainly as suggestion has in the past been responsible for his undoing.

At the outset, you will remember, I described suggestion as one of the most constant influences in all human experience. It is this, as I have tried to make clear to you, because everything with which a person comes into contact, every item in his environment, is of possible suggestive value to him as "putting ideas into his mind." And since the kind of ideas a man has is the decisive factor in shaping the destiny of that man, suggestion may rightly be regarded not merely as the most constant but also one of the most powerful influences in life.

TAKE this home to yourself. Ask yourself seriously how suggestion is affecting you. Still more specifically, put to yourself such questions as the following:

"Am I so selecting and adjusting my environment that it will give me a preponderance of helpful rather than hurtful suggestions?"

"Are the people with whom I am most intimate people from whom emanate good suggestions?"

"Do they give me ideas aiding me to think healthfully, cheerfully, vigorously, sanely, generously, kindly, unselfishly?"

"What is the suggestive value to me of the books I read? And the suggestive value of the amusement-places to which I most frequently resort for entertainment?"

"How about my favorite amusements themselves? Do they establish in me right or wrong trends of thinking?"

Kindred questions will occur to you in large number. Answer them as candidly as you can. For the fact is that, if suggestion counts for much in the making or the marring of your success and happiness, you always have it largely in your own power to determine the kind of suggestions you will most frequently receive. Always this is in great measure a matter of the wise choice of surroundings.

HI-BRASIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

had any bearing on the subject—Rubruquis, Hakluyt, Linschoten, and many others—and to his delight he found that his reading brought him nearer to his Sea Maiden. After an evening spent in imagination exploring the coast of Vinland with Leif Ericson, or rounding North Cape with Othere, or groping blindly in the unknown Atlantic with Malacello, he almost invariably dreamed that he and the Sea Maiden were once more sailing together in the little *Maidenne*.

It was after reading, first in Longfellow and afterward in Hakluyt, about Othere's voyage to the Northern Seas, that Peter saw an advertisement of a holiday cruise through the Norwegian fiords to Spitzbergen. He booked a passage, saw the bleak, storm-harried point that Othere was the first to round, and, on his way home, saw the Sea Girl again. Just south of the Dogger Bank the tourist-steamer passed a disreputable-looking tramp steamer. Half of her plates were painted a crude red; others were brown with rust; the awning stanchions on her bridge were twisted and bent; she had a heavy list to starboard, and she was staggering southward under a heavy deck-cargo of timber. On the bridge, leaning against the tattered starboard-dodger, the Sea Maid stood and waved her hand to him. Peter eagerly sought out a ship's officer.

"Where's that steamer bound for?" he asked.

"Goodness knows!" was the answer. "South Wales, most likely, as she's carrying pit-props."

Hope of seeing the Sea Girl in the flesh again returned, and Peter wasted the next few weeks vainly searching all the South Wales coal ports. He had given up the search, and was returning to his much-neglected business when the South Wales-London express stopped for a moment on the bridge over the Wye near Newport. Peter looked idly out of the window at the dirty river flowing sluggishly between banks of greasy mud. Then his heart leaped again. Lying embedded in the mud far below were the rotting remains of a derelict barge, and on her deck were some ragged children hauling lustily on a scrap of rope that they had fastened to one of the barge's bollards and singing what, no doubt, they supposed to be a chantey. Standing on the barge's rotting deck was the Sea Maid. This time she not only waved her hand but called to him. "We are bound for the Spanish Main." Peter leaned far out of the window of the railway-carriage.

"Where can I find you?" he shouted.

"In Hi-Brasil," was the answer, and the train moved on.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

Send for Swift & Company's 1922 Year Book

It tells you where your meat comes from.

It tells you why you can nearly always get the kind of meat you want.

It tells you what governs the price you pay.

It tells how you can reduce your meat bills.

It tells you what difference it would make in your meat bills if Swift & Company made no profits.

It tells you the effect on your meat bills if there were no large packers.

* * * *

These are matters vital to every housewife, and their discussion makes interesting and helpful reading.

Send for Swift & Company's Year Book for 1922—it is just out.

There is a copy waiting to be sent to you—free. Write for it.

Address Swift & Company
4230 Packers Avenue, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders

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At This Moment

Children somewhere greet the morning with a dish of Quaker Oats

The lovers of Quaker Oats live the world over. Mothers of fifty nations have adopted this brand for their children.

All because of quality and flavor which makes the oat dish a delight.

Mothers who want children to love oats get them the lovable kind.

Always at your call

Wherever you live, Quaker Oats are always at your call. And without an extra price.

Your folks can enjoy their super-flavor if you'll simply ask for Quaker.

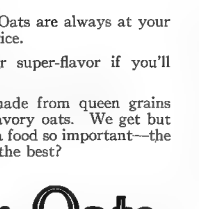
You will then get flakes made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. In a food so important—the food of foods—why not serve the best?

Quaker Oats

Flaked from queen grains only

Quaker Macaroons

Try this recipe



1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

HI-BRASIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

RALPH DURAND
Author of "Hi-Brasil"

ALL his life Ralph Durand has had an intense desire to see what was on the other side of the horizon. At the age of sixteen he left England to find out, and since then has seen many parts of the world. He has herded cattle in Central Africa and shipped before the mast on sailing ships. As a tourist he has traveled over the United States from Maine to Texas, from New York to San Francisco. He has traveled through the South Sea Islands and has penetrated the Arctic to within nine hundred miles of the north pole. He served in the Great War, first as a regimental cook, then as infantry officer in the trenches, and finally on the Intelligence Staff at Rome and Genoa, where he made a great many American friends.

Peter was now convinced that the eminent geographer whom he had consulted as to the whereabouts of Hi-Brasil had not known what he was talking about. It must, he decided, be some little Cornish fishing village, too insignificant to be worth the great man's notice.

In pursuit of this idea he went at once to Falmouth and began to make inquiries, first at the police stations and post-offices, and afterward among the fishermen. At Falmouth no one could answer his questions, till at last an old gray-beard told him that he'd heard of the place and believed it was somewhere farther west. At Penzance and Newlyn Peter could hear nothing, and he walked westward to Mousehole, determined that if he heard nothing there he would go on to the Scilly Islands. At Mousehole people laughed at him. One man to whom he spoke was so amused that he called out to a group of fishermen standing on the quay waiting for the tide to float their boats,

"Gen'elman wants to know where Hi-Brasil is."

"Then he'll have to go farther west," said one.

"To the Scillies?" asked Peter.

"Aye, and farther than that."

"A long way farther than that," said another. "It's an old wives' tale, mister. Stout ships that sail westward and never come back to port again have their last moorings at Hi-Brasil, so the saying goes. You ask Old John there. He's the only man that talks about Hi-Brasil, and he's daft."

An old man whose broad back was bent with the weight of many years was hobbling toward him, and Peter knew that at last he was on the right track. The old fisherman who was coming down the quay was none other than the man he had seen sailing in the *Maidzane* with the Sea Girl.

"Hi-Brasil?" asked Old John. "What d'you want with Hi-Brasil?"

"I want to go there."

"Then I'm the man to take 'ee. But mark 'ee, mister, I can't bring 'ee back."

"Never mind about that," said Peter. "You take me. I'll pay you well."

"Time enough to talk about payment when we get there," said the old man. "When do you want to start?"

"At once, if possible."

"If 'ee really want to go ua can start at half-flood."

Peter assured the old man that he was in earnest, and the latter hobbled away over the cobbles, promising to be back in an hour's time.

"YOU'RE never going to sea with Old John, are you, mister?" said one of the fishermen anxiously. "He was a rare bold seaman in his day, but his day has passed this many a year. He was old when we were boys. Old John says he'll last as long as a deep-sea wind-jammer, remains afloat. But he's daft. You oughtn't to listen to him. It's all old wives' foolishness about Hi-Brasil."

But Peter would not be dissuaded, and an hour later, when the pilchard-boats jostled each other between the Mousehole pier-heads, and spread across Mount's Bay for sea-room, Peter and John, in a crazy old mackerel-boat, went with them. The setting sun gleamed on the brown sails of the pilchard fleet, and Peter drew a deep breath of delight. He knew that he would soon see the Sea Maid again.

At midnight the pilchard fleet was a line of riding lights on the horizon behind them. When the sun rose the Scillies lay to the north of them. Passing under the lofty Head of Peninnis, they exchanged hails with a fisherman of St. Mary's who was hauling his lobster-pots.

"Going far?" asked the fisherman.

"Aye, far enough," answered John.

"Looks like it's coming on to blow from the east," said the fisherman.

"Like enough," answered John, and they passed out of hearing.

By midday a fresh wind was blowing. The mackerel-boat's faded, much-patched sails tugged at her mast, and she groaned as she leaped from the tops of the waves.

"Afeard, bor 'ee?" asked Old John.

"Not I," said Peter.

"The harder it blows, the quicker we'll get there," said John, and not another word was said.

By night-time it was blowing a gale. A driving, following sea hustled and banged the boat from wave to wave, and the night fell so dark that Peter could not see the old man sitting motionless at the tiller, except when a wave broke in foam and formed a great white background behind him. Peter felt no fear. He knew with the certainty that admits of no argument that he was on his way at last to his beloved.

The wind hummed in the boat's rigging with a droning note like that of the Sea Maid's song. The water washed along her counter, flinging aboard stinging showers of spray that drenched Peter as he sat on the midship thwart. The jib flapped and tugged at its sheet when her stern rose on a wave and groaned with the strain as her bow lifted. Each time she strained streams of water gushed through her crazy seams. At last a fierce gust of wind drove her nose so deep into the water that it poured in a cascade over her bows, and then a great, curving comber broke over them. Peter was washed from his seat and jammed between the mast and the leech of the mainsail as the water rose over his head.

WHEN Peter recovered consciousness the sun was shining, the air was warm, the sea still, and the mackerel-boat, with Old John still at the tiller, was entering the mouth of a great land-locked harbor. Cliffs, gay with heather and golden gorse, sheltered it from the wind. The lazy, offshore breeze was fragrant with the smell of thyme. Shoals of fish played in the clear water, and on the far side a stream of fresh water rippled over golden sand.

Peter rubbed his eyes and looked around him with amazement. The harbor was thronged with shipping of every size, shape, and rig, yachts and steam-schooners and ketches, tramp steamers and ocean-liners, barks and full-rigged ships, galleys and galleons, cogs and caracks, dromonds and balingers, aphracts and cataphracts.

"See that vessel?" said Old John, as they passed under the stern of a stoutly built brig. "That's Franklin's ship, the *Terror*—crushed in the ice, she was, off Beechey Island in the Arctic. And that little craft alongside of her is the *Revenge*. She sank in the Azores after fighting fifty-three Spaniards for a day and a night. Away over there is what they used to call a trireme. Cleared from the Port of Tyre, she did, when I was young, and foundered off Marazion, just where we left the pilchard fleet."

But Peter was not listening. He was eagerly watching a yawl that was scudding toward them, for the yawl was the *Maidzane*, and under the arched foot of her mainsail the Sea Maid was smiling a greeting.

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Dolly Dingle and The Stories of Mrs. Mousie and Bumpty

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

POOR Bumpty's a lad who's always in woe,
He's full of bumps always from head to his toe.

From top to the bottom of stairs he will roll;
It's a wonder to me that he ever stays whole.
One day he was climbing a big apple-tree
When whom should he meet but a fat bumblebee.
The bee stung poor Bumpty upon his wee nose,
And Bumpty fell down and held fast by his clothes.
The farmer walked by just by chance at this time,
And now comes the very worst part of this rime.

The apples that Bumpty had hoped to enjoy
Belonged to the farmer and not to the boy.
I'm 'fraid when he got back to mother's fond arms
Our poor Bumpty's bumps aroused all her alarms.

Mrs Mousie Goes to Market

One morning Mrs [image] put on her [image] and turned the [image] on the [image] of her [image] she had a big [image] on her arm and a green [image] to keep off the [image] or the rain – She bought some [image] full of raisins and all sorts of goodies – When she was going home she met Mrs. [image] and Mrs Squirrel had a [image] on her arm too full of [image] "Come to my" [image] said Mrs Mousie "and we will have a feast" She spread the [image] and got out her best [image] and [image] But just as they sat down on their [image] a big [image] came in the front door and Mrs. Mouse jumped out of the [image] and Mrs. S. up the [image] and the naughty [image] ate up all the goodies

Moral – keep your door shut.

GG DRAYTON ©

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MARIE JERITZA, the celebrated new star of the Metropolitan Opera Company as "Eva" in Die Meistersinger, who is charming audiences.

MARILYN MILLER, graceful and beautiful, dances and sings her way through "Sally," Ziegfeld's latest success.

MARION SUNSHINE, notable for her charm, is winning fame in the musical comedy, "The Blue Kitten"

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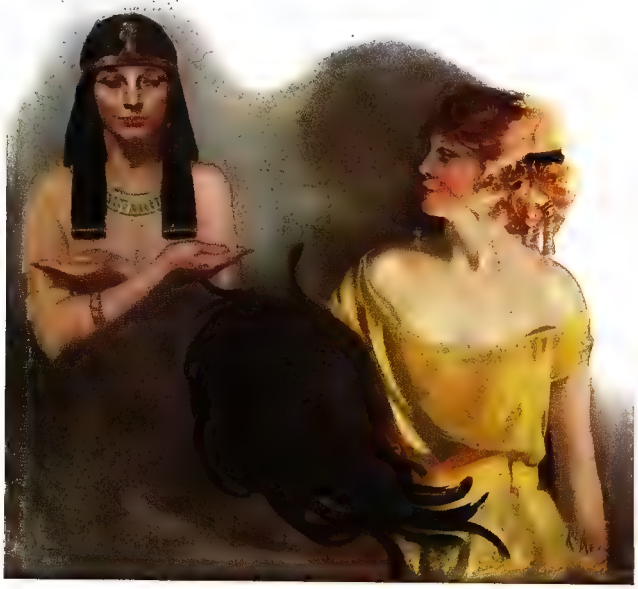


Pretty Girls Have Always Known the Secret

These two pretty girls share the same beauty secret, although one lived 3,000 years ago. Girls who both know that a fresh, smooth, radiant skin is not only woman's greatest charm, but one within the reach of every woman.

For pretty girls used a form of Palmolive in the days of ancient Egypt, just as they do today. The crude combination of palm and olive oils, which served as a beautifying cleanser, was the inspiration of the familiar Palmolive cake, famous for its mildness the world over.

Modern science, with all its progress, can find no milder, more soothing cleansers than these two ancient oils. It can only perfect their combination and offer it in the most efficient and convenient form.

Gives a Perfect Skin

To state that just washing your face every day will give you that all-desired, fresh, smooth skin may sound too simple to be true. But such cleanliness is the foundation of complexion beauty, for this reason.

The accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cold cream and powder must be removed or they will collect and clog the tiny pores which compose the surface of the skin. Such clogging enlarges the pores, which soon results in coarse texture, and the imbedded dirt causes blackheads, and when it carries infection, eruptions follow. There is no beauty in such a neglected skin, which repels when it should attract, and prevents popularity and social success.

Soothes While It Cleanses

Some women will complain that soap is too harsh, that it ages and dries their skins. This proves they are using the wrong soap.

The smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive soothes while it cleanses. It removes every trace of injurious dirt and skin accumulations and secretions, leaving the face becomingly soft and smooth, with radiant freshness and natural color.

The use of cosmetics isn't harmful if the basis is a skin that is thoroughly, healthfully clean. In case of dryness, apply your favorite cold cream both before and after washing.

Not Only for Faces

Don't forget that your neck and throat are also conspicuous for skin beauty or the lack of it, and that this is where age first shows.

Arms and shoulders should be kept smooth and white and hands must be beautified.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are insured, with the comfort of a skin which always feels luxuriously smooth.

Not Extravagant at the Price

If Palmolive was a very expensive soap, such advice would mean extravagance. But the firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs only ten cents.

The reason is gigantic production which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and the importation of the bland, mild oils in vast volume which reduces cost.

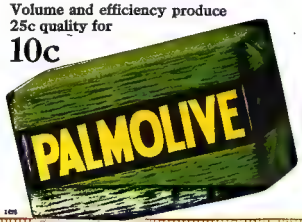
Thus this finest facial soap, which if made in small quantities would cost at least 25 cents, is offered at the popular price which all can afford for every toilet purpose.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Ont.

Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c



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Alec and Al

Drawings by C. H. TWELVETREES

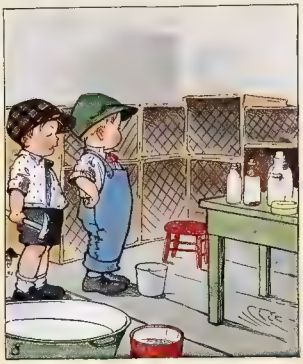
These pictures will show you how being kind to one poor little lost dog gave

"Aw, Alec! Some one's lost this pup—
He looks quite hungry, doesn't he?
Poor little thing—he can't stand up;
I wonder whose dog he can be."

"The dog we found's not in to-day—
But some one's lost a brown-and-black
Young Pekingese, and says she'll pay
Ten dollars cash to get him back."

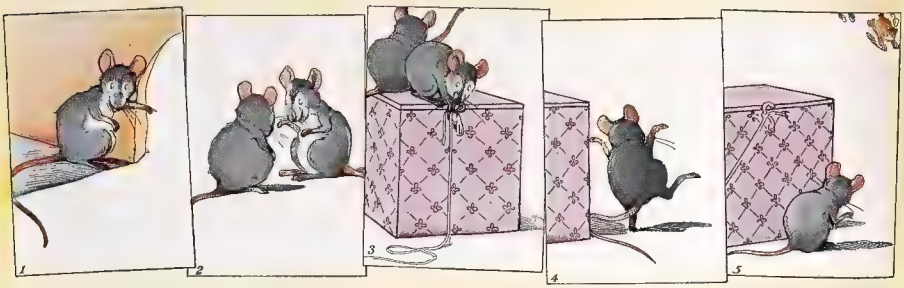
Like Sherlock Holmes, they snooped around
To try and find some clue or proof;
But not the slightest trace was found
Until Al said, "Let's try our roof."

For one week, after school, each day,
The wood-shed was their secret lair,
But till the signs were on display
No one could guess what went on there.



"Say, Al, this hospital looks great;
I wish we'd thought of it before.
I hope we don't have long to wait
To see some patients at the door."

"If only we can get enough,
We'll wash them clean and treat them right;
We'll never be unkind or rough,
But feed them every day and night."



"For goodness' sake just look at that—
A kitten's calling on the cat."

"Let's give that snoopy pair a scare
And loose that thing with fuzzy hair."

"While you keep watch I'll tie this string—
When I squeal, yell like everything.

"Yoo-hoo! Wee-ya! Yoo-hoo!
Sqwee-sqwee!
Come, pussy dear, and dine off me."

"Quick, here's the cat and kitten too;
Let's hide and see what they will do."

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and the Nibbler Boys

Alec and Al a splendid idea that increased their bank-account to the extent of $20

Verses by PERCY WAXMAN

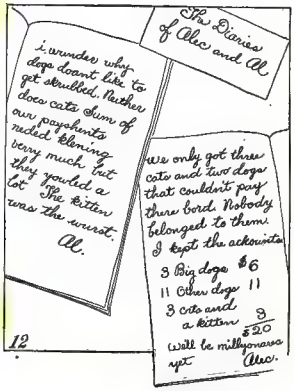
"Right through the trees away off I
Can see some fellows in a yard,
And there's a little dog close by
Tied up with rope and yelping hard."

Said Alec, "Al, you take the Peke
And run like mad and get that ten;
I'll see they do not move or speak,
Altho they look like desp'rate men."

"How glad she is," thought Al, "to get
Her little dog back home once more,
When Alec sees this ten I'll bet
He'll want to open up a store."

Beyond what Al or Alec dreamed,
So many came there right away;
They scrubbed and cared for, so it seemed,
A thousand dogs and cats a day.

You'll be surprized when once you learn
That, having just themselves to thank
For every dollar that they earn,
The boys put twenty in the bank.


The Diaries of Alec and Al
i wunder why dogs doant like to get shrubbed. Neither does cats. Sum of our payshunts melted skaming very much but for the kitten was the worst. Al.
wee only got three cats and two dogs that couldnt pay there bord. Nobody belonged to them. I kept the ackounts
3 Big dogs $6
11 Other dogs 11
3 cats and a kitten 3
$20
Will be millyonaws xpt Alec.

"Great Roquefort cheese! Just watch that cat;
She's more scared than a baby rat."

"A running cat I love to see
Especially away from me."

"The cook thinks puss is in a fit
And almost drowns her curing it."

"Who got all wet! Who got all wet!
Ha! That's what kitty cats all get."

Next month poor Al gets very blue
Because a lady leaves him flat;
But Alec knows a trick or two
To make up to his pal for that.

The Nibblers, next month, show you, too,
When they need cheese, just what to do.

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The Pictorial Review Company
New York City

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What best authorities say about homemade bread

Home baking does pay! When you are cooking it is but little extra trouble to bake your own bread.

Home-made bread has a flavor that is hard to equal and is never surpassed. It is markedly cheaper than baker's bread.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

By baking bread at home housewives should be able to reduce expenditures for food.—*U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.*

Home-made bread has a flavor and nourishment all its own.—*Good Housekeeping.*

If your children do not possess a very keen appetite for baker's bread try home-made bread and note the sudden increase in the youngsters' bread consumption.—*Dr. Philip B. Hawk.*

Every ten-year-old girl should learn how to make good bread. It should be the starting point in her home cookery training.

Did you ever notice the expression of eager delight when home-made bread is served?

An important new discovery about Yeast Foam

People also eat Yeast Foam. You need vitamines, they create vitality—help you resist disease. Thousands are benefiting from the energy-making qualities of Yeast Foam, one of the richest sources of the remarkable element in food called vitamine.

Send for instructive booklet, "Dry Yeast as an aid to Health"

12,000,000 families bake all or part of their bread

Because no bread equals the flavor of the home loaf

Send for free booklet

Magic Yeast
Yeast Foam
—*just the same except in name*

Package of 5 cakes—at your grocer—10¢

What is the secret of the rich nutty flavor that the home loaf alone possesses? First, it is made from only the best flour and yeast, plenty of rich shortening, and often milk—every woman knows that better ingredients make better bread. Next, like the home-made cake, the home-made, home-kneaded dough seems to yield its exquisite flavor generously to the home loaf.

Northwestern Yeast Co.
1754 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago

Aw, gimme some home-made bread!

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DIETS TO MAKE YOU FEEL FIT

Choose Your Own Tonics Three Times a Day

By JENOISE B. SHORT *and* HARRIET T. BARTO

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON "EAT AND BE HEALTHY"

THIS is the season for colds—colds that make you choke and cough until you gasp for breath, or colds with which you sneeze and weep and shiver. Nothing tastes good—or tastes at all, for that matter. What shall you eat? Or shall you try to eat? "Stuff a cold and starve a fever," the old saying goes. We do neither to-day. A light, bland, easily digested, laxative diet is the proper thing.

Eat plenty of fruit; in the first place it is laxative; in the second place it is refreshing. Eat liberally of vegetables. Crisp salads are always tempting. Include in your menus milk and vegetable soups; oyster broth, steaming hot and fragrant; cocoa; piping-hot milk toast; a tender chop or piece of steak, unless your cold is of the sort which makes swallowing an act of torture. A cup of coffee or tea will be both soothing and warming. Eggs prepared in dainty ways are appetizing.

Beware of spices, catchups, relishes, and pickles if you are sure of a cold. Taste cautiously of salty dishes—bouillon, consommé, salt fish, and ham. Confine yourself to fluids, such as cocoa, clear soup, milk soup, and fruit-juice, and to those dishes which require little chewing—custards, milk toast, eggs, and soft puddings.

Drink water, plenty of it, at least eight glasses every twenty-four hours.

Do You Feel Run Down?

IT IS no longer fashionable—that pale, wan, "delicate" look. It has gone out of style to be run down and anemic. It isn't being done.

Anemia in various degrees is frequently associated with malnutrition. Anemic persons are almost always underweight, tho in some cases they may be overfat. More often they need "building up."

If a physician tells you that you are more or less anemic he will expect you to rest; spend some time each day in the open air; and eat foods rich in iron (because iron is a most important constituent of good red blood, which is what anemic people lack). He will probably prescribe also a tonic which contains iron.

Plenty of rest is essential; long hours of sleep at night with the windows wide open, or, better still, on a sleeping-porch, and one or more regular rest periods during the day. In addition to this anemic children need to be carefully watched lest they play too hard.

You will have to resign yourself to a less strenuous existence for the time being; use common sense, recognize your limitations, and adjust your mode of living to your depleted strength.

Your diet list will read as follows:

1. Milk (while not very rich from a quantitative standpoint, its iron is in a form particularly valuable to the body. Take, if you can, at least a quart a day).

2. Eggs (because they supply considerable iron and other building-materials as well).

3. Meat in moderation.

4. Vegetables: spinach (especially rich in iron, and should be served often), lettuce, chard, celery, peas, string-beans, and other green vegetables, potatoes, and dried beans and peas.

5. Whole-grain cereals. Oatmeal contains more iron than most cereals, and should be used three or four times a week at least, but the whole-wheat and other cereals made from the entire grain are good. This includes wholewheat and Graham breads.

6. Fruits of all kinds, fresh, canned, and dried. Prunes, dates, figs, and raisins are especially rich in iron.

Don't feel that you must force yourself to drink four cups of milk a day, if you don't like it. Put it into soups with vegetable foundations, cream of corn, celery, pea, asparagus, potato, onion . . a great variety there; use it in fish chowders and oyster stews; custards of various kinds, plain, caramel, tapioca; puddings, bread, rice, and cornstarch; cream sauce for vegetables; flavor it with cocoa and coffee, cook your breakfast cereal in milk instead of water. Milk "as such" need not appear.

If you have no fondness for plain spinach, dress it up. Try it in salad chopped, marinated with French dressing and molded, spread with a thin coating of mayonnaise like cake frosting, arranged in a nest of lettuce, decorated with sliced hard-cooked eggs or baby beets. Serve it as cream-of-spinach soup or spinach à la crème.

Beware of constipation with its frequent complication—intestinal putrefaction —which prevents food-iron from being absorbed, so that you do not receive the full benefit of your iron-rich diet.

Probably you are not hungry or have a fitful appetite—here to-day and gone to-morrow. If your cook is clever she can make her dishes look and taste so tempting that you'll begin to eat for curiosity's sake alone. But you must do your share; meet her half-way and *eat*, whether you want to or no.

You Call It Nervous Indigestion

THE term "nervous indigestion" is a loose one. It is used by the layman to describe all kinds of digestive disturbances. However it manifests itself—by abnormally great or deficient gastric secretion, by flatulence or pain—the underlying cause is a matter of nerves. People who have it are usually those who work at high tension, who feel their "nerves on edge," who live under a strain, housekeepers who let their houses run them, brain-workers, school-teachers, mothers of large families. The indigestion is only one symptom of the real trouble, for which the cure is *rest for the tired nerves*. Meanwhile the diet can be adjusted to relieve the distress, most of which comes from gas or acid or both.

The following advice assumes that you have no organic disturbance, but are an ordinarily healthy person who suffers occasionally from attacks of that enemy of mankind—indigestion.

Certain foods are more apt to cause trouble (gas) than others, chiefly sugars. If for any reason digestion is retarded and food stays unduly long in the stomach, any sugars that are present are very likely to ferment.

To avoid this select, when you are suffering from fatigue or nervous strain, foods which digest rapidly, with the least chance of fermenting. For example, choose for luncheon, soups, either meat broths with vegetables or cream-of-vegetable soups, light salads, simple desserts, or perhaps creamed meat, fish or eggs on toast, a green vegetable, crisp rolls, and fruit. A very safe and sane luncheon can be made from a glass of milk and sandwiches, with cooked or fresh fruit. If you follow these menus you run small risk of having indigestion spoil your afternoon.

If you value your peace of mind and body, avoid at such times:

1. Foods rich in fat (gravies, pastries, pies, rich cakes, suet and plum puddings).

2. Foods rich in sugar (candy, preserves, jellies, sugar sauces, very sweet cakes with heavy frostings, sweet drinks, sundaes, and sodas).

3. Pickles, catchups, relishes, mustard, and vinegar.

4. Hot breads, freshly baked bread, griddle-cakes, and waffles.

5. Things *à la* and other fancy dishes.

6. Avoid or use with caution baked beans, Lima beans, corn, onions, cabbage, and turnips, all of which are apt to cause flatulence.

Meals rich in protein and fat take longer to digest than those which consist chiefly of carbohydrates. Hence rapid digestion and comfort in the afternoon are furthered by lunches which contain little butter, cream and salad dressings, and moderate amounts of meat, fish, and cheese, and include instead vegetables, fruits, and starchy foods, together with milk dishes.

Here are two luncheons for the tired business man who suffers from nervous indigestion.

CREAM SOUP
COMBINATION VEGETABLES SALAD
ROLLS BUTTER
BAKED APPLE AND CREAM
TEA OR COFFEE

BROTH
LETTUCE SALAD
ROLLS BUTTER
CHOCOLATE PUDDING
TEA OR COFFEE

Drink water! Water before meals stimulates digestion. Water between meals helps digestion and promotes general good health. A touch of indigestion is often relieved by a cup of water, hot or cold, sipped slowly.

Eat slowly! This is important. The hastily swallowed lunch has many a ruined afternoon's work to answer for. If you must eat in a hurry, "it is not a question of death" and can not do the sensible thing, which is to rest first and eat afterward, then make it good plain bread and milk, or hot milk toast, or simply a cup of cocoa and a roll.

Eat regularly! You have yourself to blame for trouble if you don't.

Relax—at meal-time anyhow! Refrain from talking shop, or of "the awful things" the children did, or how the new frock doesn't fit. An atmosphere of peace and quiet promotes good digestion. You with the tricky nerves must strive especially for calm and poise.

Foods for Elimination

"CONSTIPATION," says a well-known doctor, "is the effect of overcivilization. . . . If an aboriginal text-book on medicine could be found it would probably be noted that there was no chapter on chronic constipation, this being a disease of modern life."

Its causes are laziness; irregular habits of eating; irregular habits of defecation; poor choice of foods; and mechanical obstructions in the digestive tract.

The effects of constipation are many and serious. They include headache, nervousness, languor and chronic fatigue, impaired digestion, mechanical irritation of the digestive tract and of the appendix, and intestinal putrefaction.

The mode of treatment depends upon the cause. If it is an obstruction in the intestine, it may require surgical attention. If it is due to irregular habits, lack of exercise, or faulty diet, or perhaps a combination, the remedy must correct all these. The most important dietary lack is that of rough-age—ballast—indigestible material on which the intestinal muscles can work.

Such foods as these will furnish it: spinach, cabbage, lettuce and other salad greens, celery, onions, string-beans, asparagus, Brussels sprouts, carrots, corn, peas, parsnips, turnips, cauliflower, navy and Lima and kidney beans, potatoes and apples eaten with the skins, rhubarb, peaches, pears, apricots, grapes, grapefruit, oranges, prunes, dates, figs, raisins, whole-wheat bread and flour, rolled oats and other whole-grain cereals, bran, and agar-agar. Agar, or agar-agar, used in wafers, biscuits, and jelly, and sprinkled on the breakfast cereal, is a form of seaweed, and is not, strictly speaking, a food, since it is not digested or absorbed, but passes unchanged through the body. It absorbs a fairly large amount of water, and is useful as a source of roughage, especially when bran and other coarse foods are too irritating.

The following foods help to stir up a sluggish intestine by virtue of the organic acids they contain, which stimulate intestinal movement: tomatoes, rhubarb, oranges, lemons, grapes, grapefruit, and other acid fruits.

As a preventive of constipation the diet should provide each day some ballast and some acids. As a cure for an already existing evil the menu must emphasize these foods.

ILLUSTRATED BY KATHERINE B. WIREMAN

SPECIAL RECIPES FOR A LAXATIVE DIET

Lemon Agar-agar Jelly

1 Cupful Cold Water
1 Teaspoonful Agar-agar
1 Cupful Sugar
Lemon-juice
* This can be purchased at a drug-store.

MIX the agar-agar with the cold water and bring to the boiling-point. Strain, add to the sugar and lemon-juice. Turn into a mold and chill. Other fruit-juices can be substituted for lemon-juice.

Bran Fruit Cookies

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter or Margarin
1 Cupful Brown Sugar
1 Egg
½ Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Bran
1¼ Cupful Sifted Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Cupful Raisins
¼ Cupful Figs (Cut in Small Pieces)

CREAM the butter or margarin. Add the sugar gradually, and egg well beaten. Mix the dry ingredients, and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add the fruit. Drop from a teaspoon, far inches apart, on a greased sheet. Bake fifteen to twenty minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Bran Muffins

2 Cupfuls Bran
1 Cupful Sifted Flour
1 Teaspoonful Soda
1 Teaspoonful Salt
4 Tablespoonfuls Brown Sugar
1 Egg
2 Tablespoonfuls Molasses
1¾ Cupful Milk
4 Tablespoonfuls Melted Butter or Margarin

MIX the dry ingredients. Combine the well-beaten egg, milk, and molasses. Add to the mixture. Add the melted butter or margarin. Bake in a moderate oven twenty to twenty-five minutes. Raisins, dates, or figs may be added to the above recipe for variety.

Bran Gingerbread

½ Cupful Fat
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
½ Cupful Molasses
½ Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Sifted Flour
¾ Cupful Bran
½ Teaspoonful Soda
½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Teaspoonfuls Ginger
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon

CREAM the fat. Add the sugar and egg. Beat, add the molasses. Mix the remaining dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk to the above mixture, until all the materials are used. Bake in a moderate oven about thirty minutes.

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CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE BABY AT THREE MONTHS OF AGE

MY DEAR MRS. N——: Now that little Paul is three months old there are several changes to be made in your care of him. Your monthly report shows that he is progressing well. His present weight of 12½ pounds is quite satisfactory, and the fact that he laughs aloud, cries with tears, holds his head erect, and seems to recognize you proves that his mental development is normal. Now for your questions.

1. "Is it now time to stop the 2 A. M. feeding, and how shall I go about it?"

Ans. Yes, it is quite time to discontinue this meal. The first few nights the baby may wake up for this meal and fuss a little or even cry for an hour, but the only way to stop this is to be firm and refuse to give the meal when he cries for it. If he wakes, change him, give him a little warm boiled water, and then leave him entirely alone in his own crib with the light turned out, and do not go to him. The next night the crying will be for a shorter period, and probably in one or two nights more he will sleep right through. If he does not, however, do not get discouraged and give in, for you will only have a longer struggle in the end. Persevere now and you will be glad before long that you were firm.

While we are on the subject of food I will give you the formula for the one bottle-meal this month. Take 3 ounces of whole, certified milk, 3 ounces of boiled water, 2 level teaspoonfuls of milk- or malt-sugar, for the one bottle you give him at noon. For the first two weeks of this month give him only 5½ ounces of this formula; for the last two weeks give the entire 6 ounces. Bottle-fed babies usually take a cereal gruel as the diluent for the milk at this age, but for a breast-fed baby this is not really necessary yet; and it is difficult to prepare so small an amount of gruel as the one bottle requires.

2. "May I prop Paul up with pillows yet, and if so for how long at a time?"

Ans. At three months the average baby may be propped up with pillows so that he sits in a semi-upright position. This may be done for about half an hour, two or three times daily. The baby should be so arranged that he can lie down by himself if he grows tired. For this reason do not use a high chair, but prop him up in a clothes-basket or in his baby-carriage or in a corner of his crib or lounge. It is exceedingly bad for the little spine if a baby is tied into a high chair too early.

3. "Is it time for short clothes yet, and what should they consist of?"

Ans. Yes, it is quite time, and April is a good month to make the change. The baby should now wear a silk or cotton-and-wool ribbed knit band with shoulder-straps, a silk or cotton-and-wool shirt, cotton diapers, long cotton-and-wool stockings, soft moccasins or shoes, a flannel skirt made on a flannel waist for Winter or cotton waist for Summer, and a dainty cotton dress. For dress-up you will also need some white cotton skirts. The dresses should be made ankle-length and large enough in the waist to allow the baby to grow for the next three or four months at any rate.

I enclose a leaflet about "First Short Clothes and Clothing for Older Children," which will help you about details. You can secure patterns from our pattern department, where you may select the special style that you like best. Do not send money to me. Have everything dainty but very simple. Any other mother who wishes this leaflet may have a copy, provided she encloses a self-addressed, stamped envelop with her request. There is no charge for this service, but we must have the stamped envelop before the leaflets can be sent.

4. "Baby Paul reaches out for things now. Shall I give him toys, and if so what would be good for him?"

Ans. A string of clean spools makes a good toy for a baby of this age. A smooth, clean clothes-pin is another toy babies like. A rubber doll or animal may be given, but remove the little tin whistle first, because babies are apt to get these in the mouth and choke on them or even swallow them. Do not give noisy toys, nor toys covered with hair or wool. They are hard to keep clean, and the baby will pick off the hair or wool and get it into his throat. Give Paul only one toy at a time, and leave him alone to find out its joys for himself. Do not amuse him; begin from the first to teach him to amuse himself.

5. "Should I have Paul vaccinated or wait until he goes to school?"

Ans. Have him vaccinated now; this is a good age and season to have it done. All healthy babies should be vaccinated before they are five or six months old. It is well ont of the way then before the baby begins to cut his teeth. If you travel with the baby this Summer you will then be perfectly safe from infection of smallpox on the cars or boat. It is only by vaccinating all babies that we can hope to keep the country free from this dread disease.

You should notify your doctor that you would like Paul to be vaccinated, and let him obtain some perfectly good, fresh vaccine. Either the arm or the leg may be chosen for vaccination. I prefer the arm because the baby may continue to have his tub-bath, whereas if the leg is selected it is more difficult for the mother to give the bath without getting the leg wet.

If a vaccination is going to "take" it will generally be noticed by the third or fourth day. The little spot will get red and a small blister will begin to form. In some cases this is not seen for a week after the child is vaccinated, so it is much safer to wait a week before the doctor vaccinates again. A perfectly clean piece of gauze or linen should be kept over the vaccination spot, but never bind the arm or leg tightly and never use a shield. A little square of gauze or linen may be held in place by adhesive-plaster strips, by a rather loose bandage, or best of all it may be basted inside of the shirt-sleeve. This should be changed every day after the vaccination begins to take. A little boric-acid powder or aristol powder may be dusted on the spot if there is much discharge, or any other dressing the doctor may suggest. It is best to keep the spot as dry as possible, for the scab will be less likely to fall off too soon; and the spot will heal better than if moist dressings are used. In very severe cases it may be necessary to use a salve or lotion, but the doctor in charge should always see the arm and decide this. Young babies seldom have much discomfort. Sometimes there is slight rise in temperature for a day or two and fretfulness.

EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join our special Correspondence Course in Mothercraft. Send in the baby's name and age, with a self-addressed, stamped envelop, and an Admission Blank will be mailed. You will receive free regular monthly help until the baby is two years old. Mothers having older children up to the age of twelve years may ask questions about their care, feeding, and general hygiene. We have helpful diet lists and recipes, which will be sent if a self-addressed, stamped envelop is enclosed. Number all questions. Address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT IT

What Kind of Publicity Is Your Club Getting?

BY HELEN FERRIS

EVERYBODY'S talking about it."

"You mean about the club entertainment?"

"Yes, of course. You're going, aren't you?"

"Surely I am. Aren't you?"

"Yes, indeed!"

When a club entertainment has become the topic of general conversation, the chances for a large audience are highly favorable. So, too, are the omens propitious for success when many people are talking of an approaching mass-meeting, lecture, or community-wide movement such as Clean-up Day.

For when people are talking about a thing it means that they have heard about it and have become interested in it. Interest may be made to lead to active support. And active support is what every club desires for its projects—more than desires, *needs*.

How, then, can people's interest be aroused in a club's activities? How can a special project be made the subject of general conversation so that favorable word of it will go round? The answer is, Through carefully planned publicity.

No progressive club of to-day can afford to overlook the importance of publicity. No progressive club can afford to be without a publicity committee. Who shall be on this committee? Women who have had actual newspaper or advertising experience are invaluable assets. But even without such direct committee help from the experienced, women who are interested in the publicity work can develop a publicity "sense" through experience and by co-operation with men or women in the community who are engaged in newspaper or advertising work. The latter are frequently pleased to advise on methods of presentation and publicity channels to be used.

What does such a committee do? Theirs is the task, throughout the year, of keeping the club name, the club activities before the community through such channels as the newspapers, special club circulars, bulletins, or reports; notices included in the publications of other organizations, such as church bulletins, calendars, club newspapers, etc. Repetition counts. The more frequently people read or hear of a club the more widely known for alert activity does that club become.

When special club projects are to take place it becomes the duty of the publicity committee to plan special publicity. The greater the number desired in the audience or in active participation in the project the greater the amount of publicity that will be needed. Every club's yearly program includes special projects needing special publicity—be these projects entertainments, lectures, concerts, mass-meetings, or campaigns.

Three Publicity Channels

WHAT, then, are the various publicity channels open in every community?

Printed publicity first comes to mind—publicity secured through the newspapers, through the use of posters, handbills, circular letters, tags for people to wear, tags for automobiles, street-car cards, flags, signs on delivery-trucks, etc.

Personal publicity is promoted through the *personal talking interest* of club-members and others. When people mention your club project with enthusiasm to their friends, advertising of the most valuable sort is being accomplished. Club-members can promote the project through their conversation. Club-members may make personal announcement of that project before local churches, schools, other clubs, Chambers of Commerce, or other groups. Any project receives an added impetus when a minister or other public speaker consents to mention it in his own talk.

Special-feature publicity includes the many ways and means by which attention may be called to a project in special ways—through the use of exhibits in store windows, through parades, or other effective ideas.

The following steps to be taken in the publicity work for a club entertainment are suggestive of the way in which any publicity campaign may be mapped out. Careful checking up of the various channels open to *your club* in your community will readily reveal just which method will be most effective *for you*.

These suggestions have been made by a Y. W. C. A. publicity worker of wide experience:

1. A General Principle: Put as many people as possible on the program and on the managing committee. Do not forget to have patronesses. This insures widespread interest. When people are working on a project they will talk about it and actively support it.

2. The Publicity Committee: Make out a careful publicity calendar. First announcement of entertainment to be made on such and such a date. Posters put up on such and such a date, etc. Make the preliminary announcement two or three weeks in advance of the entertainment date. But save most of the publicity for a *climax* during the last week or ten days.

3. Specific Suggestions: *For the papers*—Study all sections of the local papers, striving to secure mention of the entertainment in as many different places as possible—news columns, society columns, question-and-answer columns. Consider the advisability of taking paid advertising-space.

Advertise for slogans, songs, rimes, etc. Publish some of the results. Young people will respond to this.

Have personality stories of the cast: who they are, what they have done of interest. Secure comments from distinguished citizens: ask them to a rehearsal. Have one or two feature stories with good pictures of the star or of a striking scene. *Arouse curiosity* in the coming event.

Literature about the event, crisp but never cheap, may be distributed in drug-stores, lunch- and tea-rooms, department stores, schools, libraries.

Special features may include a prize poster contest. Exhibit the posters made.

Have a slide made of the winning poster and show it at the local motion-picture theater.

Use street-banners, posters, and, if desirable, a parade. For this latter a simplified and effective form may be that of having a number of automobiles, hung with large banners or signs of announcement, follow after one another through the main streets.

Special "live" window-exhibits will attract attention two or three days before the event. Have one or two members of the cast, dressed in costume, appear at a given time in a store-window. This should be previously announced in the press.

It will be readily seen that the above colorful suggestions include the use of all three kinds of publicity—personal, printed, and special feature

Ideas That Bring Results

MANY original publicity ideas have been worked out by various organizations. Publicity material is now available at the national headquarters of most of our large club federations. This is arranged so that it can frequently be adapted to specific local needs.

The following plan, as evolved by Community Service, Inc., illustrates the way in which cumulative interest has been aroused in many localities in the playground. The idea hinges upon the vivid interest of children—a means for obtaining personal publicity. For how children do talk about anything in which they are interested! The plan has been called "Pet Day."

"Pet Day" has been worked out as follows: A general announcement has been sent out to the children of the community that upon a certain day in the playground each child who has a pet may bring and exhibit it. The pets that can do tricks will do them. Prizes will be awarded to the best in various classes of pets. And what has been the result from the standpoint of publicity where this plan has been tried? For days before the great event the young owners of the pets have talked continuously about the coming exhibition and—incidentally—about the playground!

The final parade of dogs, cats, goats, chickens, even lizards, has been witnessed by large numbers of grown-ups, who have then seen for themselves what a splendid thing a playground is for a community. When, at some future time, they may be asked to support that playground, it is not likely that they will have forgotten Pet Day.

Another idea which can be used in a variety of ways is that of the three-minute speaker. Such speakers can be sent out by a club to make personal announcement of a project before other local organizations. The best of such three-minute speakers accomplish two things: *they tell what the special project is* and *they make perfectly clear to their audience what the latter can do about it.*

The co-operation of the owners of motion-picture theaters is an excellent asset. These owners will frequently consent to throw on their screens special slides, such as the poster slide already mentioned, or slides of announcement. A second plan to be carried out at the motion-picture theaters is that of having a good song-leader teach a song to the audience. The words of the song may advertise the project.

The windows of stores upon prominent business streets afford many opportunities to the resourceful. First, there are the windows of vacant stores. Permission may often be obtained to use these for special exhibits. The question then becomes, With what shall these windows be filled? One such exhibit, widely used with great success, is that in which dolls are displayed, dressed in character and participating in some special activity.

This doll-exhibit idea can be adapted to almost any kind of project, because the dolls themselves can be dressed in any kind of costume and can be represented as engaging in any kind of activity.

Dolls for Window Exhibits

FOR example, a club may be agitating for a municipal girls' camp. The dolls will then be dressed in camp suits, middies and bloomers, in all probability. At one side of the window is a row of miniature tents. The dolls are busily engaged in setting the tents in order, airing the cots, etc. A sign may read, "Living in Tents. Oh, What Fun!" In another part of the window the dolls may be playing a game—baseball, perhaps, with one doll aiding for the home plate, by all means this sign may be, "Play Ball!" Another group of the dolls may be gathered about a camp-fire for story-telling hour. The sign,

"By the Camp-fire's Gleam
Happy Faces Beam."

Again, if the work of the local playground is the point of emphasis, the window may show children-dolls playing in a sand-pile, on the slide, on the teeter, etc. *Movement* attracts special attention from passers-by. For instance, the teeter may be made to *teeter*! Up and down, then go the dolls—and to the window crowd the spectators.

Merchants who do not feel that they can lend window-space unreservedly are often pleased to co-operate with a project by *making their own displays in harmony with the club's project*.

In securing this co-operation from merchants the outstanding need is this: to go to the merchants with *definite* suggestions about *what to put in the window* and *what to say on the signs*.

A parade is a special publicity feature than which none is more effective. It is well to remember, when planning a parade, that each float or unit in it will remain in front of a single group of spectators but a short time. The tableaux on the floats, the effect of the costumes, must therefore be striking in effect. Any signs used must be brief, forceful, and large enough to be read easily.

In general, then, the following steps are definite aids to a club in securing effective publicity:

1. A special publicity committee, to organize and supervise the work.

2. Steady, consistent publicity throughout the year upon the club work as it develops.

3. Specially planned publicity for specific large projects.

4. At all times a comprehensive checking of all possible publicity channels and a selecting of those most desirable for your club in your community.

Finally, this vital point of view should pervade all publicity—a realization that it must ring constantly true to the spirit of the club and to actual accomplishment. No matter how gay the spirit of fun that may characterize some special-feature publicity—no matter how colorful the posters, the circulars, the newspaper stories (and fun and sprightliness should by no means be avoided)—yet see to it that your club maintains a reputation for doing *what you say you will* and for having actually accomplished *what you say you have done*. Then, indeed, when everybody is talking about your club, what they say will be of good report.

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Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

Making Your Table Allowance Go Farther

"I HAVE just so much money each week to spend on my table," a young housekeeper explained to me recently. "Toward the end of the week, particularly if we have been entertaining, I find my allowance diminishing so that I can't afford expensive steaks and chops—yet I always try to set a very nice table. Can't you help me find some really attractive, yet inexpensive, meatless dishes?"

I knew just the recipe she needed, a delicious Salmon and Rice Loaf, molded with Knox Sparkling Gelatine—inexpensive yet attractive and appetite satisfying. She was delighted with it and asked for others which I gave her, explaining how helpful Knox Gelatine can be in making bits of leftover vegetables, fruits, fish and meats into salads and desserts which the most particular housewife would proudly place on her table.

Here is the first recipe I gave her. I will gladly send you the others if you'll write to me for them.

SALMON (OR TUNA FISH) RICE LOAF
½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cupful cold water 1 teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful pepper 1 cupful cooked rice
½ cupful milk 1 tablespoon melted butter
1 can of salmon (or tuna fish)

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve by adding hot milk. Add the seasonings, salmon (or tuna fish), rice, and butter. Pour into a wet mold and let stand until set. This may be served cold on lettuce as a salad or with a hot tomato sauce in place of meat at dinner.

Other Meatless Recipes—Free

There are many other inexpensive, meat-substitute recipes, together with real meat dishes, fruit and vegetable salads, desserts, candies and dainties given in my booklets, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Econo my." Send for them. They are free. Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name. Address

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MORE ABOUT VITAMINS

Practical Things They Have Already Done and How Their Discovery Is Influencing Our Food Habits

By PROFESSOR LEWIS B. ALLYN

A SUCCESSFUL tobacco salesman sat, twenty-six years ago, on a fence-stile of a Kentucky farm, looking gloomily at the fresh green grass at his feet. He had been given up by physicians as a hopeless case, suffering from incurable stomach trouble. For years he had been losing weight, energy, and zest of life. He had retired to this quiet farm to spend what he had been led to believe were his last days. But there, in the grass below him, he spied a small cluster of sour-grass, or sorrel, and he picked some of it and ate it. His eyes brightened, his whole face changed; he moved more swiftly than he had moved in months to find more sorrel, and when he found it he ate with astonishing relish. It was the first thing that had tasted really good to him in years. It whetted his appetite; he went home to dinner for the first time in what seemed an age, with a desire to eat. Next day he gathered all the sorrel he could find, and ate it as an appetizer. It led him to other green vegetables—lettuce, celery, cabbage—and on these he throve. Added to his other dietary, these green things made him well; he came back to abundant life as tho a miracle had been wrought.

Now he preached his gospel to as many as would listen. He wrote a book on uncooked foods and their value to man. The second edition he called "Sun-cooked Foods," because they seemed to possess the very life-energy of the sun itself. Many read his books and followed his advice. He built a national reputation for himself as a food scientist, and to-day this man, given up as hopelessly incurable twenty-six years ago, looks and acts, at sixty-one, younger than most men at thirty-five.

Just recently a patent has been issued in England for the extraction of vitamins from sorrel, as sorrel has been found to be one of the richest vitamin-bearing herbs or grasses. There lies the secret of the miracle. Science has caught up with the former tobacco salesman; and vitamins, essential, life-giving factors in food, have been discovered in the laboratory, and their whole history and use are being written and spread forth to all mankind.

What Is a Vitamin?

SCIENCE can not yet tell us exactly what vitamins are. They have proved too complex in their structure, too close to the essence of life itself perhaps, to be bound by the known formulas of chemistry. Nobody knows exactly what electricity is. We recognize it by its effects. We do not see electricity in the dynamo; we see motion. We do not see it in the wireless phone; we hear its manifestations in sound. So, too, with vitamins, we know them only through the physiological powers they manifest in the bodies of animals and men. Let us drop back into history a moment and consider some of these effects of vitamins in human life.

In the Russo-Japanese war both Russian captors and Japanese prisoners, at a certain prison camp, were fed on rice as the principal staple of diet. The rice was boiled, and the water in which it was boiled drained off and thrown away. The Japanese argued that they might have this drained-off water, or soup, and it was given them. A nervous disease called, in the East, beriberi, began to attack the Russian guards and troops. The Japanese remained free from its ravages, which were serious, yet they mingled freely with the Russians, who suffered grievously.

A chemist, Casimir Funck by name, heard of this, and other cases which appeared quite similar, and in his laboratory he experimented, feeding guinea-pigs on plain boiled rice, and other guinea-pigs on rice "soup," made of the water drained off, and carrying with it the "polishings" or waste products, products we now know are most valuable in organic mineral salts and vitamins. He fed brother guinea-pigs from the same litter, and of practically the same size and weight, half of them on plain boiled or steamed rice, and the others on rice to which the drainings or "polishings" had been added. The former lost weight steadily, lost appetite, developed symptoms of nervous debility very much akin to human beriberi, and, in many cases in the experiment, died of starvation while being fed plenty of apparently perfectly good rice. The guinea-pigs fed on rice plus the "polishings" throve, grew normally in weight and size, and proved that the waste materials, or solubles of the rice, carried with them the difference between growth and starvation, between life and death.

Then, taking these rice "polishings" into his chemical laboratory, and by dividing and redividing them chemically, and trying out the resulting products, he at last obtained a whitish crystalline substance very powerful as a preventive of the nervous trouble in guinea-pigs and very effective in bringing them back to normal weight when it was added to an otherwise deficient diet. This crystalline substance he called "vitamin," because it seemed to carry the vitalizing, life quality of food.

Later Dr. Funck found that he could obtain this same mysterious substance much more readily from brewers' yeast. Yeast is a very rapidly growing plant; its growth is probably due to the presence of concentrated vitamin, the vitamin known as "B," whose power can best be illustrated from another chapter in history.

The British army, besieged in Kut, on the banks of the Tigris in Mesopotamia, during the late War, was rationed largely on white-flower biscuits and beef. Animals store but do not produce vitamins. The cow takes vitamins from grass and plants, and stores them in her milk, and slightly in her muscle-juices and fat. The vitamins thus stored are known as the "A" and

VITAMIN KNOWLEDGE MEANS BETTER FOOD SELECTION

"C" vitamins, the first promoting growth and the second preventing scurvy and affections of the bones and teeth. But the "A" vitamin seems unable to do its work unless vitamin "B" is present; and vitamin "B" is removed from white flour by the process of milling and refining. Now, there is nothing the matter with white bread and beef if other foods producing vitamin "B" are eaten with them. But these the British troops did not have, and the nervous disorder beriberi attacked them. Hundreds died and thousands were incapacitated through nervous debility.

Bombed by Food Packets

WORD of this condition reached the British War Office. Six bombing-airplanes were taken from the front in Europe and sent to bombard the British garrison at Kut with the "B" vitamin. The besieging Turks looked up in astonishment at a bombardment of a British garrison by British bombing-planes. No explosions followed the dropping of packet after packet, and when their mission was over the planes purred away to northwestward.

What had the planes brought to the garrison of Kut? A concentrated yeast extract long used as a food in England, and, since the study of vitamins began, used as the principal source of the "B" vitamin in most of the scientific experiments that had proved the vitally important rôle of this vitamin in human nutrition. Added to the ration of the soldiers, the extract did its work, supplying the necessary "B" vitamin, curing those who suffered from the nervous disorder and building up the body tone of those who might be its next victims. Beriberi was eradicated from the garrison of Kut.

One more instance before leaving Mesopotamia. The Indian troops and some Mohammedan allies of the British besieged in Kut were vegetarians. They would not eat the British beef. They lived largely on atta, a barley flour. This flour contained sufficient of the "B" vitamin to keep beriberi away from these men; but they were not, as soldiers, sprouting their grains as was done for them at home, and the "C" vitamin, which is the known preventive of scurvy, a disease that attacks the bones and teeth in particular, was very deficient in their diet. Sprouting grains contain this vitamin, as does green grass, many green vegetables, and especially citrous fruits. There is sufficient "C" vitamin in the juices of fresh meat also to ward off scurvy. These foods the vegetarian allies lacked, and scurvy attacked them, while passing the British meat-eating soldiers by.

A striking case comes to us from a Siberian outpost in Greater Russia, where six Russian priests and a young lad came one Autumn to spend the Winter. The six priests were bound by religious vows not to eat fresh meat. They lived mainly on salt fish. Before Spring the boy had helped bury all six of the priests, while he was alive and healthy. The priests had died of scurvy; the boy had been saved because he ate fresh reindeer meat, carrying the "C" vitamin sufficiently to give him the necessary resistance or stamina against this vitamin-deficiency disease.

And as to vitamin "C" in citrous fruits, here is a clear-cut instance. Four sailing vessels started from Belfast to Bombay. The trip would require about four months to complete. The commodore ordered that each man on his ship should be given a spoonful of lemon-juice daily as a preventive of scurvy. But he forgot to give this order to the captains of the other three vessels. When the ships reached Bombay the commodore's crew was asked to assist unloading the other three vessels, where the passengers had been pressed into service as common seamen, the crews being incapacitated by scurvy almost to a man. Over a hundred sailors had died, and the rest were almost human wrecks, who recovered only when lemon-juice was given to them with their food; in other words, when the vitamin "C" was restored to their diet.

Children Saved from Blindness

NOW step with me over into Roumania, where, during and after the Great War, thousands of undernourished children were suffering from a blindness caused by vitamin starvation. Almost identically this same eye trouble can be induced in animals in the laboratory simply by feeding them on a diet totally deficient in the vitamin "A," so plentiful in carrots, cream, butter, and most of the yellow vegetables. Dr. Alonzo Taylor of the American Relief Expedition knew what the vitamin "A" could do in curing blindness in animals, and he also knew that crude cod-liver oil is about two hundred and fifty times richer in this vitamin than butter, rich tho butter is. He proceeded, therefore, to add small doses of cod-liver oil to the diet of the Roumanian children, and, almost as if by magic, their eye trouble cleared up; thousands were cured or saved from blindness, and their whole general tone began to improve.

Cows eat the green and yellow vegetation that carries vitamin so richly. Nature sees to it that most of this vitamin goes into the milk for the nourishing of the cow's young, very little remaining in the body of the mother. Milk is well balanced in all three vitamins. The Roumanian children had practically no milk, the cows having died or been killed for meat for the soldiers or driven off by the enemy. The cod, eating smaller fishes which live largely on fungi and algæ, the vitamin-storing plant life of the sea, gathers up from the sea indirectly great stores of vitamins, and for some reason all its own, nature has commanded that it store these vitamins richly in its liver and fatty parts. So a knowledge of the vitamin discovery, and of the work of experimental scientists, came to the rescue of milk-hungry, vitamin-starving children, even when fresh cows' milk could not be obtained.

The story of vitamins is being told on the weight-charts of hundreds of animals—guinea-pigs, pigeons, rats, cows, and sheep—and it will be told. I believe, on the weight-charts of children and grown-ups who may try out diets of vitamin-rich and vitamin-poor foods. But as our pigeons' weight can be controlled, with the same food-supply, by simply varying the vitamin content of their food, we may find vitamin content an important item in all weight-control experiments, such as are interesting the public at present.

Making the Football Team

MY BOY, aged twelve, was four or five pounds underweight and wanted to get back to normal to make the football team. I had been experimenting at the laboratory with some vitamin concentrates, which we were trying out on pigeons and guinea-pigs, and which contained a rich mixture carrying all three vitamins, "A," "B," and "C." My boy noticed these capsules, and asked if I thought they would help him put on weight as they did the animals at the laboratory. I suggested he try them, and, taking one after each meal, he regained his normal weight in a week's time, then added two pounds more to his weight and came to me, saying, "Father, I'll have to stop eating those things or I'll get too fat!" I mention this as a little human incident of a busy laboratory worker's day.

My daughter, on the other hand, scoffed at my capsuled concentrates and would not try them. I thought she needed more vitamin than she was getting in her hurried breakfast and light school-lunch, so I brought home a small experimental wafer one day, containing almost as much vitamin concentrate as did a capsule. This she ate delightedly and called for more. They became a regular part of her every-day diet.

What, then, are vitamins in a word? Nobody knows. We judge them by what they do, as seen in our laboratories where animals thrive with them, and lose weight, get sick, and die without them, and as seen in those remarkable mass-feeding experiments brought out by the War, as with the British troops at Kut, the Roumanian children, the rationing of the English army, the preserving of the sailors on the commodore's ship from scurvy.

Roughly and very positively we may say that there are three distinct vitamins classifiable by science to date. The fat-soluble "A" is so named because it dissolves in fat and is found in the fatty or oily matter of yellow and green vegetables, in butter, cream, yolks of eggs, and especially in cod-liver oil, where it is two hundred and fifty times as potently present as in butter. The "A" vitamin is indispensable for the growth of body-tissues and the maintenance of health. The water-soluble "B" vitamin, dissolvable from food in water and often lost from the richest of vitamin foods in boiling, is a protective against neuritis, supplies nerve reserve, and somehow aids the vitamin "A" in its body-building activities. It is found in the germ and outer covering of rice and wheat, in most whole cereals, in many green vegetables, but is especially abundant in yeast and in yeast extractives. Vitamin "C," also called the water-soluble "C," is the only known preventive and cure for scurvy, which is the manifest and extreme form of general bone-malnutrition. It increases general body tone, makes for sound tooth and tooth-enamel formation, and is found most abundantly in orange, lemon, grapefruit, and all citrus-fruit juices, raw cabbage, and in most fresh green vegetables. It is highly unstable, and easily destroyed by overcooking, canning, and sterilizing. A fourth vitamin, called "D," some scientists believe will be classified, working with the "A" vitamin in bone- and body-building, and is especially manifest, it would seem, in the prevention and cure of rickets in children, and is present in all likelihood a food-deficiency disease.

One word of caution may be in order. Vitamin is essentially a food matter. Throughout all time nature has been storing vitamin in the growing parts of plants, in mother's milk, in the fats of animals, as the cow and goat. It has always been with us; it is nothing new. The vitamin discovery merely means to us, practically speaking, that we should use the knowledge it brings us to help us select our foods, process our foods, cook our foods with care, so that we may get the full benefit of this precious, life-giving, growth-promoting element so happily christened "vitamin."

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This is one of the six reasons why Warner's Rust-Proof is the most popular Corset in America

BE your figure slender, heavy or average; be it tall or short; be it large above the waist or small—there is a Warner's Rust-Proof model especially made to fit your particular figure and to *improve* its lines.

And when you examine the strong and yet flexible double boning in Warner's Rust-Proof, when you have seen the quality of its cloth and the sturdy stitching at points of strain, you will understand why a Warner's Rust-Proof *continues* to fit you as long as the corset lasts.

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Prices: $1.50, $2, $3 and up to $10.

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ONE TASTE of your *home-made* cake—or cookies, crullers, quick breads—made the Rumford-way, and never again will your family be content to eat dry, tasteless, unsatisfying bought things.

Even the children know the difference in *goodness*—the difference in health soon shows in rosier cheeks and brighter eyes, speaking volumes!

Which shall it be for your family?

There is good reason why *home-made* food is more delicious and wholesome.

Your materials are fresh and pure—leavened with Rumford, the good things you bake are always light, moist, even-textured, easy to digest and made *more wholesome with Rumford phosphates.*

Try a RUMFORD LAYER CAKE:—½ cup butter; 1½ cups sugar; 3 eggs; ½ cups flour; 2 level teaspoons Rumford Baking Powder; ½ cup milk; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cream butter and sugar. Add well beaten egg yolks. Add flour in which baking powder has been sifted. Add milk. Stir until smooth. Flavor and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in 3 layers in quick oven and put together with boiled frosting. Sliced Cherries and marshmallows may be added to frosting between layers. Many other helpful suggestions are contained in our new book, "The Rumford Modern Methods of Cooking"—sent free.

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I-24

LINOLEUM IS QUIET AND COMFORTABLE UNDERFOOT IN THE BEDROOM

LINOLEUM SMOOTHS THE WAY

And Quietly Wins Over Each Room in the House

By LEILA WADSWORTH BREILING

LINOLEUM is not only gallantly holding the defense in the culinary department, but it is making a valiant and successful attack on our living-rooms and bedrooms!

Those of us who have been thinking of linoleum merely as an excellent floor-covering for kitchens, pantries, and hospitals will have to revise our ideas. Interior decorators are now using linoleum, cork tiles, and kindred materials in every room in the house. Not only as a floor-covering either, but it is being specified in building-contracts as the actual floor itself. This is not a new idea in Europe, and especially in England, where they are accustomed to its use in the living-, dining-, and other rooms as an integral part of the decoration. Its many good qualities and the splendid designs now available certainly recommend its more extensive use in our American homes.

There are so many and such delightful patterns that it is possible to carry out almost any decorative scheme by its use. The tile patterns give a comfortable and clean appearance in the kitchen and pantry, while the breakfast-room may claim a more elaborate or striking design which should be selected with regard to the furnishings and hangings used here. The black-and-white or green-and-white tiles are cheerful and highly decorative.

Up-stairs and Down

FOR the nursery and bedrooms come many dainty and attractive designs in carpet inlaid all over patterns. These give the effect of the entire floor having been carpeted, but with none of the labor involved in keeping a carpet clean. The bathroom may be as sanitary as you please with the green or blue tile designs, and the rugs and towels planned to carry out the colors in the floor. We are also accustomed to seeing our attics blossom out into billiard- and play-rooms under the magic of linoleum paint, and appropriate cretonnes.

The greatest revolution, however, has come about in the interesting things being done by interior decorators to our living- and dining-rooms. Instead of merely allowing the floor to appear as inconspicuous as possible, as is usually the way with wood floors, this new treatment gives quite a definite addition to the decoration. Just as a wall-covering is a background for the pictures, the floor is a background for rugs and furniture, and the design should be selected with great care. The general rule is to have the floor darker than the walls and the ceiling lighter. How often this is violated with light parquet floors and dark papers and woodwork! The floor-covering should be chosen to help go with the furniture and rugs. If the furniture is ornate, then have a simple pattern for the floor, perhaps a plain linoleum or a wood effect. By using the same linoleum through a series of rooms one gains unity and spaciousness and the rooms as a whole are more restful.

To get the most satisfaction from your linoleum floors after proper selection come the correct laying and treatment. In cold weather linoleum becomes brittle, and if unrolled when cold it is apt to crack. Before laying linoleum in Winter it should be kept in a warm room for at least a day before it is unrolled. The floor must be smooth, clean, and dry. The quarter-round molding all around the base-board is carefully removed, then builders' felt is pasted to the floor, the strips running the short way of the room. This felt takes up the expansion and saves the linoleum and at the same time deadens sound and adds warmth. The linoleum itself should be placed lengthwise after measuring carefully to avoid unsightly joints and patches. Two strips can be matched exactly if the two pieces are overlapped a half inch or so that the design is unbroken, then cut down through the two at once with a sharp knife.

This method allows the two pieces to butt tightly against one another, which is the secret of successful laying. After pasting the strips to the felt to within four inches of the edge, the edges of the linoleum are carefully turned back and waterproof cement is spread on the felt under all the joints. Then the linoleum is rolled into place with a heavy roller or held down by weights along the joints for several hours. After the molding is again in place we have a durable waterproof floor.

The use of felt paper is recommended also for a temporary floor where the linoleum is not to be cemented down. In this case the linoleum is allowed to "stretch" or "grow" for two weeks before fastening Then it is held by occasional brads and the quarter-round molding.

A good many of us do not get the full benefit of our linoleum floors because we do not know how to use them. If we treat them like a hard maple floor, which was the pride of our grandmothers, and give them frequent and merciless scrubbings with strong soaps and powders, we are losing one of the great advantages and ruining the linoleum. They should instead be waxed with a good floor-wax and polished. Daily they should be merely brushed or gone over with a dry mop. Spots or muddy tracks can be wiped up with a damp cloth, and obstinate stains removed by scouring with steel wool followed by waxing. Only at rare intervals is it necessary to wash the linoleum floors and then with only a mild soap and tepid water.

By the use of linoleum tiles with appropriate joints one can give the color effect of real tiles at a portion of the expense.

For the stairs one-piece treads come in various sizes, with wood or metal nosings making them fit flush with the stairs.

A Hundred Other Uses

BESIDES for floors linoleum may be used to cover tables and counters in the kitchen or pantry. As a sewing-table top it can be traced on to advantage, and it will not become scratched by the pins. A molding of wood or brass is necessary to bring it flush with the edge of the table, or several rows of linoleum along the edge will give it protection, and it should be glued or cemented over the whole top Shelves covered with linoleum are sanitary and easier on the dishes, and its value for lining the kitchen knife-drawers is evident. If your laundry-tubs are in the kitchen, an excellent top can be made of linoleum or printed oilcloth with a three-ply wood backing. Why not be up to date and thumb-tack your bills and memoranda to a sheet of cork carpet? Perhaps the Sunday-school or club-room is in need of just such an inexpensive bulletin-board.

From the scraps you can make block-prints for decorating curtains, table-runners, and so forth, and for stamping home-made Easter and Christmas cards, place-cards, and original party invitations. The uneven surface of the linoleum gives an interesting texture to the printing. These are used in a manner similar to wood blocks with oil-colors. The flower-shelf or window-sill may be attractively covered with this same useful material and the wood protected from moisture. Mats cut to fit under flower-pots or heavy objects will protect the polished table.

Not being content with their many uses and appreciation in the home, these materials are invading our libraries, schools, churches, hotels, club-rooms, theaters, stores, and in fact every sort of room where durable sanitary and attractive flooring is required at comparatively low cost for installation and maintenance.

Of Course She Used Carnation

WOULDN'T you like to know how to make all kinds of candy and sweetmeats at home? You can, easily, if you will send for the Carnation Candy Booklet and follow its simple directions. When making candy, as in all cooking, use Carnation Milk. It is both economical and convenient. To reduce the richness of Carnation to that of whole milk, add an equal part of water to the Carnation you use. If you want thinner milk, add more water. Send for the Carnation Cook Book. It contains 100 tested recipes.

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Carnation Milk

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Carnation Divinity Fudge—½ cup water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 cup nuts, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ teaspoon orange peel, ½ cup Carnation Milk. Put sugar, Carnation Milk, water, butter, orange peel and cream of tartar in a stew pan. Stir thoroughly until it begins to boil. Cook until it forms a soft ball when tested in water. Remove from fire; stir vigorously; add vanilla. Arrange half nut meats on a greased pan. Pour the fudge over them.

Parlor Bon Bons—Put equal parts of Carnation Milk and white of egg into a bowl; then stir in XXXX Confectioner's sugar until mixture is stiff enough to shape. This fondant may be used as follows:

Cinnamon Bon Bons—Flavor ½ of the fondant with cinnamon; color red and make it into squares, patties, or any other desired shapes.

Pistachio Bon Bons—Flavor ½ of the fondant with pistachio; color green and make into squares or patties

Chocolate Bon Bons—Flavor ½ of the fondant with peppermint, make into patties and dip in melted chocolate; place on a greased paper and let harden.

Stuffed Dates—Flavor ¼ of the fondant with vanilla. Remove stones from dates, fill with fondant. The dates may be rolled in sugar if desired.

The Carnation Cook Book contains more than 100 tested economical recipes. You will find many helpful suggestions in it. It will be sent free at your request.

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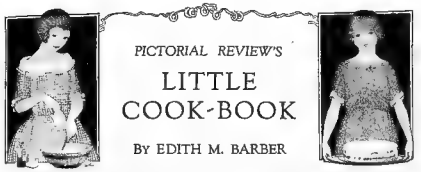

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

By EDITH M. BARBER

WHAT is the dessert to-day?—the first thought of our childhood at the beginning of the meal sometimes continues to be not less than a second thought to the grown-ups. Indeed dessert, the climax of the meal, gives us the sweet which, no matter how delicious the preceding dishes may have been, many of us crave.

"D" FOR DESSERTS—HOT

HOT desserts, while associated more or less with cold weather, are often just as suitable for warm-weather use. While heavy pudding such as plum belongs particularly in the Winter menu, the fruit shortcake or pudding is an all-the-year-round delight.

Carrot Plum Pudding

1 Pound Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Soda
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
2 Teaspoonfuls Each of Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace
1 Pound Grated Carrots
½ Pound Suet
1½ Pound Raisins
1½ Pound Currants
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Molasses
¾ Cupful Sirup

MIX in the order given. Fill greased molds two-thirds full. Cover tightly with oiled paper. Steam five hours. This recipe makes four puddings, each of which will serve five persons, and may be kept for months.

Brown Betty

2 Cupfuls Stale Bread-crums
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Cupfuls Sliced Apples
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Cupful Water

MIX the bread-crums with melted butter, put a layer in a greased baking-dish, add a layer of apples sprinkled with sugar mixed with cinnamon. Repeat until the material is used, having crums on top. Add water and bake in a slow oven until the crums are browned and until the apples are cooked. Rhubarb or peaches may be used in place of the apples.

Chocolate Soufflé

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
⅓ Cupful Milk
1½ Square Chocolate
½ Cupful Sugar
3 Eggs
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla

MELT the butter, add the flour, stir until smooth. Add the milk, stirring constantly, and when it boils add the melted chocolate, then the sugar. Add this mixture to the beaten yolks of the eggs, cool slightly, and add the beaten whites. Flavor, pour into greased molds, set in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven until set—about twenty-five minutes. For coffee soufflé three-quarters of a cupful of boiled coffee and one-quarter of a cupful of cream may be substituted for the milk and chocolate.

Fruit Soufflé

¾ Cupful Fruit Pulp
Sugar
Whites of 3 Eggs
Salt

RUB the fruit through a sieve, add sugar to taste, and heat enough to dissolve the sugar. Beat whites, add pulp and salt. Bake in molds set in a pan of hot water until firm.

Chocolate Bread Pudding

2 Cupfuls Stale Bread-crums
4 Cupfuls Scalded Milk
3 Squares Chocolate
½ Cupful Water
1 Cupful Brown Sugar
2 Eggs, Beaten
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

SOAK the bread-crums in the milk until soft. Cook the chocolate with the water until smooth and add to the bread and milk with the other ingredients. Bake in small molds or in one large mold set in hot water in a moderate oven until firm.

Baked Rhubarb Pudding

6 Thin Slices of Bread
Butter
1 Quart Rhubarb (Cut in Pieces)
1 Cupful Sugar

BUTTER the slices of bread on the loaf before cutting and line a buttered baking-dish with the buttered side of the bread toward the dish. Fill with rhubarb and sugar, cover with bread, and bake in a moderate oven half an hour.

Date Duff

½ Cupful Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Nuts
1 Cupful Dates
1 Cupful Sugar
2 Eggs

MIX and sift together the flour, baking-powder, and salt. Cut the nuts and dates into pieces and add with the sugar. Stir in the egg yolks and fold in the beaten egg whites. Bake in a small bread-pan in a slow oven forty minutes. Serve hot with whipped cream. As the flavor improves with age this pudding may be kept on hand for emergencies and may be reheated by steaming or may be served cold.

PUDDING SAUCES

A PUDDING sauce is usually a welcome addition to hot desserts, and may be used to vary an ordinary dish such as cottage pudding, for which any plain-cake recipe may be used.

Plain Sauce

1 Cupful Sugar
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
⅛ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Cupfuls Boiling Water
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter

MIX the sugar, salt, and flour in a saucepan. Add the water and cook until clear; stir in the butter. The juice and grated rind of one lemon or one teaspoonful of vanilla may be added.

Chocolate Sauce (1)

1½ Square Chocolate
½ Cupful Cold Water
½ Cupful Sugar
Salt
1 Tablespoonful Cornstarch
1½ Cupful Hot Water
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla

CUT the chocolate in pieces, add the cold water, and cook until smooth. Mix the sugar, corn-starch, and salt together, and add to the chocolate. Pour in the hot water and cook until smooth. Add the vanilla.

Chocolate Sauce (2)

1 Cupful Sugar
¾ Cupful Corn-sirup
¾ Cupful Milk
1 Square Chocolate
1 Tablespoonful Butter

MIX all the ingredients except the butter, and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Boil seven minutes, add the butter, and serve hot on ice-cream or cottage pudding.

Christmas Sauce

1 Egg
1 Cupful Powdered Sugar
½ Cupful Cream (Whipped)
Flavoring

BEAT the egg, add the sugar, beat until smooth, fold in the cream, and flavor.

Combination Sauce

½ Canned Pear
1 Canned Apricot
¾ Cupful Canned Cherries
1 Slice Canned Pineapple
½ Cupful Fruit-juice
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Tablespoonful Lemon-juice

THE above combination suggests the use of left-over canned fruit, which makes a delicious sauce for ice-cream. The left-over fruit may be placed in a glass fruit-jar and kept covered in the ice-box until there is enough to make a sauce. Cut the fruit in pieces, add to each cupful of fruit add one-half cupful of juice and one-half cupful of sugar. Cook about five minutes, until the juice is thick, and add the lemon-juice. Serve hot or cold.

Caramel Sauce

1¼ Cupful Brown Sugar
¼ Cupful Corn-sirup
½ Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter

MIX all the ingredients except the butter, and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Boil seven minutes, add the butter, and serve hot on ice-cream or cottage pudding.

Creamy Sauce

3 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Cupful Powdered Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
2 Egg Yolks
½ Cupful Milk
¼ Cupful Cream (Whipped)

CREAM the butter and add the sugar gradually, then the vanilla and beaten yolks; add the milk, and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until it thickens. Remove from the fire. Fold in the whipped cream and serve at once.

Hard Sauce

¼ Cupful Butter
1 Cupful Powdered Sugar
3 Tablespoonfuls Milk
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
¼ Teaspoonful Lemon

CREAM the butter, add the sugar gradually, then the milk, and beat until very light. Add the flavoring.

Strawberry Sauce

1 Cupful Powdered Sugar
1 Cupful Crushed Berries
¼ Cupful Butter

USE the same method as given above for hard sauce.

Sterling Sauce

1 Cupful Light-brown Sugar
½ Cupful Butter
2 Egg Yolks
1 Tablespoonful Milk

USE the same method as given above for hard sauce.

"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

EDITOR'S NOTE—Did you know that the entire staff of the Royal Educational Department is continually busy making home cooking easier and more attractive for you? Whether you are an expert or an inexperienced cook and housekeeper you will undoubtedly find some little hint or 'short cut' suggested on these pages of interest and help to you. Write today if your questions are not answered here.

More Cake Questions!

OF the hundreds of queries on every phase of baking received in this department daily, the majority emphasize "cake troubles". Space does not permit our answering all questions on these pages, so only a few of the commonest difficulties follow:

Question: **How can I cream shortening easily and quickly?**

Answer: When getting ready to make a cake and before measuring materials, pour a little boiling water into the mixing bowl. Let stand until ready to begin cake, then rinse and dry out bowl before measuring the butter or other shortening. This will soften it without melting it too much.

Question: **Can sour milk be used with baking powder with good results?**

Answer: Yes, if just sufficient soda is used to neutralize the acid of the sour milk and then the usual amount of baking powder added for leavening purposes; for example, a recipe calling for one cup of milk, two teaspoons baking powder, use one cup sour milk, one-third teaspoon soda, and two teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, sifting the soda and baking powder in with the flour as usual. Buttermilk can also be used in same manner as sour milk.

Now that the warm weather is approaching, many women, and especially those in the country, will undoubtedly have sour milk on hand. Do not hesitate to make cakes and other baking powder foods because you have only sour milk, for when properly used it will give you excellent results. Many sour milk recipes are unsatisfactory because too much soda or a poor grade of baking powder has been used. One-third of a teaspoon of soda to a cup of thick sour milk, plus the standard amount of Royal Baking Powder for the flour called for, will give you as good results as if sweet milk were used. While the question of sour milk is taken up here in connection with cakes, it applies equally well to biscuits, muffins, and other breads.

Question: **My cakes rise beautifully and after removal from the oven fall in the center. Can you tell me the trouble?**

Answer: You have probably used too much sugar and shortening in proportion to the flour and baking powder, or else you have taken the cake from the oven before thoroughly baked. Use level measurements for all materials and follow carefully recipes on these pages.

Try One of these for Dinner Today!

Luncheon Cakes
With Chocolate Sauce
(Recipe below)

Light, feathery cake is so easy to make, and with a sauce or whipped cream makes such delicious and tempting desserts. When you have tried the recipes on this page and others that the Royal Educational Department will send you for the asking, you will want to serve one in your household every day.

Butter Cake with Strawberry Sauce
(Recipe below)

Have you ever stopped to think of the great food value in cake—good home-made cake—the kind you make yourself with good, pure, wholesome materials? Perhaps you have been accustomed to regard cake merely as a dainty addition to serve with fruit or ice cream, but in reality it is a dessert in itself and a valuable, important article of food deserving of a prominent place in the diet.

These delectable desserts take a very short time to prepare, and are delicious with or without whipped cream.

Send today for additional recipes "Cakes for Delicious Desserts", and the New Royal Cook Book—they're free. Address—

ROYAL EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
Royal Baking Powder Company, 137D William Street, New York

This is the sixth of the Royal Baking Service

Cut these out and put in your cook book.

Luncheon Cakes
With Chocolate Sauce

¼ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg yolk
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
½ cup milk
1¾ cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beating well; add egg yolk, vanilla and half the milk; then half the flour sifted with the baking powder and cinnamon, add remainder of milk and flour and fold in beaten egg white. Bake in greased small tins in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Serve hot with following sauce, topped with whipped cream:—

2 ounces unsweetened chocolate
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add butter, and when mixed pour boiling water on slowly, stirring constantly; then add sugar. Bring to boiling point and boil 5 minutes without stirring; add vanilla and few grains salt. Serve hot.

Butter Cake with Strawberry Sauce

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup milk
1¾ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, beating well; add beaten egg, one-half the milk, and salt well; add one-half the flour, which has been sifted with salt and baking powder, and remainder of milk then remainder of flour and flavoring, beat after each addition. Bake in greased shallow pan in hot oven about 20 minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot with strawberry sauce, with or without whipped cream, as desired.

Strawberry Sauce

2 cups strawberries
½ cup granulated sugar

Pick over strawberries, put in dish; cover with sugar and allow to stand for about half an hour. Remove half the berries to serve whole and crush the remainder, making well with sugar. Add whole berries and serve.

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A Statement by Eugene Christian

Food Specialist

Author of "Little Lessons in Corrective Eating," "Weight Control for Health and Efficiency," "How to Live 100 Years," "250 Meatless Menus," "Christian's Encyclopedia of Cookery," "24 Lessons in Scientific Eating," "Christian's Encyclopedia of Diet," in five volumes, "Eat and Be Well," "Meatless and Wheatless Menus."

"I have made a discovery which I believe is the most important step forward of my life's work. It is a process of combining VITAMIN concentrates with natural food products."

Eugene Christian.

FOR 26 years I have devoted myself unremittingly to study and research in problems of food and nutrition.

From the beginning I have insisted that a full measure of health, strength and vigor is impossible unless there are present in the daily diet uncooked foods containing all the necessary elements of nutrition.

For 26 years I have insisted that overcooking, baking, boiling, pasteurizing, dehydrating, canning, exert a destructive effect upon the most highly organized food constituents; and that over-refining, bolting and milling processes remove the life-giving mineral salts and other valuable food elements from grains.

The experience of literally hundreds of thousands of men and women who have read my books and consulted me with reference to their diet, has amply proved the correctness of these principles.

Science now confirms my earlier work

And now Science, by a series of marvelous discoveries, finds in VITAMINS the life-giving, health-building elements of fresh, uncooked fruits, vegetable organs of growth, the germs of grains, and corroborates, by research and experiment, the fundamental accuracy of the theories I have so long advanced.

Vitamins are as yet unknown in their pure form. We can, however, separate from certain unprocessed foods highly potent vitamin concentrates; but these concentrates are too complex, too near to LIFE itself to yield to chemical analysis. Feeding tests show in them a mysterious LIFE-GIVING ELEMENT that protects against disease and infection, increases human vitality, is essential to vigor and good health, and that without Vitamins in their food men and animals become diseased and in a short time die.

War with its mass feeding problems established important truths about vitamins.

As sailors on salt meat diet got scurvy, so the armies depending upon canned and processed foods, owing to their vitamin deficient content, suffered from outbreaks of beri-beri, scurvy and other nutritional disorders.

The British Government used Vegex, the richest of all known foods in Vitamin B, to cure nutritional diseases in the armies at Gallipoli. It added Vegex to the standard ration of its troops operating under difficult conditions. Its official report, based on war experience, states of Vitamin C:

"Vitamin C suffers destruction when the fresh foodstuffs containing it are subjected to heat, drying, or other methods of preservation.

"All dry foodstuffs, such as cereals, pulses, dried vegetables, and dried milk, are deficient in anti-scorbutic properties.

"Tinned vegetables and tinned meat are also deficient in anti-scorbutic principle."

The public is but partly informed about these scientific discoveries, and some patent medicine manufacturers are exploiting their partial information in the sale of drugged preparations purporting to be potent in Vitamins.

Vitamins are a food—not a drug

VITAMINS ARE NOT A DRUG, nor have they any affinity with drugs. Attempts to combine them in drug pellets have failed utterly. Such combinations are inert and, so far as any Vitamin content is concerned, worthless.

Vitamins are an indispensable food constituent and should be supplied through the kitchen and over the dining-room table. Vitamins are associated with the most delicious savours of fruit and vegetable. It is folly to attempt to secure vitamins in any other manner except through FOODS, in which NATURE placed them and from which primitive men and all animals living under natural conditions secure them in abundance for health and well-being.

All scientific discoveries regarding Vitamins confirmed the principles upon which my 26 years of work in this field were based, as I had sensed the nature and value of Vitamins, although I had no name for them. Consequently I have been keenly interested in the possibility of combining Vitamin *concentrates* with natural food products. That such combinations were thoroughly feasible and practical, seemed obvious.

I was fortunate enough to secure, in the development of this project, the co-operation of scientists and food specialists of high repute and achievement, and our development work has been done in the famous Westfield Testing and Research Laboratories.

Our first commodity is a VITAMINIZED FRUIT WAFER, which we call VITAFOOD; it is so rich in Vitamins that one-half an ounce contains an entire day's requirements. One pound is sufficient to cover the Vitamin needs of an adult or growing child during an entire month.

The laboratories have already worked out two other vitaminized foods, which will soon be in marketable form. VEGEX, described below, is not a new product; it has behind it a long, successful and distinguished record. It saved the British Army in Kut.

To distribute and market these products, a new and great business must be created. The possibilities of such a business are great indeed.

Delicious Vitamin concentrates

It has been conclusively demonstrated that concentrated Vitamins may be readily combined with natural food products, that such combinations have the added advantage of being palatable, appetizing, delicious and satisfying, and our first two products are now being commercially marketed.

All of my efforts in diet control have tended to increase the use of vegetables, milk and fruits as substitutes for meat. This viewpoint has now been adopted and is being urged by such men as Prof. Sherman, of Columbia College, who points out, besides the advantage in health, the enormous economic effect of such a change in diet, which would result in the saving of hundreds of millions, and if universally adopted, at least twenty per cent. of our food bill, or $1,400,000,000 annually.

By creating and making generally available for children and adults food preparations with a high Vitamin content, in combination with proper organic mineral salts, much greater freedom in the selection of the balance of the diet can be secured and the eating problems greatly simplified.

A big new business being organized

To disseminate our VITAMINIZED FRUIT WAFER, VEGEX, and other Vitamin foods, a new and great business must be built.

Each food constituent has become the basis of great industries. Proteins resulted in the meat and packing house industries; fats, in the butter, lard and vegetable oil industries; starch, in the flour milling and breakfast food industries. Vitamins require similar organization. Because of their small volume and compactness, they will be easily transportable, and a business organized on a national scale and reaching into export markets will develop.

I see in these vitamin discoveries an opportunity to build a new business that will become national in its scope and return large profits. I shall take an active part in this business and give it my best attention, thought and effort. But the work is too vast, the responsibilities too great, for any one man to undertake them alone. Hence I invite my many friends and readers, the men and women who know me and the work to which I have given so many years of my life, to join with me in spreading the knowledge of these new products. About a thousand of my friends, interested in diet and a more natural way of living, have joined with me to form a commercial organization, to be known as the

VITAMIN FOOD CO., Inc.

To this company I have assigned permanently the exclusive right to the use of the name Eugene Christian in connection with food products; with a restriction, however, that such food products must bear my approval, and further, that no false representation and no exaggerated claims, that cannot be substantiated by actual test, be made in connection with any food bearing the name Eugene Christian.

I will assist this company as consulting expert. I have agreed to place it in possession of all the knowledge and information that I have accumulated in my work with it, for I wish to see the results of my life's effort placed upon a commercial and permanent basis in the VITAMIN FOOD CO., Inc.

VITAFOOD

A Delicious Vitaminized Fruit Wafer

These rich, fruity, delicious little wafers are especially good to supply the needed Vitamins for children.

One father who tasted them said, "Why, that is the thing I have been looking for—a Candy with a Purpose. Now I can satisfy the craving of my children for sweets, without injuring them with cane sugar candies."

In addition to their Vitamin content, these wafers are rich in the most precious organic salts, out of which the bones, teeth and most important tissues are built—magnesium, organic iron and calcium.

A pound box of Vitafood contains an entire month's reserve of vitamins. Each wafer is richer in vitamins and organic salts than a pint of fresh milk. Vitafood is also rich in the salts which neutralize and clear the system of acids.

The sweetness of Vitafood is derived entirely from the natural sugar of the fresh condensed fruit pulp of which they are made. No cane sugar is used.

There are many delightful ways of serving Vitafood as a dessert, in combination with cheese, nuts, peanut butter, jellies, preserves, etc.

Packed in boxes of 90 wafers; one month's supply.

VEGEX

THE FOOD VITAMIN B

"The right way to check the patent medicine fakers, who are exploiting the public's partial information about the wonderful Vitamin discoveries is to prepare and merchandise VITAMINS as a food product and to offer them generally, in pure, wholesome form at the lowest possible cost. That is the purpose of this Company, and we feel sure of a hearty, generous response on the part of the public."

—EUGENE CHRISTIAN, *Food Specialist.*

VEGEX

VEGetable EXtract

Vegex is a food concentrate. One pound of Vegex contains all the vitamins and organic salts of 22 pounds of brewer's yeast.

Brewer's yeast is the most prolific source of vitamin B known. It grows—reproduces itself—far more rapidly than any other plant.

A teaspoonful of brewer's yeast contains 90 million living cells. So tremendous is the power exercised by its growth that, confined in a cannon, it generates a pressure of 6,000 pounds to the square inch.

In appearance Vegex resembles a rich beef extract, and it is tempting, palatable and satisfying in bouillon, soups, sandwiches, entrees, gravies and with many vegetables. It has a delicious flavor.

Vegex, under its English trade-name, Marmite, has been a staple article of food in Great Britain for 25 years. During the Great War, the British Government, knowing its unique value in fortifying soldiers against disease and increasing their vitality and health, commandeered almost the entire world output for use in the British army.

The British Government Report says:

"Vitamin B prevents occurrence of beri-beri in man, is necessary to promote growth in children and young animals. Its principal sources are seeds of plants and eggs. Yeast cells are a rich source; so are yeast extracts, such as Marmite (the English name for Vegex)."

Vegex should be in the regular diet of every family. With each package Mrs. Eugene Christian's recipe book showing 50 ways to use it in dishes of delicious flavor, for children and adults, is furnished free.

2-oz. jars, $.30; 4-oz. jars, $.55; 8-oz. jars, $1.00; 2 pounds, $3.75

VITAMIN FOOD CO., INC.

For information about the Company or about position as Field Sales Representative write to Eugene Christian, President, Gotham National Bank Building, Room 1501, New York City.

Retail dealers may obtain a supply of Vegex through their regular jobbing house, or if the jobber is not yet supplied, by writing direct to Vitamin Food Co., 1819 Broadway, New York

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Ten Little Lessons on VITAMINS

Their Source, Purpose and Use

By Eugene Christian

"These lessons," says Dr. Christian, "contain the newest and most authentic knowledge about this mysterious food substance. They give the results achieved by the world's ablest chemists, in finding the source of Vitamins, and thousands of feeding tests, to find their uses. They give the results of feeding men and women upon rich Vitamin bearing foods, in nearly every country in the world and under all conditions of health and disease. These 'Little Vitamin Lessons' are not theoretical essays, but practical menus and instructions by which you and your family can begin at once to build up stronger bodies and better blood, bone and nerves."

EUGENE CHRISTIAN has now embodied all that he has been able to learn concerning Vitamins; all the results of years of scientific research; all that his long experience and many experiments have taught him; all the facts YOU want to know regarding these mysterious substances, in a series of books which he calls "Ten Little Lessons on Vitamins."

Like all the previous works upon the problems of food and diet which Eugene Christian has written, and which have brought health and strength to hundreds of thousands of people, these "Little Lessons on Vitamins" are complete, authoritative, exhaustive. Written in clear, simple terms, and presented in a logical, practical manner, these ten books are a veritable encyclopedia upon the most vitally important health subject ever placed before the American people.

These books should be in every home, and should be read and studied by every man and woman. The need for the information they contain is universal and incalculable.

Good health—our natural heritage

Our whole civilization is haunted by the specter of ill health, weakness and disease. We are all dimly conscious of a feeling that this condition is due to unnatural methods of living. We all have our dreams of a return to the ancient, simple, natural ways—to some Garden of Eden where we should eat the fruits and plants and seeds, fresh from the tree, the vine and the moist green of the fields.

This longing is the result of wrong nourishment; of the cry of the malnourished body for the Vitamins which modern foods, canned, preserved, processed, overcooked foods alone are not able to supply.

Eugene Christian says that health is our natural condition: that if we will but obey the natural law and live in harmony with it, the ills of the body will disappear; strength, vigor, and the joy of living will return, and we will approach life and all its tasks and responsibilities with eagerness, confidence and zest.

Eugene Christian's "Vitamin Lessons" show how to choose and prepare your foods in order to have these precious Vitamins—how your Vitamin supply may now be supplemented by Vitamin concentrates, made of the vegetable organs of growth—the growing portions of plants and roots, combined with fruit pulp.

Mothers must feed Vitamins to their children to give them health and vigor

Every woman—every mother—every housewife should read these "Little Lessons" and learn how to supply the necessary vitamins to her children and family through the kitchen and over the dining-room table.

One chapter tells how to secure, through the daily diet, any one of the four vitamins, and the special functions and province of each. Simple directions show how to choose and prepare food in order to insure a full supply of the one vitamin which may be lacking.

Another chapter shows how to select, combine and balance foods in such manner as to provide vitamins, secure a more wholesome and nutritious diet, and still cut down the food bills 20 per cent.—saving the average family from $40.00 to $200.00 a year.

Another gives a wealth of valuable information relating to Vitamin C, the effective agent in sound tooth and bone formation. The eating of starch and sugar in large quantities, and of foods from which the vitamins have been processed, is the cause of poor teeth and dental decay. Wild animals and primitive man, eating fresh, natural foods, have sound teeth as long as they live—they need neither toothbrush nor dental paste. Foods rich in vitamins save many a dentist's bill, and many a doctor's bill.

Vitamins aid digestion and promote metabolism

In still another of these "Little Lessons" you will learn how poor digestion, gas and fermentation, emaciation and overweight are corrected by vitamins: how the appetite is regulated and mal-nutrition is overcome. You will learn that over-feeding is the result of the hunger of the body for vitamins—and the evils which follow the common practice of attempting to appease this hunger by eating heavily of starch, heat-producing and acid forming foods.

Much space in these "Little Lessons" is devoted to children, and the manner in which to make sure that they have a plentiful supply of vitamins in their foods. This is a matter of the highest possible importance to every parent, to every community, to the entire nation.

Three hundred thousand children in New York City alone, are suffering from mal-nutrition—emaciated, their vitality in many cases impaired for life—due principally to a lack of Vitamins. Are YOUR children sufficiently supplied with the Vitamins without which health, growth, strength—even life itself—are impossible?

Vitamins control body building

It is the Vitamins which BUILD the human body. Vitamins plentifully supplied to the growing child mean sturdy growth—stature—vitality—resistance against disease and infection. And they mean perfection of form and feature—rounded growth in the child and in the adult of future years. Get the facts in Christian's books.

It is estimated that about 20,000,000 adults who dwell in American cities subsist largely upon prepared and processed foods, and therefore suffer from the lack of vitamins. This is one of the chief reasons for stunted growth, emaciation, lack of physical energy and mental alertness, and the prevalence of diseases which the enfeebled system is unable to withstand. How is it with YOUR family? Read Eugene Christian's "Little Lessons" and make sure that those for whose health and strength you are responsible do not lack the one indispensable food substance—Vitamins.

The expectant mother, for the sake of her own health and the sustenance and vitality and vigor of the child, should MAKE SURE of her supply of Vitamins. The nursing mother should MAKE SURE that, through her, her baby has the Vitamins absolutely essential to its health, proper growth and future well being.

Vitamins hasten convalescence of invalids

Every invalid needs—must have—an adequate supply of Vitamins in order to combat disease and weakness, and restore normal conditions of vigor and health. The recovery of the convalescent will be hastened by careful attention to the Vitamin content of his diet. In Bellevue Hospital the largest hospital in New York, Vegex is used in the most difficult cases of malnutrition.

Every worker, whether with the hands or brain, is dependent upon Vitamins for the strength for a full day's work; for the vitality to labor without fatigue and resist disease; for the energy, ambition, vigor and initiative which lead men and women onward and upward to bigger and better things—make possible the achievement of success and the realization of dreams and ideals.

And these Vitamins, bear in mind, are not obtainable through drugs, but ONLY through food. Read Eugene Christian's books and KNOW what foods you should eat, and how to get them.

The price of "Ten Little Lessons on Vitamins" is $2. But Eugene Christian is especially desirous that his thousands of friends and readers not only have an opportunity to read these books, but to learn by their own experience in their own homes, the really wonderful results which have already been achieved in the production of our highly vitamized food concentrates.

A special introductory offer

For this reason we have decided to offer to the readers of the Pictorial Review the "Ten Little Lessons" ($2); two-pounds of Vegex ($3.75), and a box of Vitafood ($2), all for $4.85.

This offer places in your hands the latest and most complete word on Vitamins, embodying and describing what Eugene Christian declares to be "the most important step forward of my life's work," and a month's supply of these valuable vitaminized foods sufficient for your family for an entire month.

This is a special and limited Introductory Offer; take advantage of it now. Use the coupon, and the "Ten Little Lessons," the two-pound tin of Vegex, and the box of Vitafood will all be forwarded promptly.

The acceptance of this unusually liberal offer may mean much to you, and your family. The $4.85 you send for these remarkable books and the month's family supply of vitaminized foods may well be the best investment you ever made. Nothing is so important as health; health is a matter of proper diet, and in order to eat as you should you MUST know the proved scientific facts as to Vitamins. The "Vitamin Lessons" will give you the facts; the Vegex and Vitafood will *prove* to you what an adequate supply of Vitamins will do for you and your family. Fill out the coupon NOW, while this announcement is before you. You need not send the money in advance. The goods will be forwarded and collected for on delivery. If after trying them for five days you are not satisfied—pack them, send them back to us, and your money will be refunded in full.

Eugene Christian's "Ten Little Lessons on Vitamins" and one month's Supply of Vitamin Food

$7.75 Introductory offer ONLY $4.85

10 "Little Lessons on VITAMINS" (regular price) $2.00
2 Lbs. of VEGEX (" ") $3.75
1 Box VITAFOOD (90 wafers) (" ") $2.00
$7.75

ALL FOR $4.85

USE THE COUPON

VITAMIN FOOD CO., INC.

1819 Broadway, New York City

VITAMIN FOOD CO., Inc.,
1501 Gotham National Bank Bldg., New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me, Parcel Post, to be collected by the postman, with the understanding that if I do not wish to keep this shipment you will immediately refund my money upon return of the goods:

	Regular Price	Check 1 or more wanted at Regular Price
1 Lb. of Vitafood, 90 wafers, five grams each, containing all four vitamins; one month's reserve for adult or child	$2.00	.....
8 Oz. of Vegex, Vitamin Concentrate for supplying Vitamin B, especially valuable for invalids, children, and as a vitamin addition to food of adults, sufficient for 100 plates of broth	1.00	.....
1 Set of "Ten Little Lessons on Vitamins" by Eugene Christian	2.00	.....

With any one of the above, there will be furnished samples of other products and Eugene Christian's Recipe Book of Directions for Using Vitamin Products, FREE OF CHARGE.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

All of the above, including an additional 1½ lbs. of Vegex (Totalling at regular price $7.75) for $4.85.

Kindly check here if you wish the introductory offer.....

Name..... City.....

Street No..... State.....

If you prefer to send money in advance, make check payable to The Vitamin Food Co., Inc.

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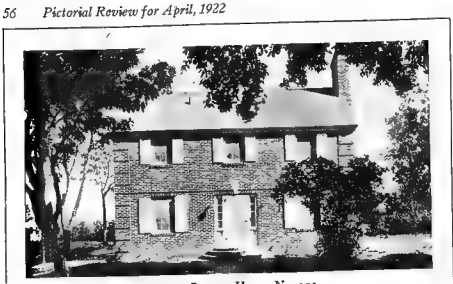

HOME OF BEAUTY HOUSE NO. 101

The view above shows Home of Beauty House No. 101, built by Mr. Leslie Welter at Moorehead, Minnesota. Mr. Welter says: "We are very well pleased with our building experience. A leading architect of Fargo, N. D., said that this house is the best designed and best looking house of any he has seen in this section of the country. Our house created such a favorable impression that several houses have been built of brick in this vicinity this season. I wish to thank you for the excellent service you rendered me at a cost that was practically negligible."

Better Homes

AS THE MANY advantages of the Face Brick house—its supreme beauty, its unmatched durability, its safety from fire and its marked economies—should be available to the average home builder, to whom the architect is not accessible, the American Face Brick Association has issued various designs for small Face Brick houses, ranging in size from three to eight rooms.

During the last year and a half nearly 100,000 of these plan booklets have been sent out on request and the designs have received enthusiastic endorsement from home-builders in all parts of the country.

"The Home of Beauty" shows fifty houses, mostly two stories, designed by architects in all parts of the country for a national competition. They represent a wide variety of architectural designs and carefully planned interior arrangements. Sent for 50 cents. We have complete working drawings, specifications and quantity estimates for these houses at nominal cost.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" are issued in four booklets, showing 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses, and 7 to 8-room houses, in all ninety-two, each reversible with a different exterior design. These designs are unusual and distinctive, combined with convenient interiors and economical construction. The entire set for one dollar. Any one of the booklets, 25 cents.

We also have the complete working drawings, specifications and masonry quantity estimates at nominal prices. Select from the booklets the designs you like best and order the plans, even if you are not going to build now; for their study will be not only interesting and instructive, but helpful in formulating your future plans for a home.

"The Story of Brick" is an artistic booklet with numerous illustrations and much valuable information for all who intend to build. It discusses in detail the many advantages and economies of the Face Brick house. Sent free.

Address, American Face Brick Association, 1126 Westminster Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Walls of These Homes Are Not Alabastined

Place Alabastine on your walls, new or old, dainty colorings with the charm and cheerfulness of tones or tints exactly to your taste, or in close harmony with your rugs or furnishings, and—**if you are a renter—you will not wish to move. —if you own your own home—you will not care to sell. —or, if you deal in properties—there will be no lack of tenants or purchasers.** Beautiful and inviting walls are the sure result of using

Alabastine

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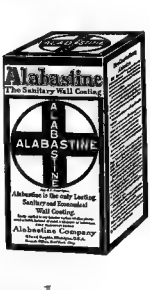

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EAGLE'S WINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

repelled her. They were nothing like what she had imagined the noble army of women workers should be. They seemed to have no thrill at all—no proud sense of achievement—in their daily combat with the world of work. They took their tasks for granted. And those tasks never seemed to strike them as careers.

Some of the girls were working to help support their families. Others were at work because it gave them spending-money and freed them from the drudgery of home. Those that took their jobs at all seriously did so in the same way they might have taken an ulcerated tooth. Not one was a college graduate. Not more than half had been through high school.

Gerda began life among them, enthusiastically regarding them all as fellow soldiers for feminine emancipation. And those that did not laugh at her for a highbrow frankly told each other she was nutty.

It took oceans of neighborhood adulation to make such a life as hers worth while. The more so since her father and mother—the very people of all others to whom she should have looked for intelligent sympathy—were very evidently watching her with an eager hope that she would throw over her work and settle at home—like the aforesaid odalisk. Not forgetting the mollusk.

AFTER two months of grilling ordeal, punctuated by more grilling Summer heat, Gerda's dazed energy gave way to a fighting wrath. Teeth set, she threw herself at her job with a fierce zest and impetus that astounded her and won a reluctant nod of approval from the department chief.

Studying as never had she studied at college, she began to master the work that had threatened to master her. Tho she did not realize it, she was becoming acclimated to a rotating system that neither anarchy nor early teachings had done anything to prepare her. And the rest was conquest. Brain and realization neither anarchy nor last paying dividends. The department chief ceased his weekly entreaties to Cabell to let him fire the girl as a result of his personal system of training.

Bram Hegan had had a rottenly blue Summer. All his golden plans had been knocked sky-high. He had had the amazing good sense not to hint at any faintest opposition or lack of sympathy as regarded his sweetheart's career. Also he had had the equally good sense not to try to urge his own suit while her mind was soaring in the clouds of industrial emancipation or burrowing in the drifts of industrial technique. Well he knew it was no time for a sighing swain to whisper of love. As well talk business to a man who is sodden with hashish.

Always, on boarding the 5:41, he used to pass through the car where Gerda sat. If she were sitting upright and if her face were not too colorless, he would seat himself beside her, and listen, all the way, to the tale of her day's work. But if she were slumped down in the seat, her eyes half shut and the corners of her soft mouth adroop, he would look, studiously, the other way and pass on to the smoker.

He was as considerate in the matter of calls, too. For he seldom dropped in at the Breck house except on Saturday night or on Sunday. He knew what a combination of Summer heat and a first job can do to a novice's nerves. And he was not minded to make Gerda's heart sicken at thought of sitting up and talking all evening when she was tired. Such ordeals do not further a man to the woman on whom he inflicts his presence. So, with the same astuteness that had sent him seeking up to the head of his own snug little business at an age when most men are wage-slaves, he bided his time and laid his lines.

On a gloriously cool Saturday evening in late September he made his first slip.

He called on Gerda, and found her in a state of gleeful exaltation. By the time his wondering greetings were half spoken, she broke in on them with a paean of joy.

"What do you think?" she exclaimed, her silvery voice aquiver with delight. "What *do* you think, Bram? I got a raise to-day! Honestly, I did. And I got it without asking for it, too. A stupendous raise of two entire dollars and a whole fifty cents a week! That brings me up to an even twenty dollars. Just think of it! And I've been working less than four months, too! At that rate, by the time I've been there five years I'll—"

"Five years!" blithered Hegan, blankly.

But she was far too jubilant to heed the interruption.

"Just as I was coming away this afternoon," she continued her tale of triumph, "Mr. Arden called across to me from his desk. And my heart went bumping down into my feet. Because that's the horrid, snarly way he always used to call me over to call me down. But when I got to his desk he just rapped out, 'You're getting into the stride here, at last, Miss Breck. Been watching you. Keep it up. Pay'll be twenty per after this. More if you keep on making good. Tha'sall.' And he went on signing letters. Oh, I could have kissed him!"

"That is what you should have done," gravely reproved Bram. "Whenever I got a raise of pay I always used to kiss the people who gave it to me. Perhaps that's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

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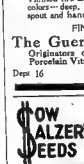

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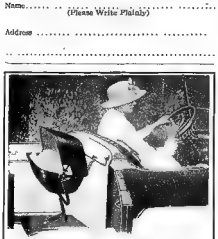

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EAGLE'S WINGS

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why I got so few. But my feelings would be terribly hurt, even now, if any man or woman in my office forgot to kiss me when I hand out a raise. You've probably spoiled poor Arden's day for him."

"Don't be so silly!" she adjured. "You know perfectly well what I meant. I was so proud to think I'd climbed the first step, at last, after all these red-hot months of discouragement! I've made good! Can't you see what it means to me? It means—everything! It——"

"It's great!" he applauded. "There's no other sensation in all life quite like the first raise of pay. The second raise is nothing to it. And by and by it gets to mean nothing, but just a bit more cash in the envelop. You'll never get a 'first raise' sensation again. Why not quit while you're winning?"

He spoke with elaborate carelessness. If he had poured a glass of cold water down her back, Gerda could not have looked more incredulously horrified.

"Quit?" she repeated, dramatically. "Is that meant for a joke? Quit now? Now, when I'm started at last! Why doesn't the gambler quit when the luck begins, finally, to turn his way? Why doesn't the athlete quit just as he gets the race in his own hands? Why doesn't——?"

"Well, Mr. Bones," said Bram, pleasantly, "why don't they? And—why don't you? You've gotten what you set out for. You've proved that you could jump into a perfectly strange game, with no real equipment, and make good. You've shown that a woman can hold her own in the job-battle with men. You've proved everything you set out to prove. When a man or a woman has done that, it's a mighty good time to quit, before things begin to improve themselves. Why——"

"I really think," broke in Gerda, with much condescension, "I really think you must have lost your mind. I never heard anything so idiotic in my life. I can't understand what's come over you."

"Just a gleam of sanity," apologized Bram. "That's all. I'm sorry if I've riled you by letting such an element stray into a discussion of feminism."

"Do you think that's a kind thing—a fair thing—to say?" demanded the girl, coldly.

"No," he confessed, in belated remorse. "I don't. I didn't mean it. I'm sorry. But—I'm asking for information, not for argument—what is it all leading to? You tackled your job. You've made good. You've got a raise. You'll probably go on getting raises—once in a long while. But what then? What comes afterward? What's the climax? What's the goal?"

"The goal?" she echoed. "The goal? Why——"

"For instance," he explained, "a boy goes to work, because if he doesn't learn how to make a living he'll go hungry. He keeps on so he can get enough salary to marry or to have luxuries he wants and to save up for his old age. He has a dozen reasons for ambition. And all of them are logical, and most of them are necessary. But with you with the other girls who leave comfortable homes to take jobs—what does it all lead to?"

"It leads to economic independence!" she retorted, loftily. "It leads to——"

"It leads to middle age," he corrected. "At middle age, if a man hasn't begun to make good, there's a pretty grim outlook for him and for the people whose welfare depends on him. But with you—you'll have all the cash you need from your parents and from their estate. When you get to middle age, what are you going to have to show for all the years of office grind? A pay-envelop that you don't need. A job that any one with the same training could be holding down. And the knowledge that you've thrown away your health in drudgery—when there was no need for it. That'll be the net result."

SHE was staring at him in forced calm. But the color was mounting ever high and higher in her cheeks, and her eyes had begun to quiver.

"I'm sorry," she said, in a stiff, little voice, "I'm sorry I've been so mistaken in you. I had grown to lean on you and on your sympathy and your encouragement. It—it comforted me, after the way mother and dad wetblanketed all my ideals. I thought *you* understood. I thought you were big enough—advanced enough—to—to—. I see how wrong I was. I——"

"Don't take it that way!" he begged, touched to the core by the pathetic show of stiff reproof that masked a very feminine desire to cry. "If you and your future and your happiness didn't mean more to me than anything else there is, do you suppose I'd be bothering to risk your dislike by opening your eyes? Do you suppose I'd——"

He brought himself up short. For the first time he had lost control of his carefully studied grip of the situation. The queer little shake in her voice and the angry battle of her big eyes against tears had been too much for him. And he had babbled like a chick-headed lover instead of playing out his Machiavellian waiting-game.

At his blundering avowal the wrath went out of her face. And into her wet eyes flickered a tinge of wonder and of something else which Bram sought in vain to read ac-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

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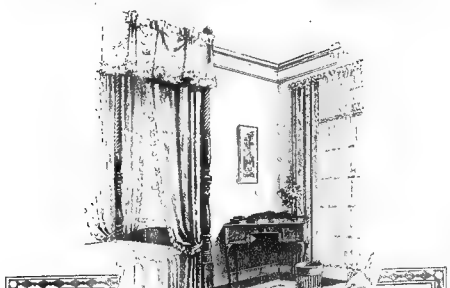

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EAGLE'S WINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

cording to his own stark longings. Before she could speak he gathered himself together and made shift to round out the ragged declaration.

"I didn't want to tell you yet," he stammered. "I knew it wasn't time to. Tho I suppose you've known it ever since we were kids. You couldn't very well help knowing, could you? I wanted to wait till you were sick and tired of this whim of yours and ready to be normal again. Then, to-night, when you told me about the raise, there seemed a chance of making you stop while you're still winning. If you weren't everything to me, I could sit by and chuckle, like the rest of Paignton, while the best of you is going to pieces. And of course I've made toad-pie of the whole thing, and then made it worse by telling you I love you."

The momentary softness and strange glow died out from the girl's eyes as she listened. And her face returned to its wonted business expression—the expression she had modeled on Miss Candace's, and had been at such pains to rehearse before the glass, in senior year.

"Yes," she said, icily, after a hideous pause. "I'm afraid you *have* made toad-pie of the whole thing, Bram. And it isn't pleasant to hear that all Paignton is laughing at me. It——"

"It isn't laughing at you!" he denied. "I don't know why I said that, except that I was riled. It isn't true——"

"It doesn't matter in the least to me whether or not it is true," she assured him, very grandly, indeed. "People who are really worth while will understand. I'm sorry you don't."

"What's the answer?" he insisted, in glum certainty of it.

"The answer," she said, weighing her words and speaking slowly, "is that I am rather tired at the end of my week's work; and I had been planning to go to bed early, anyway. Now that you've made it so plain that you regard me as a fool——"

"I never said that!" he protested.

"Now that you've shown you regard me as a fool—and some one that people are chuckling at—" with rising warmth as she recalled the phrase! "I don't think we can either of us benefit much by seeing each other again—except when we happen to be thrown together at dances and things. And I have about given those up. They tire me for my work next day. And——"

"You don't mean I'm not to come here any more!" he gasped. "You can't mean that, Gerda! Why, you can't! We've been pals, you and I, ever since you were little. And I——"

"Mother and dad will always be glad to see you, I'm sure," was the prim reply. "But I——"

"But, good Lord!" he burst forth, "I love you! Isn't that anything at all to you, dear?"

"Perfect love is based on perfect understanding," she was mild, tremblingly. "And you've proved to-night that you don't understand me at all. You've—you've insulted me and you've sneered at my sacredest aspirations and—and——"

The stern arraignment broke off in a gurgle that was well-nigh a sob.

NOW, as every woman knows, and as every man suspects, this was the psychic moment for Bram Hegan to gather the miserable, hysterical, overwrought girl into his arms and win her by something between caveman tactics and child-comforting.

But, lover-blind, he was so cut to the soul by her wilful misunderstanding of his splendid motives that he turned sulkily on his heel and stalked out of the room, saying over his shoulder as he went,

"If you think I have insulted and sneered at you, and if you doubt my love and don't want to see me any more—then I'm afraid there can be no excuse for me to call again. I can only apologize—and go."

It was a speech more affectedly stilted than any he had made in all his straightforward life. But it served him as an exit-line and somehow soothed his ruffled soul.

So it was that he departed—not merely "went," but "departed." And as he did not look back from the doorway, he missed completely the expression of the heart-sore little face staring in mute appeal after him.

For in that moment, Gerda Breck had ceased, for the time, to be a future captain of industry and a star exponent of feminine independence; and she was all at once a very forlorn and very scared and very lonely little girl. A little girl who stood in dire need of love and petting and of being told how darling she was. All of which Bram Hegan let go past.

By the next morning Gerda had conquered the weakness of the night before. She could remember it with wholesome shame and with the resolve to mend those few annoying rifts in her gleaming armor. The mending process was the easier, if not the happier, because Bram Hegan stubbornly kept away from the house.

A week later, at a lunch club, Bram chanced to run across his friend Cabell. The latter, being in an expansive mood, brought up the one theme which Bram was trying to ignore.

"That little Breck girl you whipsawed me into hiring," prattled Cabell. "Let me tell you there were times I wished you'd never gotten me to do it. Arden used to make my life a burden, coaxing me to let him fire her. Said she was dead-wood. Well, for the past month or so she's taken a he-brace. Arden is tickled to death. He says she's got more promise to her than any one else in his department. Natural-born gift for work, and all that. We're pruning down our clerical force next month, you know. Just as you people and the rest have been doing. And——"

"If that war over in Europe keeps on," interposed Bram, glad to change the subject, "we'll all have to cut our running-gear down to the bare bones. We——"

"The war will be over and done with by the Spring of 1923," foretold Cabell, sagely. "But, till then, it's sure raising hob with the export game. As I was saying, we're due to make some wholesale cuts next month. As things used to be, this Breck girl would have been in the first batch we'd let go. But from the way she's been talking bold lately, she's saved her meal-ticket. In fact, Arden is going to lose his secretary. She's marrying. He had a successor in mind—a girl named Gruber, who's been with us a long while. But she's getting along in years and slowing up, in spots. So Arden talks of breaking the Breck girl in for the secretary job. We're planning to cut the force of that department about in half, till the war's over—and——"

HEGAN got up, on some flimsy excuse, and left his garrulous friend. His unhealed hurts were raw again. If a mere $2.50-a-week raise had made Gerda so enthusiastic over her career, what would not this exalted career do to her? If the first raise had carried her miles away from him, her next and far bigger advance would put the distance of the hemisphere between them. And, softly but venomously, Bram Hegan proceeded to swear.

He was passing through the train one evening the following month, on his way to the smoker, when Gerda hailed him from her accustomed seat at the rear of the second car.

It was the first time he and she had met since their quarrel. By exercise of much mutual maneuvering they had been able to avoid coming face to face on train or in street.

But now, as tho nothing had marred the sweet old-time friendship, Gerda beckoned him to the unoccupied half of her seat. In a swirl of excitement that swept away all lesser emotions she summoned him. His was the first familiar face she had seen since she left the office. And her tidings were too wonderful to let her resist airing them.

"Listen!" she commanded, as he ranged awkwardly alongside. "You'll never believe it. But it's true. This afternoon I've been made Mr. Arden's personal secretary! Think of that! Isn't it gorgeous? Isn't it perfectly unbelievable? The pay is only twenty-five a week while I'm being broken in. But he's going to raise it as soon as——"

"Fine!" exclaimed Bram, with galvanic enthusiasm. "Great! Corking! Can't keep a phenix under the ash-pile, eh? I congratulate you. From the heart out. I wish I could stay and hear all about it. But I promised Radnor to look him up in the smoker. He wants to see me about a South-American shipment. Good luck in the big new job!"

He shambled away on the heels of his staccato congratulations. And, staring bewilderedly after him, Gerda for the first time lost ever so little of the delirious exhilaration that had been hers from the moment the divine news had been broken to her. Vexedly, she wondered why.

AND she fell to repeating to herself his words, and the hearty tone of them. If he really cared for her—if he really were crushed by the punishment she was meting out to him—he never could have taken it all so jollily and then have passed on without letting her tell him everything Mr. Arden had said about her work and everything every one else had said; and how that cranky little Harriet Gruber had cried because it was Gerda, and not she, who had gotten the promotion, and all the rest of the myriad absorbing details of the affair.

Men were queer, at best. And, to her dismay, Gerda was aware of something lacking—something sorely lacking—in her day of triumph.

The following Saturday, Bram came back to Paignton at noon. Of late he seldom waited for the 5:41. And he had taken to going into New York on the third of the morning trains instead of on the one Gerda always patronized. These three morning trains, by the way—the 7:28, the 8:15, and the 8:45—were known, respectively, as the workers', the clerkers', and the shirkers'.

As he neared home Bram saw Mr. and Mrs. Breck sallying forth in a runabout for an Autumn drive. An hour afterward, while he was trying listlessly to decide between a round of golf and a motor-spin, he was called to the telephone.

"Why, hello!" he cried, with hand-made cordiality, as he recognised Gerda's voice at the far end of the wire. "What brings you home this time of day? Are secretaries in the Saturday half-holiday class as late as October? Or are you calling up from town?"

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EAGLE'S WINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

"I'm over here, at home," was the answer, in a curiously muffled tone. "I just got here. Everybody's out. Oh," with a falsetto break in the stifled voice, "can't you please come right over? I've got to see you. I've got to see somebody!"

Instead of waiting to reassure her or to ask questions, the man dropped the receiver, grabbed up a hat, and bolted for the back door. In something over thirty seconds he was running up the front steps of the Breck house.

Gerda met him at the door—a drawn-faced and red-eyed Gerda, who could not control her voice and who looked pitifully much like a lost and panic-stricken child.

Mutely she led the way into the nearest room and shut the door. Then she turned and looked up at him. And in her tear-swollen eyes there was such utter misery that he flared at once into action.

"Has one of those swine at the office been getting fresh with you?" he stormed. "If he has, you needn't tell me what he said. Just tell me who he is, and I'll do all the rest. If——"

"No, no!" she interrupted, wearily. "It isn't that. I don't believe it's ever that—if a girl behaves herself. It's something a hundred times worse. I——Oh, I don't understand anything about——"

"If you're fired," he made a second valiant guess, "stop worrying about it. Hundreds of girls are being let out in these rotten times. And I'll guarantee to find you another job inside of a week."

"I isn't that!" she wailed. "Oh, *I know* you mean to help! And it's dear of you to, when I've been so horrid to you and everything! But stop imagining things and let me tell you about it. I feel so dazed by it and so—queer. I never thought of it this way before. And it makes it all seem so different and—and so horrible. Just like a wolf-pack or——"

"Suppose you tell me about it, first," he suggested, trying to soothe her as a shudder ran through her slim body and the tears started afresh. "Take your time. But don't let it shake you up the way it's doing. Whatever it is, we'll fix it up somehow. I promise that. Now go ahead!"

SHE fought for poise and steadiness of voice. Then, after a moment of self-battling, she began, speaking in a dull monotone that she maintained by visible effort.

"I don't know whether I ever spoke to you about Harriet Gruber. She's been with Cabell & Laight ever since they formed the partnership. And she was always so sure she'd get a big promotion some day! When Mr. Arden's secretary was going to be married Harriet was just wild with happiness. She was sure at all she was going to get the job. Mr. Arden told her last year that she was in line for it. He told her at the time she asked for another raise that he didn't get it. Then, when the time came, he gave it to me instead.

Gerda swallowed hard, and continued.

"Of course I was sorry about poor Harriet. We all were. And she cried all over the office. And then she said such unhappy things to me about favoritism and all! But I was so excited about getting the promotion—and the cross things she said to me made me less sorry for getting it instead of her—and the other girls told me not to care. So I did."

"I see," assented Bram. "Well?"

"Then, last week, the department force was cut down—very much. And the last girl to be discharged was Harriet Gruber. Mr. Arden was very nice about it. I took the letter he wrote her. He said as much as they appreciated her long service and that he had kept her on, even after the firing began; but that one more girl must be dispensed with and that it was best to let out a girl who had worked so long that she must have saved enough to live on in comfort for a while till business picks up again."

"I seem to have read such letters," commented Bram as she hesitated. "I even seem to have written them. Go on."

"I supposed she must be beautifully well off," resumed Gerda, with a tinge of self-defense in her monotone. "We all did. For she got twenty-one dollars a week and she dressed like a stub-woman and she never spent a penny. But she wasn't. And this noon—this noon—at lunch, I got an evening paper. And—look!"

She drew forth a scrap of paper, cut with a pin, from a news-sheet. Bram read.

"The body of the woman who committed suicide by throwing herself in front of a subway train, at the Ninety-sixth Street station, yesterday afternoon, was identified at the Morgue, early to-day, as that of Harriet Gruber of 1888 East 109th Street; a stenographer until recently employed by the exporting firm of Cabell & Laight.

"Identification was made by Mrs. F. X. Mahaffy, janitress of the suicide's former home. According to the janitress, Miss Gruber had been in deep despondency over the loss of her position and because her advanced age apparently prevented her from finding similar employment elsewhere.

"Miss Gruber was the sole support of a crippled sister and of the latter's two young children. Mrs. Mahaffy told a reporter that various operations and a course of hospital treatment for this sister had exhausted all the family savings. Miss Gruber had threatened to end her own life,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

The LETTERS of a YOUNG BRIDE

Dear Eleanor: May 10.

We have just returned from Bermuda! And to you, my dear, I am writing my first letter as Mrs. William T. Carleton. *Bermuda!* What a fairyland of dreams! I shall never forget it. The deep, crystal water—the age-old sea—the quaint little shops—the white-roofed houses. And best of all, the soft, silvery nights and the big silvery moon.

Billy and I are very, very happy. Sometimes I have to pinch myself to see if I am awake. Life is so different.

Can't you come to see us some time soon? Our apartment isn't very large, but I know we could find room for you somehow. And I have so many things I want to tell you.

Dear Eleanor: June 15

Sorry to hear that you are so busy with your sewing that you can't come now. I can't imagine gay Eleanor at the sewing machine making her own clothes. Fortunately, I don't need a new thing this summer. You know father gave me the money for my trousseau, and it was wonderfully complete.

Anyway, it's lucky I don't need any new clothes, for we have to get so many things for the apartment. Billy said last night it seems as though he never got through buying the things we just have to have. He thought the firm would be glad of it the day we were married—but they didn't, and I know he's worried. He's such a dear. Come when you can.

Dear Eleanor: September 27.

Such a week! Tuesday, Billy's mother called me up and invited me to come over for tea as she was giving Thursday afternoon. I knew who would be there and I simply had to have something new. So I got right on the car and went down to Blaine's Eleanor, do you know what they asked for a half-way pretty afternoon dress? Sixty-five dollars! I want to four other shops, and the lowest price I found for anything that I could wear was $49.50. Well, I didn't have that much to spend on a dress and I didn't have the heart to ask Billy for it, so on Thursday I put on that henna tricolette I had a year ago.

But, Eleanor, when I got there and found all the other women with smart new fall clothes, I felt positively ashamed. It seemed as though my dress had "last year" written all over it. No one said anything, of course, but some things mortified me. I came home and just lay down and cried.

I finally decided to ask Billy for $25 extra this month, figuring I could save the rest out of the house allowance. But when I mentioned it he looked worried himself. He wouldn't tell me at first what the trouble was, but after supper he came over and put his arm around me and said, "Honey, do you think you could cut corners a little next month?" He explained that rents are due the 20th and it's going to be just a bit hard to meet it. Well, you can imagine how sorry I was I had snubbed him and said that. What am I going to do, Eleanor? I've simply got to have a few new things. What *can* I do?

Dear Eleanor: October 5.

I guess I've read your letter twenty times. Well, I think I've got the pretty new clothes you have, I fear I'm just a bit envious. But to think you've made them yourself! And you believe I could do the same? Oh, wouldn't that be too wonderful if *I could!* And you say you really become a dressmaker? But I shall know all about the plan you suggest in a few days, for I have written the New York Institute. Yes, I had heard about the Institute, but I never thought of its meaning anything to me. Thanks so much for telling me.

Dear Eleanor: December 10.

Oh, yes, I know I've neglected you, but truly I haven't realized it had been two months since I wrote you last. But they've been such wonderful months. You see, I heard from the Institute just a couple of days after my last letter, and when I saw that here was exactly the thing I needed I put in my membership and took up the Dressmaking course at once. And within a week I was busy with my first lesson. Eleanor, I never found anything so fascinating in my life. One just can't help learning. And when I realized what it was going to mean to me I could hardly lay the lessons down.

Why after only the third lesson, I made the loveliest blouse. Billy says it's the prettiest I ever had, and think, it cost just $1.65, and really I couldn't duplicate it down town for less than $5.00. Besides, I've made two apron dresses, a pinafore, the dearest negligee, and a plaited skirt, and now I'm at work on my first nice dress. I can hardly wait till it's finished.

Painted by Neysa McMein

Dear Eleanor: December 16.

Oh, I must tell you. I wore the new dress to a party this afternoon and every one said it was the most becoming thing I ever had. The girls insisted on knowing where I got it, and when I told them I made it myself they were simply amazed. Marion Holt wants me to make a dress for her. Imagine! "Madame Louise, Modiste!" I wonder if I could.

Dear Eleanor: March 11.

My, but I've been busy! But let me go back to the beginning. The very day after the party Marion came over. Said she was really serious about wanting me to make her a dress, so I said all right, I would. You see, she never seemed able to find anything in the stores that were really suited to her type. But I saw just what she needed. One of the most important things I have learned from the Institute is the designing of dresses that are really becoming. You know—just the right line, the right material, the right fabric and shade, and just the right touch of color and the right finish to make it distinctive. Well, I never enjoyed anything so much as planning and making that dress for Marion—and it was a beauty, if I do say so. Marion was so delighted she insisted on paying me $20 for making it and said she wanted me to make all her clothes in the future.

Well, that was the beginning of my venture. Others came and wanted me to make clothes for them, and the result is that every hour I have been able to spare from my work the last three months has been taken up designing and making things for folks here in town. I've finished half my course with the Institute, I have more pretty clothes of my own than I ever expected to own in one season, and best of all, a bank account that's growing every day!

Dear Eleanor: June 21.

It seems I always have good news to tell you these days. And this time it's best of all. Two weeks ago we bought the dearest little house out here in Maplewood and now we're all settled. When Billy first heard about the home he came rushing home one night, half in joy, half in despair. It was a wonderful bargain, but he had to pay a thousand dollars down.

"I've saved $600 since the first of the year," he said (you know he got a raise in January), "but where can we get the rest?" Well, I fairly flew up to my room, and down the stairs I rushed with my own bank book. Of course, Billy knew I had made some money sewing, but when I showed him a balance of $672, he just rubbed his eyes and stared. But I sat down then and there and wrote a check for $400 and put it in his hand. And—we couldn't get his breath for a minute—Billy my brave! For a minute—Billy my brave! For a minute—Billy was holding me so tight! And two big tears stood in his eyes. "Louise, dear," he said, "you're the greatest little woman in the world!"

So we're here in our own home, Eleanor. Tonight after supper we sat out on the porch—just quiet and happy and—and the moon came up big and round and silvery and just seemed to smile and smile and smile. "Louise, dear," Billy its blessing. "it seems to me," Billy said, "I've seen that moon before—I think it was somewhere in Bermuda." think it was somewhere in Bermuda." "Yes, Billy dear," I said, "it's our *honey* moon. It's going to shine on us forever."

WOULDN'T you, too, like to have prettier, more becoming clothes for yourself and your family for less than half what they now cost you? Wouldn't you like to have two or three times as many pretty dresses at no increased expense?

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There is not the slightest doubt about your ability to learn. More than 125,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and by the dollars they have saved and earned, the success of the Institute's methods.

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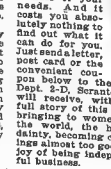

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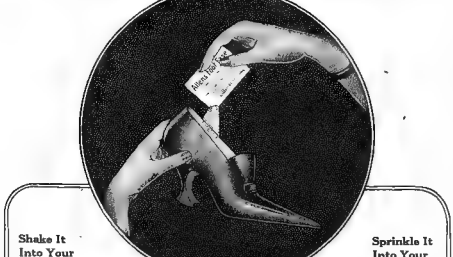

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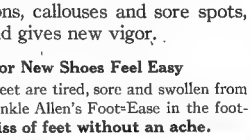

EAGLE'S WINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

she says, in order that her helpless relatives might live for a time on her insurance."

Bram glanced up from the clipping. He started to say several things at once. On inspiration, after a glance at Gerda's face, he said none of them, but remarked in casual interest,

"They'll probably make a sob-stuff 'spread' of that story for the later editions."

Then, as if realizing this was not the sort of comment expected of him, he murmured, vaguely,

"Poor old woman! That's the wind-up of the typical 'faithful employee.' I hope Cabell will do the right thing about the funeral and——"

"Oh!" cried Gerda, in sharp anguish. "That's all you see in it! That's all it means to you! You don't even get a tithe of the awful point of the whole thing. Any more than Mr. Arden did! Any more than any business man would! And that's the life I've been so proud of working my way into!"

BRAM glanced across at her again, in sharp query. But at once he schooled his face to blankness, and asked indifferently,

"Would you mind getting me right, then? I don't quite see——"

"You don't see?" she mocked in tearful fury. "You don't see that if it hadn't been for me Harriet Gruber would have been alive to-day? You don't see that she was the last girl to be discharged, and that if I hadn't been there she'd still have her job? You don't see that if it hadn't been for me she'd have been promoted to secretary and that the extra pay might have meant everything to her—and to those people she supported? You don't see——"

"Why, yes," he answered, steeling his voice and choking back the hope that raced crashly through his brain. "I see all that. Certainly. But what of it?"

"What of it?" she echoed, dully. "Why——!"

"You said a few minutes ago," he went on, with elaborate unconcern, "that it is like the wolf-pack. It is. All business is. It's a survival of the fittest. And only the fittest can hope to become financially fattest. The rest must go to the wall. No firm can afford to carry a cord of deadwood. No firm can afford to slacken its efficiency and load down its pay-roll by keeping the services of people who can't work as well as newcomers work. You are in the first flush of efficiency. This poor woman was at the last dregs of hers. So you were kept and she was fired. You are alive and she is dead. That's all there is to it. Don't let yourself be unhappy over the sordid little tragedy. You'll see a hundred worse ones if you stay in the business game long enough."

"Long enough!" she repeated, fiercely. "Do you suppose I'm going to stay there an hour longer? I left my resignation with Mr. Arden. After he talked just as you've been talking. I'd cut my hand off sooner than set foot in that office again. Or in any other office."

"But why?" he argued. "The same lightning can never strike you. When you are too old to keep the business pace with the youngsters, you'll have your father's money to fall back on. You'll——"

"And in the meantime," she raged, "every job I take—every promotion I get—may mean that I'm rising by shoving some one else down into the slough! No!"

"But why not?" he urged, hope now getting his head and heart abuzz. "Isn't that the risk every well-to-do girl takes when she goes into business or into trained nursing or into secretarial or library work? Isn't she displacing some struggler to whom that job may mean life or death? Isn't she? There are only a certain number of jobs in the world. And there are a bigger number of applicants. Some one must be crowded to the wall. And some extra one must be crowded to it every time a girl with money or a good home takes a job just for the sake of a career. Didn't they teach you that much political economy at Radcliffe?"

"It's all so horrible!" moaned Gerda, her face in her hands, her body aquiver with convulsive tremors at this, her first contact with death and with the starkness of struggle. "So horrible—so——!"

"Did you really mean it when you said you'd never set foot in any office again?" asked Bram as she fell silent.

"Yes!" she panted, shivering afresh. "Oh, *yes!*"

"There's one job," he continued, slowly, "not a very marvelous job, perhaps—but a life job—that is open to anyone, wide open—Gerda."

Scarce half grasping the sense of his words, she shook her head violently.

"No other woman no woman who needs the work," she declared, "is ever going to be able to say again that I crowded her out of a livelihood! No!"

"No other woman is ever going to get a chance at this particular job, sweetheart," he promised. "If you don't take it, it is going to lie vacant till doomsday. It's a sorry and thankless job, maybe—tho it means the glorifying of everything to *me*—but such as it is, you're the only girl alive who is going to get the offer of it. Forever and ever!"

Which perhaps was a right rash pledge for so young a man to make. Yet it was also a right loverly pledge, and gallant withal.

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THE VISIT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

MARY BRECHT PULVER
Author of "The Visit"

SHE was born—well, not so long ago—and came from a mingled Irish and Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. She says that all her life has been a fight between that dreamy Irish physical self and the thrifty, industrious Dutch self which refuse to amalgamate. She graduated from the Pennsylvania State Normal School and then from the School of Applied Arts, just to satisfy a longing she had for painting. She has been writing since birth—or shortly after—but never had anything accepted until about ten years ago. During all those years of trying to get into print her family laughed at her efforts—now she is laughing at them. She is married, has a little son, and lives at the foot-hills of the Catskills.

again. Had gone at his scheme, hammer and tongs. And he himself had declared for indifference—as before. even contempt.

But he was aware now that he was weakening. His restraint, his negative, was thinning. It would eliminate the bills—if he listened to Wint. It would even eliminate Wint. He would be compelled to go away to set his plans properly afoot. He himself would be spared any more discussion, and, of course, Florida—it might save Florida infinite anguish. Suppose, for example, she came to love Wint. She was only fascinated now, but suppose, like—Sophy Hatton.

No woman had ever confessed her love to Dr. Shandy, but he knew what such confession meant.

There was the Sunday years ago when he had been made an unwilling listener, an innocent and agonized interloper in a scene never meant for a third person. He had taken a book on a Sunday afternoon and gone to the upper end of the Grove to read. They had stolen upon him, speaking softly, and suddenly his horrified, conscious ears had caught the words of love-making—his brother's voice, eloquent, low-pitched, persuasive.

They had sat down, their backs toward him, and he had heard words—phrases he had never thought to hear—was never again to hear. Crouching flat in the sedge and blueberries, he had tried to stop his ears, pretend sleep. There was no great need for such precaution. The lovers were engrossed in themselves. Wint's arm was about the girl's waist, her head on his shoulder. Wint was telling her how he loved her, how dear, how beautiful, how sweet she was—Wint, who was even then knee-deep in his plans to go West, alone, and not return.

But it was not of Wint he thought when he called up this memory. It was of himself and the picture she made in the dappled sunlight in her green-sprigged white dress, with her red, gold hair and big, soft, brown eyes, with their tenderness for her lover.

Little Sophy Hatton—little lovely Sophy. Softer, smaller, even more childish than Florida, more love-compelling for her very littleness and gentleness—he brought his mind back to Florida.

A sound of knocking roused him, and Dr. Milt went to the door. A little man in shirt-sleeves stood there. He was one of the "circus people," manifestly. Grime and sweat mingled with ill-removed grease-paint on his face.

"I see by your sign you's a doc, so I turned in—see. There's a young feller along with the show's been took sick—heat-wave, I guess. But he's pretty bad, so his mom wants a doc—see. If yous could come over pretty soon—he's pretty bad."

"Be right over." Dr. Milt turned away, and, taking a gray alpaca coat, his hat, and a shabby medicine-case, stepped into the burning street.

IT WAS the doctor's second visit. He had gone in charge of his guide in the afternoon, had stayed some time, returning for a bite of supper. Now, as he had promised, he was coming over again at the closing-up hour. Tho the Eglantine World-beater Circus was on the eve of departure by wagon and motor-truck down the Eddysville road for an outer world, it was utterly apparent that the sick boy who had come with them would not "strike" in their company—was, indeed, bound very shortly for quite another world, more distant and remote, but accessible by a swifter route. He was, actually, on the first lap of the route now.

Stumbling a little in the darkness, his case knocking against his knees, Dr. Milt saw presently by the string of single lights that indicated a pathway to the tents, saw a larger, redder glow, with silhouetted figures, men and horses, moving about. The smaller tents and shelters were taken down. The show was disappearing with magical dexterity—as the a great hand had wiped it out.

A dog ran out to snuff his legs, and the odor of beast and peanuts and overripe bananas rose from the baked earth, where lay a rubbish of torn papers, peelings, and shells—the spoor of a pleasure-bent humanity of an earlier hour. Beyond these poor relics there was nothing to remind one of the spirit of lightness to which the place had been consecrated.

A little tent still stood off to the left, one side turned back to admit the air, and Dr. Milt went over to it. He could see plainly, as he approached the contents, a jumble of bags of tossed-down clothing, of oil-stove and utensils, a couple of cots. Two women sat by one of the cots—silent as the Fates, or as marionettes whose strings are stilled. One was very old, a bleared-looking relic in dirty petticoat and dress-ing-sack; the other younger, tho not young.

This one had lately come from her act. The light of the oil-lantern threw sparks of gold over her short, sequined, green dress. Her full, muscular calves in pink-cotton tights were thrust out; her painted face, under the cheap, bleached hair, was bent. There was profound despair in her pose—she was like a tragic effigy in her gaudy dress. Dr. Milt took off his hat and stepped into the tent. Only the old woman looked up.

"He's breathin' a little easier," she said, "poor lamb."

Dr. Milt stood looking down at the cot. A boy lay on it—a lad of fourteen or so. A lad who had grown too fast—all long, thin arms and legs. He was in coma, but he lay like some one sleeping, lost in an ineffable dream. Dr. Milt laid a big, kindly hand on the unconscious young face.

"Yes—he's easier," he said.

THE woman with the bleached hair did not move, but the old crone talked with feeble complaint. The doctor laid his hand gently on the younger woman's shoulder.

"See how happy he looks—how much at peace. He doesn't care now how hot or how miserable this world is—he's gone beyond all the pain and suffering he ever knew."

He drew up a stool, and, sitting down, talked to her himself, informally, as he did sometimes to one of his village mothers. The hard, painted face gave no sign. Only once the woman asked directly,

"How long?"

He told her truthfully. It was a matter of less than a day or two. The boy had best be carried to the West Paton House.

"There's a big, shady veranda, and they'll fix a bed for him. He can't stay here—and he can't make Eddysville. It isn't a bad place here. I know the proprietor—he—he won't make much of any charge. Have you got any friends could help you out?"

"No one," the woman answered curtly. "Meg here'll stay with me. We'll catch up the show—later."

"I wish—I wish I could do something—"

The woman looked up surprized. "You're real kind," she said coldly. "But I won't have to trouble you. I'm used to man-

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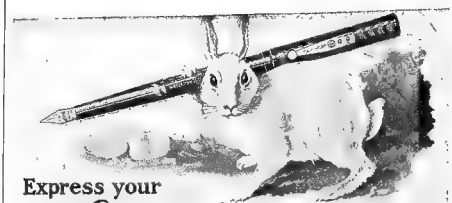

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THE VISIT

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aging. Once for a little I had some one. I had a husband and Ted had a father—but he canned us both. I wouldn't care to see him. Not 'slong as God gives me breath. I had enough of Wint Shandy."

The doctor started to speak, but the woman anticipated him. She threw out both hands as the shaking off some old restraint, and burst into an impassioned recital, while the oil-lantern hanging on the wall sprayed her spangled dress with shifting washes of gold.

Afterward Dr. Shandy sat on the porch waiting for his brother. He had seen to the removal of the woman and the sick boy to the Parton House—had seen them established. Now, tho it was after eleven, Wint had not yet come in. He had no doubt whatever as to his whereabouts. He would have spent the evening with Florida Powers. The doctor clasped his hands tightly about the arms of his chair. He heard the old clock in his office strike twelve before he saw Wint coming swiftly, light of foot, down the street.

He waited until Wint was on the porch before he spoke, and then he told him. It took Wint a long moment to digest it—then:

"Blackmail," he said; "it's a lie."

"She's got the wedding - certificate. I've seen it."

"Well, what the —— are my private affairs to you, anyway, Milt? I—I did know this woman, this Maud Kurtz—and I wish to God I never had —she was the devil's daughter—what do you know of women, anyway?"

The doctor spoke calmly. "She's at the Parton House—with the sick boy. Your boy. She wouldn't care to see you—your name brings a bad taste to her mouth; but if you have any money——"

He did not wait for Wint's answer.

"No," he said gravely, "you wouldn't be having any money. That's what you've come back for. Your money, your success was bogus—I found out from her. A gambler's chances, Wint—up here and down there—no more a success than I am—except with women. I know how you can treat a woman," he went on; "I saw a woman once that you'd forsaken. Five days she waited. And then she came to me. I had to tell her you'd taken your share and gone for good. She went down under it like she'd been felled. I've seen eyes like hers in a dog that's beaten to death."

He waited a moment, then burst out. "I've had enough of you. You'll get out. First train in the morning."

Wint moved sharply.

"Why, Milt," he said, "don't be a fool—you wouldn't let a woman—why, I can square things with her. Other men— Why, business is one thing; women are another. We've got a plan to carry out——"

"I've got no plan with you."

"But the purifier——"

"On the first train in the morning," the doctor answered.

He scarcely heard Wint's quick curse—the violence with which he flung into the house. He stood looking up at the opaque sky.

"Mebbe it'll rain to-morrow. Hope so. Dog-tired. *Dead* tired," he corrected.

Yet in spite of it he did not go in to bed. He walked slowly back and forth under the elm, occasionally aware of the square of light up-stairs in Wint's window.

"Packing," he thought. "Well—good riddance to bad rubbish—if 'tis my brother. So I'll stay poor," he added presently, "poor as ever was—Job's turkey. Not that I intended to really do it."

HIS shuffling step moved with precision on the little path. Kaleidoscopic pictures formed before him—a jumble of recollections. Wint and his easy manners—his smiling superiority. A sense of comfort, of peace swelled into the doctor's heart.

"Better 'n he is," he reflected. "And more successful, too. He who laughs last laughs best. I'm not sorry for this visit. Always had the better of me—but now I know. Why, I've even got to take care of his folks—best I can."

A newly reenforced sense of self-respect, of superiority filled him. After a little, passing the green rocker, he sat down and suddenly dozed. He slept for a little time. When he opened his eyes, the air held the thick murk preceding dawn. His clothing was drenched with dew. Then he realized a single prick of light was coming out of the dining-room window—a slanting, thin line from the direction of his office.

He entered the house noiselessly and came into the hall. The door of the little office stood ajar. A single candle burned on a table, and before his violated, rifled desk Wint was bending in his traveling-clothes. Books and papers were thrown around in wild confusion as Wint, glancing through them, discarded them.

"So," said Dr. Milt, "you thought you'd get it that way—stealing."

Wint flashed about.

"Darn you," he said, "it's mine as much as yours."

"Go right on—'findings keepings.'"

"Old saw—'old page out of an almanac.'" Wint sneered. He had been drinking.

"Now, that's funny, too," said Dr. Milt; "you're always saying that."

He reached up and took a little brown book from the wall.

"Here," he said, "is an almanac—the real thing. Been hanging here for years. Tells about the weather - signs—and when to plant your peas—and how to cure spavin and ringbone—but it's got other things."

He tore out a leaf suddenly and thrust it into the candle-flame. Too late Wint saw the thing pasted there—the half-sheet of yellowed foolscap with bleached script on it. The flame turned it into a black-winged butterfly.

"That was the purifier recipe," Milt said quietly.

Wint whirled at him, striking down the burning candle. Even as they clinched vague tags of thought sprang into the doctor's mind—my brother —two old men—man fifty years—my arteries—Sophy Haston—old scores. They swayed together—locked in an implacable and furious embrace.

"I'm the strongest," the doctor thought —"best man—well, if I *am*—best man—" He summoned all his powers and threw Wint from him. He heard the thud of Wint's falling body, then with shaking hands found matches and lit the office lamp. Wint was lying still, and Dr. Milt brought a basin of water and splashed his face. Presently Wint's eyelids moved.

"There now—you're not killed," Dr. Milt said; "better pull up and change your clothes. You've got a train to make—" He felt no rancor, no anger for Wint—physical contact had wiped that out. Only an inordinate sense of power filled him.

IN THE MORNING Dr. Milt, his breakfast finished, loitered on his grass-plot before the house. An old woman came along and spoke to him.

"Mornin', Doctor—why, Doctor, how'd you get such a dreadful black eye?"

"Stuck few apple bits up me nose when I cut the breakfast kindling."

She extended a bottle. "For brother Ben. Another fill o' that brown purifier."

Dr. Milt brought it out for her. "But that's the last, Sarah," he said; "you tell Ben I'm not making it any more. We'll have to find him something else. This is—too alcoholic," he spoke defiantly.

"That so, Doctor! Well, now I s'pose you're busy. I heard tell your brother Winthrop's visiting you."

"Was visiting," the doctor corrected; "just a little visit back home. He left on business this morning."

"Well, now, they do say Wint Shandy was always a smart man."

"Nobody'll ever know the full extent of Wint's smartness—nobody but me," the doctor smiled. A little, cheerful whistle attached itself to his lips. Hung there until he saw Florida Powers coming down the street, when it abruptly died. But he called, lightly enough.

"Morning, Florida—I'm an old bach' today and you must come in to see me. Brother left this morning."

It took her suddenly aback, so that she wavered, stopped, a fleeting shadow in her eyes. But it passed immediately.

"Well, that *was* sudden, Doctor, that *was* sudden. I saw him last night and he didn't say—but there, I can bring you company soon. I had a letter from Rob yesterday. He's bringing two friends home to-morrow—that'll make three young men all at once in this little town," she laughed with naive confidence.

"'Youth calls to youth,'" the doctor smiled., indulging his inveterate habit; "well, you'll have a good time."

He was having a good time himself—his own content, his sense of self-respect was expanding, spreading. Also, it was cooler to-day. Out of his great content it was clear that there were many compensations.

"It's going to be *decent* weather now," he reflected, "and there's still liver-pills and hens with eggs at seventy cents a dozen. Liver-pills and hens. I can manage, Wint."

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JUSTICE AT LAST FOR THE NAMELESS CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

into private homes, or boarded out under the supervision of competent and conscientious authority, were faring well. Those in institutions fared not so well. Anemic and under weight, they had not developed mentally, and were often lacking morally. Thousands, because their mothers took them from the hospitals, were lost count of. Furthermore, two-thirds of the mothers were between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

With these general statistics, the committees set about to establish causes. Out of the crucible of horror they drew three very good reasons why these children so seldom survived the first critical months, or, surviving, failed to attain their normal growth.

The first, a distinctly social one, was attributed to the mothers. Fearing a future of scorn, they tried to hide their condition from the world—an easy accomplishment when the law did not hold them responsible for their children.

The second was the fault of the State. While in every city there were private agencies which looked after unmarried mothers during the prenatal period, cared for them in childbirth, persuaded the mothers to remain with their children when feasible, and helped them to find work, few indeed were the municipalities where the children were properly protected. If abandoned, they were placed in institutions, there to remain until they were fourteen. Institutions at best are machines and little else. Generally they are run on meager budgets—for orphans have no votes and they influence none. Meager budgets imply meager provision. And every mother who has ever been blessed with a warm, cuddly baby at her breast knows that babies, to thrive, must have generous provision and a lot of love. Institutions can not give these.

The third—also to be laid at the door of the State—is the lack of complete registration laws. For unless the names of the parents and the status of the child are known, there is no ground upon which authority can stand.

THESE causes established, the committees from Cleveland, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Boston, Washington, New York, Chicago, and Baltimore met in an Intercity Conference where definite remedies were discussed. Before any headway could be made new laws must be made and old ones changed. Otherwise the child's life from the beginning was doomed to frustration. Therefore, the first necessary reform was the passage of comprehensive registration laws insisting that the names of both parents be given on the birth-certificate, together with the statement of whether or not the parents were married.

Next, the responsibility for the child must be made to devolve upon both parents equally; the mothers must remain with their children for at least six months after birth; the father must support the mother and child during this period. As soon as possible the little ones must be taken from institutions and boarded out in comfortable homes under careful State or municipal control and supervision. Under such conditions only shall it be possible for them to receive the best of medical and social care.

In addition it was planned to bring about in time a paternalism which should not end until every nameless child should be schooled in a vocation so that he—or she—could be self-sustaining at maturity.

An ambitious program is this. But its magnitude has been slight before the splendid perseverance of those who framed it. During the last five years a number of States, including Oregon, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Indiana, Maryland, and South Carolina, have passed laws requiring the registration of all births, stating as to whether or not the parents are married, and insisting that the mother of the nameless child shall remain with it through the nursing period and shall be under the supervision of the State. In Oregon, Massachusetts, Minnesota, and Indiana the father, if his paternity can be established, must contribute to the support of such a child, and his failure to do so places him in the same category as the father who does not support his children born in wedlock.

In twenty States all lying-in homes, hospitals, and baby-farms are under State jurisdiction, must give immediate notice of all births, and must submit to a thorough investigation of their institutions when demanded by the authorities. In New York, Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Milwaukee the municipal bureaus, working under the auspices of the Federal Children's Bureau, perform a high service for the fatherless babies ones, trying, in so far as they are able within the law, to guide them to a better destiny.

EVERY unmarried mother who bears a child in a hospital or private institution receives prenatal and maternity care and is prevailed upon to remain with her child through the nursing period. If the first ecstasy of mother-love becomes a permanent impulse, they are aided to keep their babies. Work is found for them and, where it is not possible for them to have their babies with them all of the time, good homes, duly supervised, where the mothers may visit their babies, are found for them. If the mothers are neither capable nor willing, then the little ones are either placed in adoption and assured a lasting happiness or they are placed in well-ordered homes under a responsible guardianship, where they may receive the personal care which is their true sustenance.

In less than five years the national mortality among these children has dropped from a ratio of two out of every three to one in less than four. Whereas it was formerly approximated that twenty-five per cent. of them filtrated into the juvenile courts, some time or other, the percentage to-day has fallen below fifteen per cent.

The good work is still going forward. But several members of the Intercity Conference declared to me that their efforts have reached an impasse—the discrepancy between the provisions of the law and true justice. Until every State in the Union falls in line with North Dakota and passes a law restoring full legal rights to the child and bestowing larger powers upon those working for its good, all efforts in its behalf can bear only a partial harvest.

THIS law, patterned after that of Norway—where, by the way, the mortality of such children is less than one in every ten—decrees that every child is the "legitimate offspring of its natural parents," and as such is entitled to the same support and education as if born in wedlock, inheriting in equal shares from the estates of parents and kindred. Further provision is made in the way of State support and education if the parents disappear or are too poor to fulfil their obligations.

The father, under severe penalty, can not shirk his culpability. As soon as the birth of a child by an unmarried mother is registered—and the certificate must mention the names of both parents—the father is summoned to court. If he denies his paternity, witnesses for both sides are heard and the case is decided by a jury. "His paternity proved, he is given one of two alternatives—either he must pay a permanent amount, not less than three thousand dollars, or he must pay an annual amount to be determined by the court according to his annual income.

In this State all children, whether of married or unmarried parents, come under the provisions of the Mothers' Pension Law and the Workmen's Compensation Act, an enactment compelling all industries to compensate the families of employees who are killed or injured while in the performance of their duties. The Minnesota and Oregon laws are modeled closely after that of North Dakota, with the exception that they do not legitimatize these children. In these three States they are the wards of their respective cities until they are eighteen, whether they remain with their mothers or not, whether they are adopted, or whether they are placed in homes. If the fathers can not be located, the State provides for them, looks after their welfare and education, and their guardianship is not at an end until each child has been provided in a vocation and employment at a living wage found for him,—or her.

IN SO short a time as five years, certainly the improvement is encouraging. But the task ahead is tremendous. There are still seventeen States where birth-registration is not compulsory. There are five States where it is against the law to mention on the birth-certificate whether or not the parents are married. In two States the name of the father of the child born out of wedlock must not be mentioned. In thirty-eight States the Workmen's Compensation Act applies only to children born in wedlock. In twenty-two States the mothers' pension is forbidden the unmarried mother. In only eight States does the nameless child inherit with its sisters and brothers born in wedlock. Should all of these States be brought into the circle of justice, it would not be complete without the one outstanding hope for a full future for this injured child—and that is the humanizing of the institution.

I talked with members of the Intercity Conference for the Care of the Illegitimate Child, and without one exception they emphasized the fact that until the institution could be abolished, except as it might act as a clearing-house until good homes could be found for them, the millennium of justice for these loveless children could not be attained.

It seems fair enough, doesn't it? And one might think that public opinions could easily be brought to a focus upon it. But there are still those who are blind to the cruelty of stigmatizing the innocent victims of their parents' bewilderment. Just the other day a woman, a mother herself, and one who is interested in many phases of welfare, said to me, "They are better off dead. Most of them are diseased—and those who are not have deficient heredities."

The response to such heartless ignorance is the long list of splendid men and women who have stood high in the halls of the great and whose parents were not married. There is something with far greater power than heredity—and that is environment of personal interest and understanding love. All of those qualified to speak insist, over and over again, that what every baby needs, what every baby has a right to, just because it is a baby, irrespective of whether

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JUSTICE AT LAST FOR THE NAMELESS CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

it be born in a hovel or a palace, whether into riches or poverty, into honor or shame, is mother-love—something babies can not and do not get in institutions. One has only to go through a few of them to contrast the rosy, robust, lively youngsters in the smaller homes, where there is time for personal care, with the pale, listless mites in the larger public ones, where there is no time for anything but general care, and to realize that what counts just as much as food and warmth is the little bit of love which the child spirit unconsciously but insistently demands.

AND there is scientific proof of this. A few years ago the Russell Sage Foundation in New York City, acting by advice of the Federal Children's Bureau, co-operated with a public foundling-asylum in some research work. One hundred babies were taken from this home and placed in private families. The foundation paid the women who took charge of them ten dollars a month, and the city paid them the ten dollars which is the State's quota for the care of all public infant charges. These homes were visited frequently by workers from the foundation. The children were inspected by physicians at certain intervals.

In a little over a year the mortality among them dropped forty-eight per cent, below that of babies born at the same time and kept in institutions.

In an asylum in St. Louis, some time ago, the doctor, who was working with the Municipal Bureau of Child Welfare, was discouraged by the number of babies who died before they were six months old and from no particular ailment. They just seemed to fade out of existence. He consulted physicians in charge of the privately endowed institutions and found that the only difference between the institution over which he presided and these other homes where the mortality-rate was fifty per cent. less, was that of personal attention.

In the smaller homes the nurses had time to take special interest in the babies. They bore a real affection for them, and in their spare moments took the babies in their arms and played with them. And so this doctor had a large room at the end of a long corridor from the nursery in his asylum cleared of its furniture. Tables were moved in. When the babies needed attention the nurses were instructed to carry them to the end of the corridor of that room, give them the attention they required, and to carry them back again to the nursery. Certain nurses, who loved babies, were detailed to hold them for a while in their arms each day. This doctor said it did his heart good to see the way those little heads snuggled into the arms of the nurses.

At the end of six months the mortality-rate declined twenty per cent., and he saw no reason for it but the extra bit of mothering.

A MATRON in a large foundling-asylum gave me a beautiful illustration of what love can do for even the feeblest child. A young couple who were unable to have children of their own applied to adopt a baby. When investigation proved that they would be responsible parents they were sent for by the Adoption Board of the institution. The day they were to arrive the most promising babies were dressed in their Sunday best and brought forth, all in a row, for inspection. The young couple looked the field over and then asked if there were no other babies available. They were told that there were over a hundred others, but that they were not so pretty. The wife said, "We would like to see them, if we may."

Through ward-after ward they were led, making no choice. And at last they came to a poor, wizened little boy of six months, who lay there too weak to do anything much but breathe and whine a little. They stopped in front of his bed, and the matron exclaimed, "Oh, nobody wants him. He's not got anything the matter with him, but he's just wasting away. Besides, he's not pretty."

The wife and husband whispered together and then the former spoke. "If nobody wants him we'd like to take him. We don't think he's ugly. We don't think he's hopeless. All he needs is love. We can give him that."

The matron and the Adoption Committee tried to reason them out of their desire. But they were determined, and in due course of time they took the baby. Nothing was heard of them for over a year, and then one day they returned to show off their baby. He was a bouncing buster, fat, rosy, big-eyed, and bright as a new dime. He had been walking for over three months. He was full of a baby's little tricks. He talked more than the majority of babies his age. "It was love he needed," they reminded the matron. "And it was the only love he did need," the matron said to me. "And it's love I would like to give them all. But Lordy me! Where would *I* get the time—or the nurses either?"

The laurel for real understanding and charity toward the child of the unmarried mother—and to the mother, too—should be laid upon the brow of the Jewish charities, whose system, generously contributed to and sympathetically administered, is perfect in so far as the laws permit. In most cities there is no way by which they can keep count of all unmarried mothers of their race, or trace up the activities and the fate of the child, because of lax registration and welfare laws. But every mother and child who comes to their notice may retrieve their lost happiness.

The Free Synagogue Child Adoption Committee of New York City has a perfect score for the nameless babies under its wing. A home is maintained in Roslyn, Long Island, where the babies of mothers who can not or will not resume their responsibility are nurtured until they can be adopted into well-to-do homes. Lately it has been necessary to establish a second unit at White Plains. And it is a tribute to the intrinsic understanding of the race that not one of these babies goes homeless. It is not a case of nobody wanting them, but of everybody clamoring for them. In the last four years two hundred and fifty babies have been legally adopted, and there is a waiting-list of anxious and eager foster-parents pleading for their turn to shelter and rear in gentleness these little children of loveless beginnings.

IN a beautiful spot on Staten Island, the Lakeview Home is a serene haven for the unmarried mother about to bear her unwanted child. It is just what it claims to be—a home—not an institution. I went there one day not long ago, and no sooner had I entered the nursery than I knew that here, at least, there was not one unwanted child. Here were twenty-eight thriving baby girls and baby boys, between the ages of three weeks and fourteen months, rollicking, rosy, robust, bright little cherubs, not one of them with a thing the matter with them—just regular, normal, healthy, happy babies. Only one baby out of about a hundred and fifty died there in the last year and a half. The largest mortality-rate it has ever known was four out of about one hundred and thirty babies, in the year 1918.

I will tell you why this is. In the first place, there is plenty of money with which to run it, for while it receives support from the city and from the Federated Jewish Charities, it receives generous gifts from wealthy Jewish women with understanding hearts. In the second place, the mothers are treated not as pariahs, or outcasts, but as unfortunate and foolish girls, impulsive and uncontrolled, who have the right to redemption. Instead of reproach, they receive encouragement toward a finer future. They are taught a sense of responsibility toward their children. They receive the very best prenatal care, and are given time to recuperate after their babies arrive. They learn to prepare the layettes for their little ones. They are given lessons in baby-care, and, by gentle suggestion, rather than by obvious persuasion, they come to realize that the little life which has been put into their care is a precious gift. These girls—the greater number of them—remain at the home for a year until their babies may get a good head-start on the road of life. During that year the mothers are taught a vocation whereby they may earn enough money to care for their little ones.

A committee from among the directors attends to placing the babies in homes where, for a reasonable sum, they are well taken care of, and where the mother can see them when her day is over and during her week-ends. The committee keeps in touch with the mothers, and better and better employment is found for them until they are able, after two or three years, to have their babies with them. Seventy per cent. of these mothers marry men who know about the babies, and are perfectly willing to assume the responsibility of fathering them. The twenty per cent. whose mothers do not keep them are adopted into very good homes under the direction of the Adoption Committee.

BUT let me reiterate: All efforts, no matter how praiseworthy and persevering, are to remain imperfect in achievement unless the law of man is brought into accord with the law of God—the law of overwhelming and infinite love—the love that forgives even until seventy times seven. The stigma of "illegitimacy" must be removed from the pathway of the innocent. To the self-righteous this may appear as a contribution to lawlessness. But it should be borne in mind that the majority of unmarried mothers are adolescents—and adolescence is so hazardous a phase, especially nowadays when the currents of life move so swiftly and so much around and perilous channels. Young people live so much out of the home and their desires leap so far beyond their years that it is no wonder passion sometimes rides by in the guise of love and is gone on its way before their eyes have been opened to its nature.

Above all, it is the child that matters. And mercy for the mother means justice for the child. Let not our self-righteousness deprive him of his diviner birthright—the right to love and, therefore, to live in fruitfulness.

Show your interest by writing to the Federal Children's Bureau, care of the Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., and asking for the facts and figures relating to illegitimacy in this country and for the legislative program which it hopes to put through as the beginning of a better era for the nameless child.

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JEREMY AND HAMLET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

"But he oughtn't to love the kitchen!" Jeremy burst out indignantly. "He isn't a kitchen dog!"

Mrs. Holdsworth had received the last insult. Her face darkened sub-rosa. She, to be reproached, she who had been the only one to show affection to the poor deserted lamb, she who had protected him and fed him and given him warm places in which to sleep. A kitchen dog! And her kitchen the cleanest, shiniest, most bescoured kitchen in Polchester!

She had, however, her dignity.

"That's as may be, Master Jeremy," she said. "But it's natural both in dogs and humans that they should go to them as cares for them best and takes trouble over them." She went on with her pounding, breathing deeply.

Jeremy looked at her. He had hurt her feelings. He was sorry for that. After all she had been kind to the dog—in her own way. She naturally could not understand the point of view that he must take.

"Thank you very much," he said huskily, "for having been so kind to Hamlet all this time. He's goin' to live up-stairs now—but it was very good of you to take so much trouble."

Hamlet was deep in his bone once more. When Jeremy put his hand on his collar he growled. That roused Jeremy's temper. He dragged the dog across the floor; Hamlet pushed out his legs, and behind his hair his eyes glared. The door closed on them both.

UP-STAIRS in his own room he squatted on the floor and drew Hamlet in between his legs. Hamlet would not look at his master. He sulked as only dogs and beautiful women can.

"Hamlet, you must remember. You can't have forgotten *everything* so quickly. You *can't* have forgotten the fun we had last year, out at the farm, and when I rescued you after Mary shut you up, and biting Aunt Amy and everything.

"I know I've been away, and you must have thought I was never coming back, but I couldn't help that. I had to go to school and I couldn't take you with me. And now I'm going to be home for weeks and weeks, and it will be awfully slow if you aren't with me. Nobody seems really excited about my coming back, and Uncle Samuel's away and everything's rotten—so you must stay with me and go out with me for walks and everything."

Hamlet was staring down at the floor through his hair. His paw was scratching his head in exactly the way that he used to do, in the way that no one else had ever done. Three, four, five scratches in the middle, then slowly toward the right ear, then slowly toward the left, then both ears pulled close together, then a piece of hair twisted into a peak, then all smoothed down again and softly stroked into tranquillity. Delicious! His stub quivered with sensuous ecstasy. Then his master's hands smelled as they had always done, hard and rough, so! the skin suddenly soft between the fingers. Very good to lick! His tongue was half out. In another moment he would have rolled over onto his back, his legs stuck stiffly out, his eyes closed, waiting for his belly to be tickled. In another moment! But there was a knock on the door and Mary appeared.

Mary's eyes were red behind her spectacles. She had the sad, resigned indignation of a Cassandra misunderstood.

"Jeremy, aren't you coming down to tea? We're half finished."

He rose to his feet. He knew that he must say something.

"I say, Mary," he stammered, "it was most awfully decent of you to make that poetry up. I did like it."

"Did you really?" she asked, gulping.

"Yes, I did."

"Would you like a copy of it?"

"Most awfully."

"I did make a copy of it. But I thought nobody cared—or wanted to hear——"

Fearful lest she should begin to cry again, he said hurriedly,

"Here's Hamlet. He's always been in the kitchen. He's not going to be any longer."

Hamlet followed him down-stairs, but still with reluctant dignity. The moment of his surrender had been covered, and he did not know that he would now surrender after all. He would see. Meanwhile he smelled food, and where food was he must be.

Tea was in the schoolroom. Miss Jones, the governess, was away on her holiday, and Jeremy saw at once that the worst thing possible had occurred: his Aunt Amy, whom he did not love, was in charge of the tea-table. He had fantastic thoughts when he saw his aunt, thinking of her never as a human being, but as an animal, a bird perhaps. A crow. A vulture. Something hooked and clawed. But to-day she was determined that she would be friendly.

"Sit down, Jeremy, dear. You're very late, but on the first day we'll say nothing about it."

His mother should have been here. Where was his mother?

"Have you washed your hands? Mother has callers— There is blackberry jam and also strawberry. You're welcome home, Jeremy."

He would have neither. He loved blackberry. Still more he loved strawberry. But he would have neither. Because Aunt Amy had asked him. His eye was on Hamlet, who was sulking by the door.

"I do hope, dear, that you're not going to have that dog with you everywhere again. All the time you were away he was in the kitchen. Very happy there, I believe."

Jeremy said nothing.

Aunt Amy, who was, I think, to be applauded for her efforts with a sulky boy, bravely persevered.

"Do tell us, dear, about this last time at school. We are all so eager to know. Was it cricket, or football, dear, and how did your work go?"

He mumbled something, blushing to the eyes as he caught his sister Helen's ironical, supercilious glance.

"I hope your master was pleased with you, dear."

He burst out. "I was whacked twice."

Aunt Amy sighed. "The less about that, dear, the better. We want to know what you did well!"

HOW strange that in the train he had eagerly desired this moment—and now he had nothing to say!

"I don't know," he murmured. "There was a chap called Bates got kinked for stealing."

Aunt Amy sighed again. "Yes, Helen, dear, you can go if you've really finished. Wipe your mouth, Mary."

Hamlet was watching his master. More than ever now were recollections stealing upon him. His master was unhappy, just as he used to be unhappy. He was hating that dark, strange-smelling animal (smelling of soap, the smell that Hamlet most avoided) whom Hamlet also hated.

Yes, everything was returning——

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

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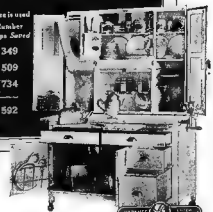

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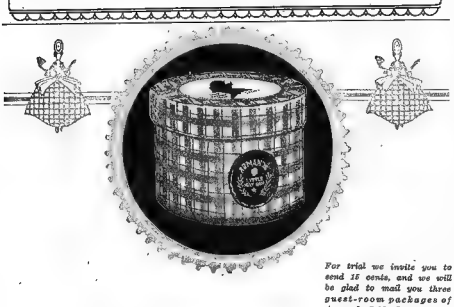

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JEREMY AND HAMLET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

Later on they were down in the drawing-room. Mrs. Cole was reading "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest," the children grouped about her feet. Jeremy, his rough bullet-head against his mother's dress, was almost asleep. He had had a long, exhausting day; he was happy at last seeing the colors fold and unfold before his eyes. That other world that was sometimes so strangely close to him mingled with the world of facts—now he was racing in the wagonette, leaning over and shouting triumphantly against those left behind; now the path changed to a pool of gold, and out of it a bronze tower rose, solemn to heaven, straight and tall against the blue sky, and the windows of the tower opened and music sounded, and his mother's voice came back to him like the sudden rushing of the train, and he saw Mary's spectacles and the flickering fire and Helen's gleaming shoes.

For the moment he had forgotten Hamlet. The dog lay near the door. It opened, and Aunt Amy came in.

At once the dog was through the door, down the stairs and into the kitchen. This was habit. Something had acted in him before he could stop to think. It was natural for him to be in the kitchen at this hour, when it was brilliantly lit, and the cook and the housemaid and the kitchen-maid were having their last drop of tea. Always things for him at this moment, sweet things, fat things, meaty things. He sat there, and they dropped bits into his mouth, murmuring, "poor worm," "little lamb," "sweet pet."

Moldsworth was to-night quite especially affectionate, delighted with his return to her. She patted him, pulled him into her ample lap, folded his head against her yet ampler bosom, confided to the maids what that limb of a boy had dared to say to her—"kitchen fire" indeed. As tho it weren't the finest kitchen in Glebeshire, and who'd looked after the poor animal if she hadn't—and then—and why—but of course.

The maids agreed, sipping the tea from their saucers.

But Hamlet was not happy. He did not care to-night for Mrs. Moldsworth's embraces. He was not happy. He struggled from her lap onto the floor and sat there scratching himself.

WHEN ten struck he was taken to his warm corner near the oven. She curled him up; she bent down and kissed him. The lights were turned out and he was alone. He could not sleep. The loud ticking of the kitchen clock, for so many months a pleasant, sleepy sound, to-night disturbed him.

He was not happy. He got up and wandered about the kitchen, sniffing. He went to the door. It was ajar. He pushed it with his nose. Something was leading him. He remembered now, how well he remembered! Up these dark stairs, under that hissing clock, up these stairs again, along that passage, the moon streaming at him through the window (but of course he did not know that it was the moon). Up more stairs, along this wall, then this door! He pushed with his nose; it moved; he squeezed himself through.

He hesitated, sniffing—then, how familiar this was! A spring, and he was on the bed; a step or two, and he was licking his master's cheek.

A cry! "Hamlet! Oh, Hamlet!" He snuggled under his master's arm, licking the cheek furiously, planting his paw, but with the nails carefully drawn in, on his master's neck. Once more that hand was about his head, the scratch first to the left, then to the right, then the pulling of the ears——

With a sigh of satisfaction he sank into the hollow of his master's body, and in another second was asleep.

THE CASE OF THE RIVAL FAMILIARS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

none to move them, but most evil of all the evils was my knowledge that I was engulfed in hate, submerged and battling against a tide of malignancy which filled the room as compressed air fills the chamber in which workmen tunnel under a river.

I felt a présence behind me, a weight against my shoulders as of some one leaning upon and over me, and I saw a long, lean arm with a great claw at the end of it extend over the table and snatch up the crystal into which Alpin Stone was gazing. At the same instant a damp, cold claw made up of sinewy fingers crushed my throat——

What followed I saw through a film of horror. Alpin Stone uttered a sound that was a bellow. He seized the walking-stick which had been ready to his hand, and, leaping to his feet with incredible agility, reached across the table and over my head with the crook handle of it, and then I was thrown forward by a material, wriggling, struggling, howling weight, as a heavy body was jerked down and over me.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

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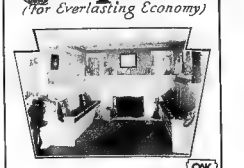

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THE CASE OF THE RIVAL FAMILIARS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

"Grab him—quick!" shouted Alpin Stone, and with the reflex action which is at the root of self-preservation, I wriggled from under the body and pounced upon it.

It was no disembodied spirit with which we struggled, but a man of flesh and blood, who mouthed and cursed and slavered until we fought him into subjection and bound him and left him lying with his face upon the table. Then Alpin Stone drew a long breath, a sigh of satisfaction, as it were.

"Close thing," he said.

"He choked me," said I pointlessly.

"He was about to brain you with the crystal," said Alpin calmly.

MRS. BOLERO crouched in her chair moaning. Alpin Stone touched her shoulder gently. "You are well out of it," he said.

"He's not to blame. It isn't his fault."

"I know," said Alpin, "and we'll see what we can do—if you can explain it.

"That woman—Hildegarde. She hates me. She hates Adeline. It's jealousy. It's not my husband; it's that woman."

"Hildegarde is his control?"

"Yes."

"And Adeline?"

"She is my control. She's sweet and kind—and beautiful. That's why Hildegarde hates her. Hildegarde is bad, wicked. But mostly it is the jealousy.

"Yes?

"It has been growing worse. At first it showed in little things, and then it began to terrify me. If somebody consulted Adeline, Hildegarde went into a rage. She can't bear to see Adeline made-of. And my husband had no control over her. It was the other way. She worked upon him until she possessed him—and compelled him as she wanted to— It has been getting awful and more awful until——"

"Last Thursday night," said Alpin Stone.

"You know?" The woman said it without emotion.

"I know, but I don't understand everything. Why did she kill him?"

"I think," said Mrs. Bolero, "that she was in love with him. He came here often, for a long time back. At first he was my husband's client. He does not live in the city," she said, "but used to come to us and stay in the house for days at a time. We kept a room for him. Once, when my husband was away, he consulted Adeline, and they became friends."

"That was two months ago," she went on, "and he deserted Hildegarde for Adeline. He would have nothing more to do with her. And then things began to happen. Oh, you can't ever know the awfulness of it! She hates Adeline!"

"I know. Go on."

"Last week he came and took the room we have for him, and Thursday he kept an appointment with Adeline. He used to gaze into the crystal as you did to-day."

Alpin Stone nodded.

"Hildegarde came in a rage. She terrified me. It was impossible to calm her. Then something happened. I do not know what, but I fear. It was dark. I heard a blow, and *he* was snatched out of this room. That is the truth. I fainted. *He* was snatched away—and I do not know how, but I am afraid."

"She used your husband, of course," said Alpin Stone in a matter-of-fact way. "What was this man's name?"

"Jason Overbury. He lived—. She named a little town fifty miles distant.

"That's why there has been no identification," Alpin said to me. "He was not expected to return to his home, so was not missed. He was unknown here. Probably came secretly, to consult the occult——"

"But how and why came he to be naked in that bath-tub?" I asked.

Alpin laughed. "That maid—tho the police never could discover the connection. She couldn't discover it herself, poor creature. She's a niece of Bolero's. He had to hide the body. That's a pressing necessity to a murderer, even when he kills at the command of an immaterial lady. Bolero knew the employers of his niece were absent; knew she was at a dance that night. It was a capable plan, and would have succeeded beautifully but for myself. He put the body in the tonneau of a small car he owns and covered it with a robe. It was an easy matter, in the dead of night, to carry it into the house, using the key his niece concealed under the door-mat. It was not a common trait of mind that led Bolero to place the body in the tub, but it was effective—added to the peculiarity of the circumstances. He removed the clothes to make identification more difficult, and for another reason—to mystify. There is a distinct type of mind whose genius is to create mystifications. The clothes were burned in the furnace."

"But why did he take the crystal?"

"To please Hildegarde, said Alpin Stone soberly. "She hated the sight of it. Her rival used it to wean this Jason Overbury away from her—don't you see? If you'll call headquarters I'll sit right here."

I did as he requested, and returned, tho very loath to reenter that room.

"How," said I, "did you connect Bolero with the crime?"

"Because," he said, "he was the only male medium in town who had for his wife another medium."

"I don't follow you," said I.

"Light the lamp so you can see to read," he said. "It was good fortune, mainly. I chanced to have the key. I told you there was no new thing under the sun. This crime has been committed in an almost identical manner before, either actually or in fiction. I searched my index, which, if not complete, is extensive. By running down cross-references I came at last upon an interesting old story, an obscure thing, whose very author is unknown. I made a copy in case you should be interested." He handed me a typewritten sheet. I carried it to the light and read the following:

NOW there lived in the Kingdom of the Isles a wizard of parts who took to his wife a certain sorceress who gazed into the crystal and foretold what events might befall to king, or knight, or lady. And this wizard, hight Gawain of the Black Cavern, and his wife, Renée, had each of them a familiar spirit, maidens, who took shape and appeared before them, and the familiar of Renée was very fair and beautiful, while the familiar of Gawain of the Black Cavern was black and ugly and vilely disposed. And there rode into the Castle of the Black Cavern a certain young knight of prowess, that wished to tamper with magic for furthering his love of a certain lady, and he did consult with Gawain of the Black Cavern, who worked divers spells and incantations, and the young knight went away satisfied. But again he came, and Gawain was absent, but Renée was present, and he made petition to her, and she did give him his way of it and held consultation with *her* familiar, to the end that the familiar of Gawain, her husband, was wroth and filled with bile and a great jealousy, and so commanded Gawain that he slay the young knight, which Gawain did treacherously, striking him down from behind with the gazing-crystal. And then, because he had fear, for that the young knight was of the company of the Round Table, he thought to conceal his villainy, and therefore he removed from the young knight his armor and vestures and every article of clothing, and carried him, sewed up in a sack, to a neighboring castle, wherein the owner was absent upon a quest, and there, in that strange place, did Gawain bestow the young knight naked, and place at his side the gazing-crystal wherewith he had slain him. And but for the wisdom and wizardry of Merlin, the matter had gone without the knowledge of men till this day."

"It's all there," said Alpin Stone. "When I found that plot, I had only to find as well mediums who were man and wife. The supporting details were easy to come by when I found the Bolero——"

And so began my acquaintance with that remarkable man, Alpin Stone, which acquaintance, I am proud to say, has ripened into strong friendship, and has opened to me many strange incidents and adventures, but none of them have so bewildered me and astonished me at the strange motives which urge the frailty of mankind to atrocious acts as this, which I have called "The Case of the Rival Familiars."

THE RAIN

BY JANE GROOME LOVE

It rains.
Across the furrowed field
The stalking crow
Plucks up the sprouting corn;
Sedately marches, row on row,
Then flaps into the dripping woods
To mourn.

It rains.
And o'er his lazy fire
The invalid sits with low
And fretful curses for his pains;
And in his peevish mood
Bewails the wet and gloom.

High in a little turret-room
A lonely heart laments
Beneath the eaves.
The slow, still drops
Strike 'gainst the pane;
The dull, drab day drags on.
The sad heart grieves and grieves,
Shut in with loneliness and rain.

Deep down in coloring woods
It rains.
And all the little bluebells
Lift their thirsty lips.
And every fringy fern sips,
Joyously, the gift of life;
While all along the lanes
Each tiny blade of grass tells,
Rapturously, the blessing.
Lo! it rains.

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'Tis her right to be proud of her exquisite complexion! And she keeps it so by using regularly a pure toilet soap. Her favorite Larkin Toilet Soap has taught her that "Purity First," the watchword of the great Larkin laboratories, safeguards the most delicate skin.

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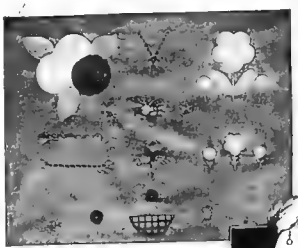
Dainty Embroidery as the Decoration for Summer Frocks



No. 12564—Charming motifs for embroidery or appliqué

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12564, blue or yellow, 30 cents, (1/6), supplies 15 different motifs illustrated and 6 duplicates of each. The apple and leaf, and the flower motifs are suitable for appliqué.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12615, blue or yellow, 40 cents, (2/-), supplies 3 yards of 4-inch beading or embroidery border, also 2 yoke sections. To braid 1 yard of border requires 12 yards of braid, to braid the square yoke motif 5 yards are needed, and for the round yoke 5¼ yards. Illustrated at the right on Pictorial Review Dress 9763, 35 cents, (1/6), sizes 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12569, blue or yellow, 35 cents, (1/6), supplies 14 effective grape motifs, 7 of the smaller one, 5¾ by 6 inches and 7 of the larger, 8 by 9 inches. They may be worked in flat satin stitch, dashes in darning stitch. This is illustrated at the right on the costume with Pictorial Review Blouse 9779, 35 cents, (1/6), sizes 34 to 44 bust, and Pictorial Review Skirt 9777, 35 cents, (1/6), sizes 24 to 30 waist.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12352, blue or yellow, 30 cents, (1/6), supplies 3¼ yards of border 2¾ inches wide and 4 transfers of each of the motifs shown, 6 inches square, 4 inches square and a pointed one 2¾ by 7 inches. Darning stitch and French knots may be used effectively for this design.

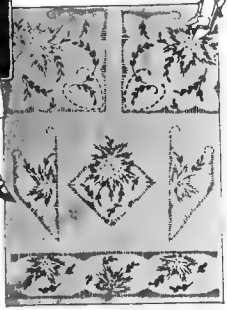
No. 12569—Illustrated on costume of Blouse 9779 and Skirt 9777 above.

No. 12571—A variety of stitches find place here.

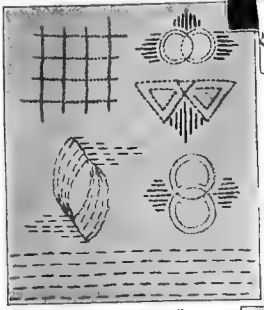
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12571, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies 2 large and 24 small embroidery motifs in flower design. A charming use of these motifs is illustrated at the lower left on Pictorial Review Dress 9778, 35 cents, (1/6), sizes 14 to 20 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12638, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), illustrated at the right center below, supplies 6 yards of border 2¾ inch deep; and 9 motifs. The tiny spray at the center of each scallop is worked in satin stitch, and the scallop outlines covered with fine feather-stitching worked with No. 50 cotton and a No. 12 needle.

No. 12615—Novel border and yoke design attractively applied as illustrated to the one-piece Dress 9763.



No. 12352—Smart darning stitch motifs and border.



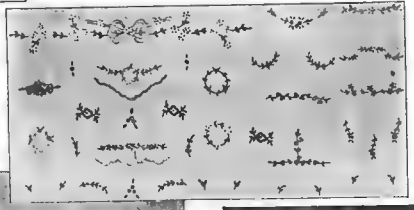
No. 12511—A collection of unique motifs.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12511, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies 5 motifs and 7 duplicates of each, also 2½ yards of 2-inch darning stitch border.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12635, blue or yellow, 20 cents, (1/-), supplies 60 small dainty motifs suitable for lingerie or baby clothes.

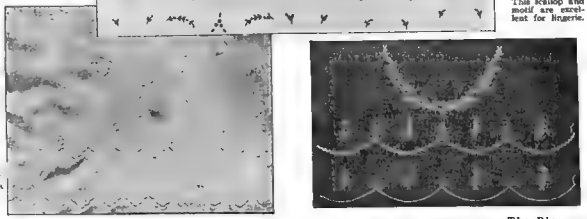
No. 12623—Pretty motifs for trimming children's frocks.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12623, blue or yellow, 25 cents, (1/3), supplies 3 yards each of two ⅛-inch borders and 6 different motifs with reverses of two of them and 6 duplicates of each, making 48 motifs in all. These designs lend themselves prettily to beading, French knots, and embroidery.



No. 12635—The daintiest of designs to adorn sheer materials.

No. 12371 applied to Dress 9778. Description at upper right.

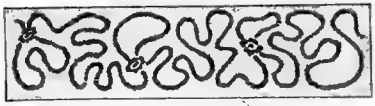


No. 12637—Border and Motifs for Raised Satin Stitch.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12637, blue or yellow, 30 cents, (1/6), supplies 6 yards of scalloped border and 45 single motifs. The border is 1¾ inch deep.

No. 12638—This scallop and motif are excellent for lingerie.

No. 12667 as applied to Dress 9780, above.



No. 12667—This distinctive border worked in single stitch embroidery or darning stitch is illustrated effectively at the right on Dress 9780.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12667, blue or yellow, 40 cents, (2/-), supplies 9 yards of 5-inch border. It is shown modishly applied to Pictorial Review Dress 9780, 35 cents, (1/6), sizes 34 to 46 bust.

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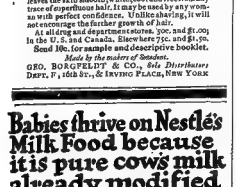

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Two new Spring yarns ready—send for new sample card *free*

SICILIAN FLOSS—new silk and worsted yarn for light weight sweaters. ICELAND—a fine worsted yarn for the sheerest summer sweaters. Both these fashionable yarns come in all the smartest colors—cornflower, cactus, geranium, and many others. Nowhere else can you buy such fine quality yarns at such low prices.

Make this sweater for $1.19

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Sicilian—17c " "

This sweater in any of the fashionable shades of the lovely new Sicilian Floss costs you only $1.19. Everyone will admire it. Send for free directions for knitting this sweater, and new sample card free.

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

where the lights were already twinkling, if Dinkydunk, like myself, sat waiting for something which failed to manifest itself. If he too had held back before the promise of some decisive word which I was without the power to utter. For we were only half warm, the two of us, toying with the ghosts of the dead past and childishly afraid of the future.

There was, mercifully, very little time left for us before the train came in. We kept our masks on, and talked only of every-day things, about the receipt for the ranch taxes and what steers Whinnie should "finish" and the new granary roof and the fire-lines about the haystacks. Without quite knowing it, when the train pulled in, I put my arm through my husband's—and for the second time that evening he turned sharply and inspected my face. I felt as tho I wanted to hold him back, to hold him back from something unescapable but tragically momentous. I think he felt sorry for me. At any rate, after he had swung his suitcase up on the car-platform, he turned and kissed me good-by. But it was the sort of kiss one gets at funerals. It left me standing there watching the tail-lights blink off down the track, as desolate as tho I had been left alone on the deadest promontory of the deadest planet lost in space. I stood there until the lights were gone. I stood there until the platform was empty again and my car was the only car left along the hard-packed cinders. So I climbed into the driving-seat, and pulled on my gauntlets and headed for home.

BACK at *Casa Grande* I found Dinkie and Whinnie beside the bunk-house stove, struggling companionably through the opening chapters of "Treasure Island." My boy smiled up at me for a moment, but his mind, I could see, was intent on the page along which Whinnie's stubbed finger was crawling like a blue-bottle beetle each furrow of text. He was in the South Pacific, a thousand miles away from me. In my own house Struthers was putting a petulant-voiced Poppsy to bed, and Gershom, up in his room, was making extraordinary smells at his chemistry experiments. Susie I found curled comfortably up in front of the fire, idling over my first volume of "Jean Christophe."

She read three sentences aloud as I sat down beside her. "How happy he is! He is made to be happy! Life will soon see to it that he is brought to reason."

She seemed to expect some comment from me, but I found myself with nothing to say. In fact, we both sat there for a long time, staring in silence at the fire.

"Why do you live with a man you don't love?" she suddenly asked out of the utter stillness.

It startled me, that question. It also embarrassed me, for I could feel my color mount as Susie's lapis lazuli eyes rested on my face.

"What makes you think I don't love him?" I countered, reminding myself that Susie, after all, was still in her teens.

"It's not a matter of thinking," was Susie's quiet retort. "I *know* you don't."

"Then I wish I could be equally certain," I said with a defensive stiffening of the lines of dignity. But Susie smiled rather wearily at my forlorn little parade of *hauteur*. Then she looked at the fire.

"What would you do about it?" I guardedly inquired.

Susie's face took on one of its intent looks. She was only in her teens, but life, after all, hadn't dealt overlightly with her.

"*Live!*" said Susie with quite unlooked-for emphasis. "*Live*—whatever it costs!"

"Wouldn't you regard this as living?" I asked, after a moment of thought.

"Not as you ought to be," averred Susie. "Why not?" I parried.

Susie sighed. She began to see that it was beyond argument, I suppose. Then she too had her period of silence.

"But what are you getting out of it?" she finally demanded. "What is going to happen? What *ever has* happened?"

"To whom?" I asked, resenting the unconscious cruelty of her questioning.

"To you, Mrs. Struthers," said the hard-glazed young hedonist confronting me.

"Are you flattering me with the inference that I was cut out for better things?" I interrogated as my gaze met Susie's. It was her turn to color up a bit. Then she sighed again, and shook her head.

"I don't suppose it's doing either of us one earthly bit of good," she said with a listless, small smile of atonement. "And I'm sorry."

So we let the skeletons stalk away from our pleasant fireside and secrete themselves in their customary closets of silence.

But I've been thinking a good deal about that question of Susie's. What *has* happened to me out here on the prairie? What has indeed come into my life?

I married young and put a stop to those romantic adventurings which enrich the lives of most girls and enlighten the days of many women. I married a man and lived with him in a prairie shack, and sewed and, baked for him, and built a new home and lost it, and began over again. I had children, and saw one of them die, and felt my girlhood slip away, and sold butter and eggs, and loved the man of my choice and cleaved to him and planned for my children, until I saw the man of my choice love an-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

KROEHLER Daven-O

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The Invisible Bed Room

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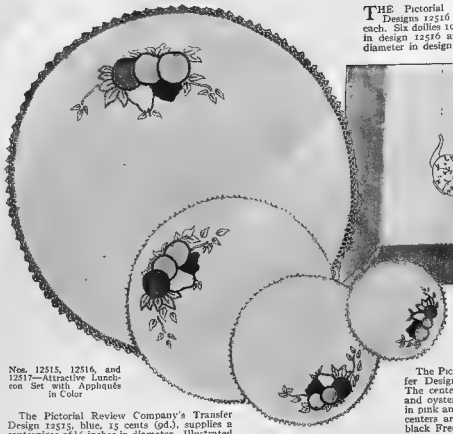
These Linens Are Sure to Add Charm to the House Beautiful

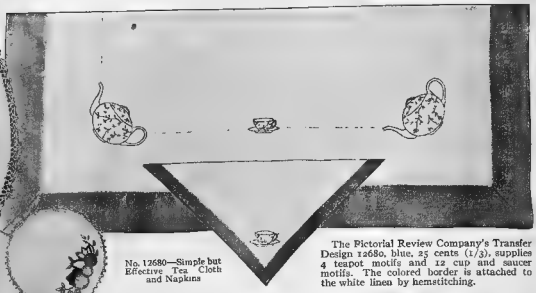
THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Designs 12516 and 12517, blue, 20 cents (1/-), each. Six doilies 10 inches in diameter are supplied in design 12516 and 6 doilies 5 and 7 inches in diameter in design 12517.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12564, blue or yellow, 30 cents (1/6), supplies 15 different motifs with 6 duplicates of each. One of the motifs, in basket design, is illustrated below on a tea napkin.



Nos. 12515, 12516, and 12517—Attractive Luncheon Set with Appliqués in Color

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12515, blue, 15 cents (9d.), supplies a centerpiece 16½ inches in diameter. Illustrated with doilies Nos. 12516 and 12517.

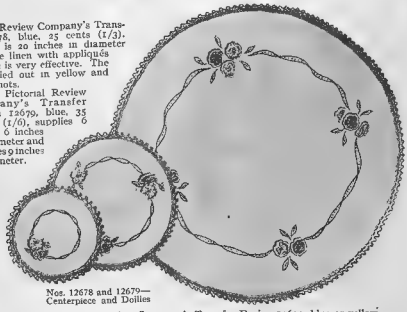


No. 12680—Simple but Effective Tea Cloth and Napkins

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12680, blue, 25 cents (1/3), supplies 4 teapot motifs and 12 cup and saucer motifs. The colored border is attached to the white linen by hemstitching.

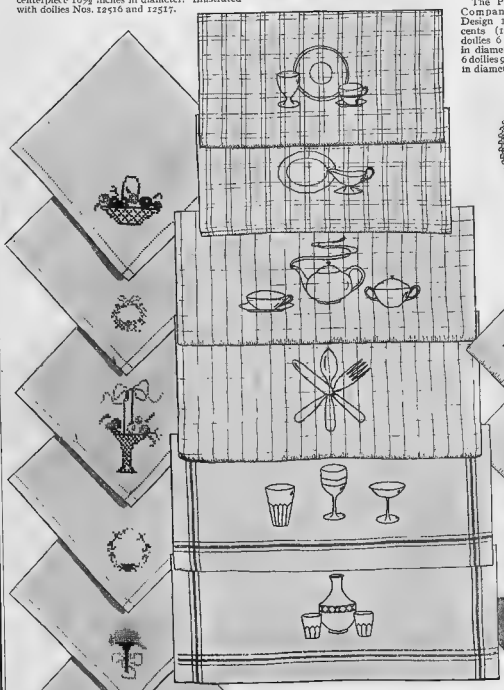
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12678, blue, 25 cents (1/3). The centerpiece is 20 inches in diameter and oyster white linen with appliqués in pink and blue is very effective. The centers are carried out in yellow and black French knots.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12679, blue, 35 cents (1/6), supplies 6 doilies 6 inches in diameter and 6 doilies 9 inches in diameter.



Nos. 12678 and 12679—Centerpiece and Doilies

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12630, blue or yellow, 30 cents (1/6), supplies 21 motifs suitable for appliqué, four of which are illustrated below on tea napkins.



No. 12677 Motifs for Marking Kitchen Towels

Nos. 12564 and 12630—Decorative Appliqué Motifs Suitable for Tea Napkins

Nos. 12224 and 12225—Tea Cloth and Napkins

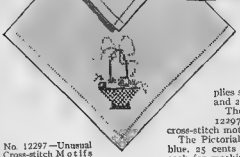
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12224, blue, 30 cents (1/6). The edge of the centerpiece, which is 36 inches square, is buttonhole stitched.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12225, blue, 20 cents (1/-), supplies scalloped edging for 6 napkins 15 inches square and 24 cross-stitch motifs.

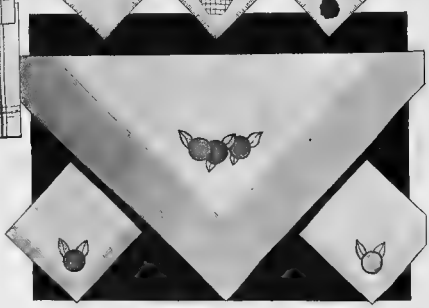
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12297, blue, 20 cents (1/-), supplies 4 each of 12 cross-stitch motifs. Six of the motifs are illustrated here.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12677, blue, 25 cents (1/3), supplies 7 designs with a duplicate of each for marking kitchen towels.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12629, blue or yellow, 30 cents (1/6), supplies 3 each of 8 designs.



No. 12297—Unusual Cross-stitch Motifs Trim these Tea Napkins



No. 12629—Effective Tea Cloth with Napkins to Match Trimmed with Appliqué

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The *Charm* of Lemonade

LEMONADE for years has been the favored drink of millions, because of the flavor and healthfulness of lemon juice.

In modern times it has taken on new value and new charm, due to vitamine efficiency and the gentle stimulation it affords.

Lemonade lends character to entertainment. To prepare it for your guests shows thoughtfulness and unmistakable good taste.

There's real refreshment in it. It's a distinctly different drink.

Lemons and oranges, although known as "acid fruits," have an alkaline reaction when taken into the system and are, therefore, valuable in offsetting excess acidity due to acid-producing foods.

Free—
New Day Drinks

A FREE book by Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, called "New-Day Drinks," will be sent to any woman who requests it.

It suggests a variety of beverages—fizzes, cocktails, punches, cups, lemonades of different flavors, etc.—giving tested recipes for each. Simply send a post card for a free copy.

The Garnish

A delightful and *economical* custom

By Alice Bradley
Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston

I AM often asked, "Why use a lemon garnish?" and this is my reply:

Garnishing isn't merely fanciful decoration as many believed for years.

It makes foods look well, but in that added attraction alone there is indirect but definite dietetic worth. For appetizing appearance is the first step toward the proper digestion of the food. And digestion is something with which all good cooks should concern themselves.

Next, the natural salts and acids of lemon juice are additional *direct* digestive aids. The juice from a lemon garnish is Nature's sauce, and can be used as vinegar.

So in this "decoration" there is neither fad nor extravagance, but real economic value.

There are other reasons, too. With fish and meats lemon juice acts as an offset to the acidity often caused by these good foods, having as it does, an *alkaline reaction* in the blood.

Lemons and oranges, although known as "acid fruits," have an alkaline reaction after digestion when taken into the system and are therefore valuable in offsetting excess acidity due to acid-producing foods, such as bread and meats.

Lemon juice also provides vitamines, the newly discovered accessory food factors which are now deemed vital to good health, and which all scientists recognize.

So here are *four* reasons, if you need that many, for lemons as a garnish.

I use lemon juice in place of vinegar in many salad dressings as it imparts an especially delicious flavor.

In fact when you know lemons as I know them I expect that you'll use twice as many as you do at present.

Alice Bradley

Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery.

Lemon juice adds an appetizing zest to fish, meat and vegetables.

CALIFORNIA
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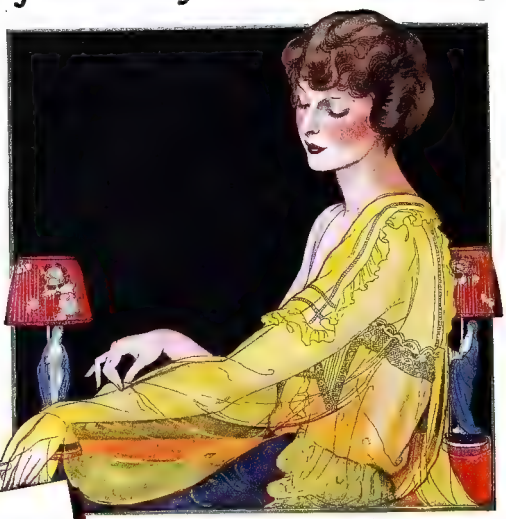
Great silk manufacturer makes tests and finds safest way to wash silks

TODAY silk is used almost as much as cotton in making women's washable garments. Silk blouses and silk stockings every woman owns —usually many of her underclothes are of silk as well.

Silk can so easily be ruined in the very first laundering that the safe way to wash it is a real problem to the manufacturer as well as the wearer.

William Skinner & Sons, the largest satin manufacturers in the country, felt it was so important to solve this laundering problem, that they had thorough tests made to work out the safest way to wash silks.

Read the letter from William Skinner & Sons. It tells you many interesting things these tests showed about washing silks, and why, as a result of them, they unqualifiedly recommend Lux.



William Skinner & Sons

ESTABLISHED 1848

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had samples of our various wash silks laundered in Lux — Peau de Cygnes, Charmeuse, all silk satins, etc. Each sample was given the number of washings the average silk garment gets in a year.

We found that at the end of the washings none of the silks had stiffened and in no instance did the delicate threads fray or rough up. We noticed particularly that the Peau de Cygnes did not "pull" or become wiry as frequently happens after washing, and that the satins retained their suppleness.

All the silks showed so few signs of wear that it was hard to believe they had been washed so often. This we think is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is not only unnecessary to rub with Lux, but that the Lux lather is absolutely mild and pure.

These experiments have definitely proved to us that if water alone won't hurt a silk, Lux can't, and we are glad to give it an unqualified endorsement.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS.

How to launder silks

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in towel or lay flat between Turkish towel, so that the excess moisture will be absorbed. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron— never a hot one. Be careful to press satins with the nap.

For colored things, make suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—*it is free.* Address Dept. C-4, Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

Won't injure anything
pure water alone won't harm

Never wring or twist silk. It gives the fabric a pulled, wavy appearance which is permanent. Water should be squeezed or shaken out. It is well to place a very delicate silk between cloths while squeezing.

Never sprinkle a silk. It will make it look spotty and this appearance can only be overcome by relaundering.

Press silks on the wrong side while they are still damp or place a thin cloth over the right side of the silk and iron. The latter method is often better for very thin silk.

A hot iron should never be used on silk. It will cause the silk to split. It also makes it stiff and papery and will yellow it.

Small silk things, such as stockings or vests, which are washed after almost every wearing, require only light suds. One or two teaspoonfuls of Lux should be enough.

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The Distinctive Daytime Costume Must Be Gracefully Long-Waisted

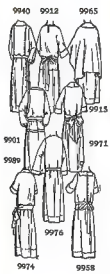
9912—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch satin crêpe for waist—2 yards 36-inch contrasting satin crêpe for skirt and cuffs. Two shades of satin crêpe form a charming combination for this type of dress. Braiding, in design 12668, trims it effectively, using silk soutache.

Dress 9912
Braiding 12668

Cape 9965
Dress 9915

Dress 9940

Dress 9901
Braiding 12319



Dress 9971

Dress 9976

Overblouse 9989
Skirt 9974

Dress 9958

9965—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 36 and 42 bust, and 16 years. Length at center-back 30½ inches. No. 9915—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch moroccan crêpe—2⅝ yards 36-inch dotted silk for lining cape—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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Dress 9942

Dress 9983

Dress 9954

Dress 9955
Embroidery 12669

Dame Fashion Chooses Youthful Lines and Soft Silks for the Afternoon Frock

9942—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch khaki kool—1¾ yard 36-inch plain silk—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Just the thing for Spring wear is this dainty afternoon frock of khaki kool and plain silk. Organdy and dotted swiss would also make a charming combination for a dress of this type. The dress closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and the short sleeves, which are lengthened with deep cuffs, are sewn into the armholes of underbody.

9983—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch check silk—1¾ yard 36-inch taffeta. Blanket-stitching gives a smart finish to this cunning little frock worked in silk floss.

9954—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—¾ yard 36-inch satin. The front of dress is slashed, underfaced, and rolled with the collar. Elastic which is inserted through a casing holds in the fulness at the waist-line.

9955—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out, about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch rose moroccan crêpe—1½ yard 36-inch white moroccan crêpe for the sleeves and collar. Elaborate embroidery, in design 12669, trims the wide flowing sleeves, the collar, and the side-fronts of this frock. The design may be worked with heavy rope silk in flat satin stitch.

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The Mode Sanctions the Low Waist-Line, Floating Panels, and Contrasting Effects

9956—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch check gingham—1⅛ yard 40-inch organdy. Appliquéd fruit, couched down in buttonhole, outline, or blanket stitching, trims the waist and the large patch pocket. The design, 12672, may be cut from plain gingham, linen or chambray.

9941—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 29-inch colored cotton crêpe—1⅛ yard 29-inch white cotton crêpe for vestee and panels—3½ yards ribbon for sash—7⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A deep border of leaf motifs, in design 12673, trims the skirt and may be worked in silk or mercerized cotton floss in satin stitch.

9985—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 40-inch dotted organdy—¾ yard 40-inch plain organdy for collar, cuffs, and sash—1⅛ yard plaited frilling. Many dainty materials could be used in developing this dress, such as dotted swiss, voile, Georgette crêpe, crêpe de Chine, or cotton crêpe.

9949—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1½ yard 40-inch Georgette for sleeve sections and trimming-pieces. The slashed sleeve sections which are gathered to a narrow wrist-band are attached to the kimono sleeves with hemstitching, and picoting adds a dainty finish.

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Embroidery on Blouses and Frocks Distinguishes the Mode

9991—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 29-inch cotton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, vestee, and cuffs—2⅜ yards narrow lace edging—⅝ yard 36-inch blue voile for piping. Leaf motifs, in design 12673, form a deep border on the skirt of this attractive frock. They may be worked in outline stitch with silk or mercerized floss.

Overblouse 9989

Overblouse 9947
Beading 12612

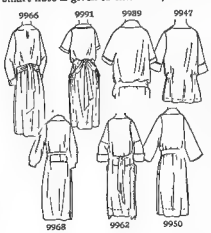
Dress 9966

Dress 9991
Embroidery 12673

9966—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 29-inch cotton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch voile for collar, cuffs, and pocket trimming —⅞ yard ribbon.

9947—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch red satin for piping. Beading, in design 12612, is applied to this overblouse in an allover effect carried out in steel, jet, or colored glass beads. Flat soutache braid could also be used in developing this design.

9968—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅓ yards. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch satin—2 yards 36-inch dotted foulard —⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for collar and binding. A smart note is given to this frock, which combines foulard and satin, by the sleeves which are slashed almost to the top, showing the arms, and are gathered at the wrist to a narrow band. The front edges of the dress are held together with link buttons. The two-piece skirt has inserted box-plaits.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

Dress 9968

Dress 9962
Embroidery 12670

Dress 9950
Embroidery 12509

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Sports Types Are the Accepted Vogue for Daytime Apparel

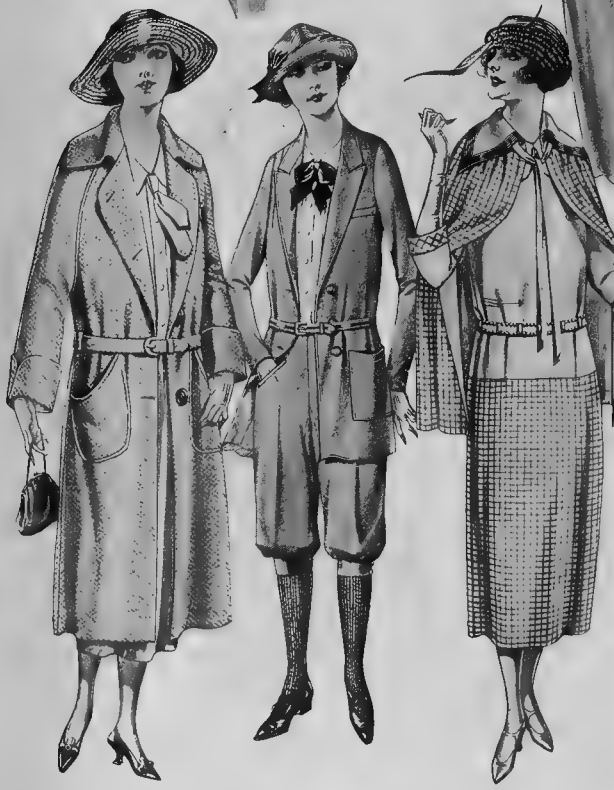
Blouse 9963

Blouse 9964

9917—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Length at center-back 24½ inches. No. 9974—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch serge—4⅛ yards silk braid for binding—2⅜ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining jacket. The fronts of the jacket are underfaced and rolled with the collar to form long revers which extend down to the link button closing.

Jacket 9890
Skirt 9666

Jacket 9917
Skirt 9974



Coat 9026

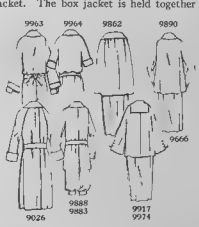
Jacket 9888
Knickerbockers
9883

Cape-Dress 9862

9963—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch taffeta for collar and trimming-bands on the sleeves. The wide flowing sleeves have a band attached at the wrists forming a tight cuff.

9964—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch figured silk—¾ yard 36-inch plain silk for collar and cuffs. The blouse slips on over the head, and is slashed, underfaced, and rolled back with the convertible collar. The short kimono sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs of contrasting material.

9890—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 28½ inches. No. 9666—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 2¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—3¾ yards silk braid—2½ yards 36-inch silk foulard for lining jacket. The box jacket is held together by link buttons at the throat and the fronts are cut away a trifle. The edges of the jacket, collar, and the sleeves are bound with silk braid. The skirt closes at the left side seam and is a plain two-piece model in accordance with the mode



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The Low Waist-Line Is the Predominant Note of the Silhouette

Dress 9946

Blouse 9584
Jumper Dress
9653

Evening Blouse
9961
Skirt 9853

Dress 9424

Suspender Dress
9800

Dress 9549

9946—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch dotted swiss. The waist of this frock is gathered across the shoulders, thus giving an air of width to the wearer. The skirt is simply shirred, and is minus any other trimming save the wide hem at the bottom. The sleeves are of elbow length, slashed quite deeply at the inner seam, and finished with three tucks of the material. The Puritan neck-line follows the general trend of the day. A very cool and serviceable shopping gown for warm days could be fashioned from this design by substituting navy blue foulard with white polka dots.

9584—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch dimity—2⅛ yards shell-shaped frilling. No. **9653**—Ladies' Sleeveless Jumper Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—12½ yards rick-rack braid. This is applied in two rows around the lower part of the skirt and four rows finish the soft crushed belt. Armholes and U-shaped neck are piped with the gingham. The collar of the blouse is round finished with a bow of black satin ribbon, and the turn-back cuffs are made for link buttons.

9961—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. **9853**—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2½ yards 36-inch black charmeuse—2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1⅝ yard 12-inch silver lace—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Gathered side panels hang with unstudied grace over the hips, and extend in long points below the hem of the skirt. Edges of Georgette on waist and skirt draperies are picoted. Added charm is given to this frock by a long spray of silver rosebuds falling from the crushed belt. Fashion says we must have sleeves in our evening gowns, if only a wee wisp of tulle. Few of us can resist the youthful charm which clings to a combination of pale blue and silver when candles shine. So, the next time something fresh is needed for the dancing club, why not a chic little gown of soft, turquoise blue taffeta with silver sandals, the straps fastening with rhinestone buttons and accompanying hosiery?

9424—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—1⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, cuffs, bands on tunic and sleeves and belt. An appearance of width is given by shirring the waist across the shoulders. The shirred tunic opens in front, and is trimmed around the lower edge with two wide bands of the organdy, which is also used for the narrow belt closing beneath a cluster of daisies. Collar, cuffs, and narrow bands above the cuffs are outlined with black silk embroidery twist in blanket stitch. A vestee of dainty lace adds a dressy touch to this summery frock.

9800—Ladies' Suspender Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen for dress—2 yards 36-inch voile for blouse—¾ yard ribbon. The top of bodice is cut in short points turning sky-ward which are buttoned to the suspender straps by self-covered buttons. A narrow belt of self-material slips under these pointed tabs held down by buttons. Slit pockets are used on the skirt. The edges of the gown, shoulder straps, tabs on skirt, and pockets are finished with button-hole stitching worked in mercerized silk floss. The collar of the blouse is also finished in this way, fastening under a bow of black ribbon.

9549—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch tissue gingham—1¾ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, vestee, cuffs, and plain sash—2½ yards plaiting. Two deep tucks and hem finish the gathered skirt. The sleeves are, three-quarter length. This gown would also look well made up in white batiste cross-barred in black with cuffs, collar, and sash of pale blue organdy. The sash ties in a fluffy bow with long, pointed ends. The ruffling on the collar and cuffs is made more effective by being hemstitched to the material.

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Gowns for the Mature Figure Show the Charm of Hand-work

9836—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch linen—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Very becoming to stout figures is this simple straight-line redingote frock of linen. The flowing sleeves are adjusted in the armholes of a front-closing underbody and are slashed at the lower edge almost to the elbow, the slashes finished with buttons and buttonholes. Embroidery, in design 12556, forms an elaborate trimming on the redingote. Cotton floss may be used in carrying out this design in outline or running stitches, or if preferred the outlines could be braided while the inner design is embroidered in running stitch.

9971—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and pipings. Dotted swiss makes a very cool afternoon frock and when developed in a straight-line type, such as is illustrated, is becoming to the mature figure. The organdy collar, bordered with the Swiss favors the Tuxedo style and with the aid of the vest, achieves slender lines. The back, extending over the shoulders, is joined to gathered fronts in yoke effect.

9976—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard vesting. The back of the dress extends over the shoulders forming a yoke effect in front. The patch pockets are appliquéd in design 12672 consisting of fruit motifs. They may be cut from scraps of contrasting linen or chambray and couched down in outline, buttonhole, or blanket stitching with black silk floss or embroidery wool.

9941—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves—⅜ yard 9-inch tucked vesting—¼ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The short sleeves are lengthened with long Georgette sections which are slashed, showing the arm, and gathered to a wristband. Long narrow panels, rounded at the lower edge, are attached at each side and extend below the skirt, giving the fashionable uneven hem-line. The deep U-shaped neck is filled in with a tucked Georgette vest matching the sleeve sections and elastic is inserted through a casing at the waist-line to hold in the fulness. Beading, in design 12574, outlines the deep U neck and trims the long narrow panels. The design may be carried out in jet, crystal, chalk, opalescent, steel, or colored glass beads, or if preferred embroidery may be substituted using silk floss in outline or running stitches.

Dress 9836
Embroidery 12556

Dress 9288
Embroidery 12612

Dress 9889

9889—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—⅜ yard 40-inch organdy for vest, collar and trimming—1⅛ yard lace edging—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The dress closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm while the two-piece gathered skirt closes at the left side seam. Gathered side panels are slipped underneath the deep plaits on the front and back of the skirt. The deep, U-shaped neck is filled in with a lace-trimmed vestee of crisp, white organdy. Three-quarter length sleeves flare slightly at the lower edge where they are banded with organdy. Slenderizing lines are important factors of this style.

Dress 9971

Dress 9976
Appliqué 12672

Dress 9941
Beading 12574

9888—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch satin—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting satin for collar. This model closes at the left side of the inset vest and has long one-piece sleeves. Gathered side panels are attached to the dress below the waist-line. Embroidery in a scrolly design, 12612, is applied to the side panels and extends above the girdle. It may be embroidered in running stitch using silk floss or embroidery wool. Beading or braiding may be substituted if preferred.

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The Correct Blouse and Skirt Adopt Clever Stitchery

9989—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—4⅛ yards entre-deux to trim.

9947—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. Embroidery, in design 12663, forms a border on the lower edge of the blouse and it may be worked in outline stitch with silk floss or metallic thread.

9860—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch crossbar dimity. The blouse is a front-closing model. The back extends over the shoulders and joins to the gathered fronts. Hemstitching trims the pointed collar and turn-back cuffs.

9870—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¼ yard lace banding—2¾ yards Georgette plaiting. The wide lace banding and Georgette frilling add a dainty touch to this practical blouse.

9897—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch dotted foulard—1⅛ yard 36-inch plain silk. The blouse is given a smart touch by appliquéd flowers, design 12672, cut from contrasting color silk and couched down in outline, buttonhole, or blanket stitch.

9899—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 26 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe-knit — 9¾ yards entre-deux.

8712—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch tricotine. The embroidery in design 12624 is worked in running stitch in silk floss.

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Distinctive Blouses to Be Worn with Skirts or Knickers

9837—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3⅜ yards lace insertion—3¾ yards edging.

9970—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1⅛ yard 36-inch satin for sash and trimming. Petal-shaped trimming-pieces, picot edged, give this blouse added smartness. The sleeves are trimmed in like manner.

9944—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2¼ yards lace banding. This could be made of navy blue crêpe de Chine, the banding being of embossed velvet ribbon in old gold, splashed with flowers and leaves in Hunter's green. Blouse could also be of natural pongee with twine colored insertion with blue wool flowers running through it.

9947—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch check crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard 36-inch plain crêpe de Chine—1⅜ yard frilling. Many combinations of materials may be used for a blouse of this type with splendid result.

9989—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch satin—⅝ yard 36-inch dotted silk. No. 9974—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Roshanara crêpe. All sorts of crêpey materials are being used for sports skirts and are worn with blouses of crêpe de Chine, washable satin, Canton crêpe and Georgette crêpe.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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The One-piece Frock Expresses Much Engaging Charm and Chic

9943—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅔ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 32-inch tissue gingham—1 yard 40-inch organdy—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

9951—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅔ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch dark Canton crêpe—1⅛ yard 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe for sleeves, revers, and trimming. The wide flowing sleeves, which are set into large armholes, and the side-fronts, below the pockets, are trimmed with elaborate beading motifs. The design, 12669, may be carried out in jet, steel, crystal, chalk, or colored beads.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

9943

9951

Dress 9943

Dress 9951
Beading 12669

9948

9949

Dress 9948
Embroidery 12612

9950

Dress 9950

9954

Dress 9954

Dress 9949

9960

Dress 9960

9967

Dress 9967

9990

Overblouse 9990

9972

Dress 9972

9969

Dress 9969

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The Spirit of Youth Is Embodied in Misses' Springtime Frocks

9918—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9743—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch check—1½ yard 54-inch velours—2⅛ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The one-piece dress closes at the center-back and has a collar which is rounded at the back and pointed in front.

9992—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—⅜ yard 36-inch dotted swiss for collar and cuffs—3¼ yards frilling. The deep border on the skirt of this dainty little frock consists of leaf motifs in design 12673 which may be worked with cotton floss or silk in running or outline stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

Jacket 9918
Dress 9743

Dress 9992
Embroidery 12673

Dress 9959

Dress 9973
Braiding 12319

Dress 9977
Appliqué 12672

Dress 9957
Appliqué 12671

Dress 9816

Cape-dress 9806
Appliqué 12671

Cape 9965
Dress 9808

Dress 9804

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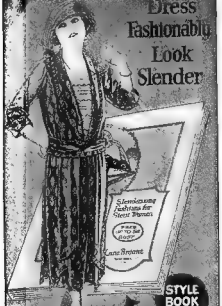

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7972—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine —2⅞ yards lace edging. The dress, which closes in back, is gathered and attached to a square yoke finished with a round collar.

9372—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch plain gingham for binding. For playtime wear nothing can replace the bloomer dress. This frock closes at the center-back and has short kimono sleeves finished with trimming-bands of plain gingham. The lower edge of the dress is also trimmed with narrow bands at the sides.

9434—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1⅛ yard 32-inch gingham—⅝ yard 27-inch chambray. The bloomers distend at the sides and are gathered to narrow bands at the lower edge. A shaped trimming-band is adjusted on the front of the waist.

9270—Child's Pantalet Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 27-inch chambray—⅝ yard 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. The pantalets are attached to the front of an underwaist and are gathered to a band at the back.

9875—Girls' and Juniors' Jumper Dress. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch linen for dress—1¼ yard 36-inch dotted swiss for blouse. Very smart for school are these little jumper dresses fashioned of linen, chambray, gingham, ratiné, or cotton crêpe. The blouse may be of dotted swiss, organdy, voile, batiste, or cotton crêpe.

Jumper Dress 9875

9979—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuffs. The collar and cuffs are outlined in blanket-stitching with silk floss or embroidery wool.

9010—Boys' Sports Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 32-inch madras for blouse—⅞ yard 54-inch check for trousers.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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Picturesque Play and Party Clothes for the Youngsters

Dress 9908

Bloomer Dress 9865

Suit 9820

Suit 9820

Dress 9986

9908—Child's One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—⅛ yard 40-inch organdy to trim. The collar, cuffs, and the pockets are blanket stitched in a color to match the dot in the material. The front of the dress is gathered to the round collar.

9865—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch chambray for dress and bloomers. The dress closes on the shoulders and is trimmed with rows of running stitch in mercerized floss. The side-closing bloomers are gathered to bands.

9890—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. This little suit is illustrated twice on the page, size 4 requiring for the suit at the left 2¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅛ yard 36-inch linen—2⅝ yards rick-rack braid to trim. For the second illustration size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting linen to trim. The suit consists of a slip-on blouse and side-closing knee trousers. The blouse may be belted or allowed to hang free as illustrated and the front slashed at center and rolled with the convertible collar showing a removable shield. If this is not preferred, the blouse may be made with round neck, slashed and closed at the left side-front.

9984—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch camel's hair—2⅝ yards 36-inch satin to line coat. Large patch pockets with laps trim the front of the coat.

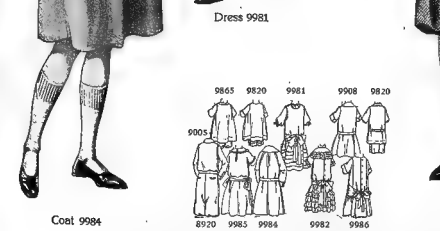
9982 — Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe — 6 yards narrow frilling to trim collar and sleeves —2½ yards ribbon for the sash. Very dainty for the small- miss is this dress of Georgette crêpe, with its wide and narrow Georgette frills. It would be equally effective in organdy, dotted swiss, voile or dimity.

9986—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch check gingham—¾ yard 40-inch organdy. Crisp white organdy and check gingham combine to form a dainty dress for the small girl. The long-waisted blouse is cut in scallops and these are bound with the organdy. The wide organdy sash ties in a large bow at the back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

Dress 9982

Dress 9981



Coat 9984

9865 9820 9981 9908 9820

9005

8920 9985 9984 9982 9986

Blouse 9005
Trousers 8920

Dress 9985

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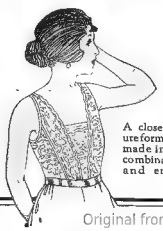

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Lovely Lingerie and a Gentleman's Lounging Robe

9975—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch batiste—3½ yards insertion—3¼ yards edging.

8916—Ladies' Brassière. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ½ yard 36-inch washable satin. The upper edge of the brassière is scalloped in design 11747, and may be worked in mercerized cotton or silk floss.

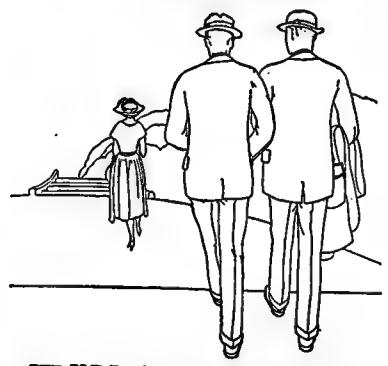
9441—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Embroidery, in design 12413, trims the front of the combination. The design may be worked in mercerized or silk floss in raised satin or lazy daisy stitch.

9953—Ladies' Dressing-sack. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch figured crêpe—5½ yards plaiting—3 yards picot ribbon.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

DO MEN OBSERVE WOMEN'S STOCKINGS?

BY Natalie Norris



EVER SINCE the apple eating episode in the Garden of Eden, dressmakers have been busily designing gowns calculated to find favor in the masculine eye. The male may deny his responsibility, but he is to blame nevertheless. If it were not for his consuming interest in women's clothes we should all adopt the Mother Hubbard, for comfort's sake, and let it go at that.

Do men really notice women's hosiery? Do they! They simply can't help themselves now that skirts are high and stockings rolled.

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Most men will tell you that seams look uncomfortable and that they usually run crooked.

No matter how careful one may be in her dressing she can never be certain her stocking seam is straight. The wind will whip the skirt and the skirt will pull the seam awry in spite of all we may do to avoid this calamity. And to my way of thinking, a crooked seam is almost as bad as a run.

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ELIZABETH TOWNE, Editor of Nautilus

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Petticoat 7826
Slip 7821
Combination 9228
Rompers 8312
7821—Child's and Girls' Princess Slip. Designed for 1 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch nainsook —2⅝ yards insertion.
7826—Child's and Girls' One-piece Gathered Petticoat. Designed for 1 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch batiste—2¾ yards lace.
9952—Girls' Cooking Set. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch longcloth for apron, cap, and sleeve protectors.
9223—Girls' and Juniors' Kimono. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards 36-inch figured crêpe —1⅝ yard 36-inch plain crêpe.
9228—Child's Underwaist and Side-closing Bloomers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch longcloth.
8312—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch plain gingham to trim. Rompers are a necessary part of the kiddies' wardrobe and may be made up in any of the attractive wash materials.
Cooking Set 9952
Dress 9987
Kimono 9223
Bloomers 3765
7821 7826 9952 9987 9228 8312
3765
9223 7555 9727 6600 8985
Pajamas 7555
Bath-robe 9727
Combination 8985
Slip 6600
7555—Misses' Pajamas. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch plain crêpe—¾ yard 27-inch dotted crêpe to trim.
9727—Misses' Bath-robe. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch blanket cloth—⅞ yard satin.
6600—Girls' and Juniors' Princess Slip. Designed for 10 to 18 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch batiste—4 yards lace insertion—3⅜ yards lace for ruffle.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

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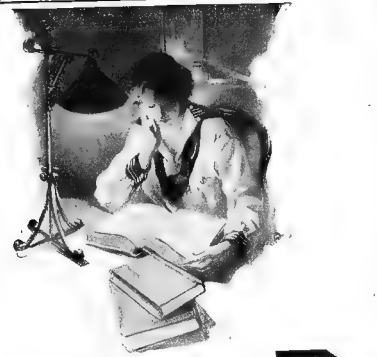

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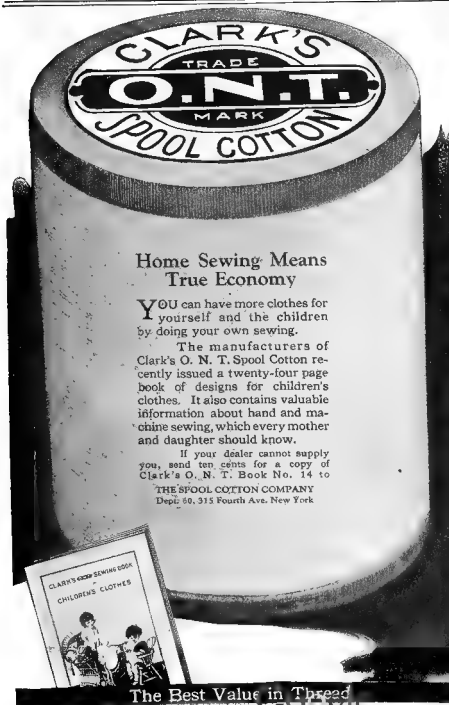
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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

9901—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 32 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Braiding, in design 12319, outlines the Florentine neck-line, the slash, and trims the long sleeves. Silk soutache braid may be used in carrying out this design.

9971—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy—2⅝ yards lace edging.

9976—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 32-inch gingham for cuffs, vestee, and pocket trimming.

9989—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9974—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1⅞ yard 29-inch figured cotton crêpe—4⅛ yards 29-inch plain cotton crêpe.

9958—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch check crêpe de Chine—1⅞ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine.

9940—Ladies' Slightly Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 29-inch cotton crêpe—1 yard 36-inch voile for collar, vestee, cuffs, and undersleeves.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

9962—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch Roshanara crêpe—1⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting Roshanara crêpe for blouse and sleeves. An allover effect is given to the blouse and top of the sleeves of this frock by embroidery in design 12670. The design may be carried out in outline, chain, or running stitches with silk floss.

9950—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for dress—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for the flowing sleeves. A smart touch is given to this dress by embroidery, in design 12509. It may be worked with silk floss in flat satin stitch.

9989—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch voile—1⅝ yard 40-inch white voile for collar, vestee, cuffs, and sash.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

9926—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Length at center-back 45 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch cheviot—4⅝ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

9888—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32 inches. No. 9888—Ladies' Knickerbockers. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch tricotine—3⅜ yards 36-inch silk for lining jacket.

9862—Ladies' and Misses' Cape-dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch check worsted—1½ yard 54-inch tricot—1¾ yard wide silk braid—1⅞ yard 36-inch satin for lining cape.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

9860—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch voile. No. 8788—Ladies' Suspender Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2⅜ yards. Size 26 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen.

9794—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9606—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¼ yards 32-inch check gingham—2 yards 36-inch voile—5⅞ yards plaiting.

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9989—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch dotted silk—2¾ yards 36-inch plain silk.

9963—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch figured silk for collar and sleeve trimming. No. 9905—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch check.

9888—Ladies' Knickerbockers. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch check.

9944—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 26 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—3 yards fancy braid.

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9950—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy.

9954—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe-knit—¾ yard 36-inch dotted foulard.

9948—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch check gingham—1⅝ yard 36-inch linen. The entire waist and the top of the sleeves are embroidered in an allover design, 12612, which may be worked with embroidery wool or silk floss in outline stitch.

9949—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for sleeve sections and piping.

9960—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅛ yard 36-inch voile to trim—1⅜ yard frilling.

9967—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅝ yard 36-inch linen.

9890—Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 36-inch batiste—¼ yard 36-inch dotted swiss for collar and sleeve trimming—2 yards entre-deux—¾ yard ribbon.

9972—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch gingham—⅛ yard 40-inch organdy—4⅝ yards entre-deux.

9969—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch pink linen for the collar, cuffs, and skirt—1⅝ yard contrasting for blouse and sleeves.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

9973—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch taffeta—1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The braiding design, 12379, may be carried out in silk soutache braid.

9977—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen—⅞ yard 23-inch vesting. Appliqué motifs in design 12672 trim the pockets of this simple dress. They may be cut from scraps of chambray or linen and couched down with outline or buttonhole stitch.

9957—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 32-inch check gingham—1 yard 40-inch organdy. A rose motif gives a dainty touch to the deep yoke of this frock. The motif, in design 12671, may be cut from contrasting chambray, gingham or linen and appliquéd on in outline, buttonhole, or blanket stitch.

9959—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch dotted organdy—2 yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar and cuffs—2½ yards lace—3⅞ yards edging.

9816—Misses' Slightly Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for collar, vestee, cuffs, and undersleeves—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9906—Misses' Cape-dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard, Size 16 requires 4½ yards 54-inch wool Jersey for dress and cape—⅝ yard 40-inch paisley crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs. The patch pockets are trimmed with appliqué motifs, in design 12671, which may be cut from contrasting material and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

9965—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. No. 9806—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch tricotine—⅝ yard 36-inch linen.

9804—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 40-inch paisley crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

9085—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅞ yard plaiting.

9088—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch printed voile—1¼ yard 36-inch plain voile. The kimono sleeves of this smart little frock are slashed showing the arm and are finished with narrow turn-back cuffs.

9088—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch dotted silk for blouse—1⅝ yard 36-inch plain silk for skirt —⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar—3½ yards lace edging.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

9081—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch dotted organdy—⅝ yard 40-inch plain organdy—2⅜ yards ribbon for bows. The dress is slipped on over the head. Waist has large armholes and U-shaped neck in front. The gulimpe is slashed at center-front, gathered at neck.

9005—Boys' Blouse. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch madras. No. 8980 —Boys' Knickerbocker Trousers. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 1 yard 54-inch tweed —⅝ yard 36-inch lining for pockets and waistbands.

9085—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch voile—8¼ yards lace edging —4 yards ribbon for sash.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

8979—Ladies' One-piece Dart-fitted Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch washable satin—1⅛ yard lace insertion—1 yard picot ribbon for shoulder straps. The camisole closes at the back, elastic being inserted through a casing at the lower edge to draw in the fulness closely at the waist.

8172—Ladies' Sleeveless Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch figured crêpe—2⅛ yards lace edging. The nightgown is shirred in front, smocking may be used if preferred. It is made with square neck outline in front and rounded outline in back. The neck and armholes lace edged.

9089—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen —⅜ yards lace banding—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps. Lace banding trims the straight upper edge and sides of the slip which is slashed in from underarm edges, front and back, the lower slashed edges gathered.

6445—Ladies' and Misses' Vest. Designed for small, medium, and large. No. 9939—Ladies' Two-piece Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Small size requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for vest. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅛ yards lace insertion—1¾ yard lace edging for bloomers. Wreaths of embroidery, in design 11742, trim the vest, worked in eyelets or raised satin stitch.

8555—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch washable satin—2⅝ yards lace insertion. No. 9945—Ladies' Pantalets. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch silk Jersey. Elastic is inserted through the hems of pantalets at upper and lower edges, also through a casing below the knees. Silk Jersey, crêpe de Chine, and other materials of soft texture are suitable for these pantalets so much in vogue.

9078—Men's Lounging Robe. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch blanket cloth —2½ yard 36-inch satin for collar, sash, and pocket lap. The lounging robe is made with shawl collar, inserted pockets, and two-seamed sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs. The man desiring comfort will find it in this robe which may also be made of check with contrasting material to trim.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

8985—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Combination. Designed for 8 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch washable satin—4⅛ yards lace insertion. The combination consists of drawers and camisole, closed at back and at lower edge. The fulness at the waist-line is drawn in closely with elastic inserted through a casing.

9765—Girls' Bloomers. Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 1 yard 54-inch serge for bloomers—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. Indispensable to the school-girl are bloomers, worn with a middy blouse or dress. Especially are they practical when put to use for gymnasium wear, made of serge or tricotine. For Summer wear they may be made up in linen or chambray matching the material used for the dress.

9987—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen for dress—⅝ yard 36-inch batiste for guimpe.

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

other woman. And still I clung to my spariess hulk of a home, hoping to hold close about me the children I had brought into the world and would some day see again to the world. And that was all. That was everything. It is true, nothing much has ever happened to me.

But I stop to think this over. If these are the small things, then what are the big things of life? What is it that other women get? I have sung and been happy; I have known great joy and walked big with Hope. I have loved and been loved. I have known sorrow, and I have known birth, and I have sat face to face with death. I have, after all, pretty well run the whole gamut, without perhaps realizing it. For these, after all, are the big things, the elemental things, of life. They are the basic things which leave scant room for the momentary fripperies and the hand-made ornaments of existence.

Height! I seem to grow into a melancholy Jacques with the advancing years. That's the way of life, I suppose. But I've no intention of throwing up the sponge. If I can no longer get as much fun out of the game as I want, I can at least watch my offspring take their toll out of it. God be thanked for giving us our children! We can still rest our tired old eyes on them, just as the polisher of precious stones used to keep an emerald in front of him to relieve his strained vision by gazing at its soft and soothing greenness.

I have just crept in to take a look at my precious Dinkie, fast asleep in the old cast-iron crib that is growing so small for him he has to lie cater-cornered on his mattress. He seemed so big, stretched out there, that he frightened me with the thought he couldn't be a child much longer. There are no babies left now in my home circle. And I still have a shamefaced sort of hankering to hold a baby in my arms again!

Monday the Nineteenth.

HOW Time flies when you're busy! It's only five days to Christmas and I've still my box to get off for Olga and her children. We've sent to her home really charming snapshots of the children, which Susie took. She has promised to stay with us until after Christmas. The general effect of one, I must admit, is to make seriously damaged by the presence of their Mummy.

Dinkydunk doubts if he'll be able to get home for the holidays. But I sent him a box on Saturday, made up of those things which he likes best to eat, and a set of the children's pictures, nicely mounted. I've also had Dinkie and Poppey write a long letter to their Dad. For I had taken a photograph of poor little Pee-Wee's grave with a snow-drift across one end of it, and had written on the bottom of the mounting-card: "*We must remember him.*" But as I stood studying this, before putting it in next to Poppsy's huge Christmas card gay with powdered mica, I felt a foolish tear of two run down my cheek. And I realized it would never do to cloud my Dinkydunk's day with memories that might not be altogether happy. So I've kept the picture of the little white-fenced bed with the white snow-drift across it.

The Christmas tree is hidden away in the stable, and already a number of mysterious parcels have arrived at *Cherry Lawnside*. Bud Teetzel very gallantly sent me over a huge turkey, an eighteen-pounder, and tomorrow I have to go into Buckhorn for my mail-order shipments. We have decorated the house with a whole box of holly from Victoria and I've hung a sprig of mistletoe in the living-room doorway. The children, of course, are on tiptoe with expectation.

I stood under the mistletoe this morning, and dared Gershom to kiss me. He turned quite white and made for the door. But I caught him by the coat, like Potiphar's wife, and pulled him back to the authorizing berry-sprig and gave him a brazen big smack on the cheek-bone. He turned a sunset pink at that, and rushed out of the room without saying a word. But he was shaking his head as he went, at my shamelessness, I suppose. Poor old Gershom! I wish there were more men in the world like him.

Tuesday the Twenty-seventh.

THE great day has come and gone. And I'm not sorry. There was a cloud over my heart that kept me from getting the happiness out of it I ought. I hoped we would hear from Peter, but for the first time in history he overlooked us.

Dinkydunk, as he had warned us, could not get home for the holidays. But he surprised me by arriving a really wonderful box for the kiddies, and even a gorgeous silver-mounted collar for Scotty. Susie has been in bed with a cold and is feeling a bit listless. I heard Gershom informing her tonight that her blood travels at the rate of seven miles per second and that if all the energy of Niagara Falls were utilized it could supply the world with 7,000,000 horse-power. I do wish Gershom would get over trying to pat the world on the head, instead of shaking hands with it! I'm afraid I'm losing my lilt. I can't even understand why I should keep feeling as blue as indigo.

Whinstane Sandy has just come in with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

In bed for his carelessness

A nail—infection—worry and anxiety—loss of time and money.

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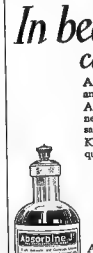

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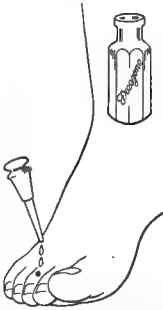
Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



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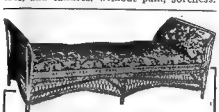

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

Peter's box, two days late. I felt sure that Peter would not utterly forget us. There is still a great deal of shouting down in the kitchen, where that most miraculous of boxes has been unpacked. As for myself, I've had a hankering to be alone, to think things over. But my meditations don't seem to get me anywhere.

Sunday the Twenty-ninth.

NEARLY six weeks, I notice, have slipped by. For a month and a half, apparently, the impulse to air my troubles went hibernating with the bears. Yet it has been a mild Winter, so far, with very little snow, and a great deal of sunshine—a great deal of sunshine which doesn't elate me as it ought. I can't remember who it was said a happy people has no history. But that's not true of a happy woman. It's when her heart is full that she makes herself heard, that she sings like a lark to the world. When she's wretched she retires with her grief.

I haven't been altogether wretched, it's true, just as I haven't been altogether hilarious, but it disturbs me to find that for a month and a half I haven't written a line in this, the mottled old book of my life. It's not that I'm idle, and it's not that I'm old, and it's not that there's anything wrong with this disappointingly healthy body of mine. But I rather think I need a change of some kind. I even envy Susie, who has ambled on to the Coast and is staying with the Longheeds in Victoria, playing golf and picking Winter roses and writing back about her trips up Vancouver Island and her approaching journey down into California.

Her soul, apparently, has had the dry-shampoo it was in need of. But as for me, I'm like an old horseshoe with its calks worn off. The Master Blacksmith of Life should poke me deep into His fires and ding me on His anvil and make me over!

I've been worrying about my Dinkie. It's all so trivial, in a way, and yet I can't persuade myself it isn't also tragic. He told Susie, before she left, that he was quite willing to go to bed a little earlier each night, because then "he could dream about Doreen." And I noticed, not long ago, that instead of taking just *one* of our Newtown pippins to school with him, he had formed the habit of taking *two*. On making investigation, I discovered that this second apple ultimately and invariably found its way into the hands of Mistress Doreen O'Lone. And last week Dinkie autocratically commanded Whinstane Sandy to hitch Mudskl up in the old cutter, to go sleigh-riding with the lady of his favor to the Teetzel's taffy-pull. Dinkie's mother was not consulted in the matter—and that is the disturbing feature of it all. I can't help remembering what Duncan once said about my boy growing out of my reach. If I ever lost my Dinkie I would indeed be alone, terribly and hopelessly alone.

Wednesday the Eighth.

DINKIE, who has been disturbing me the last few days by going about with an air of suppressed excitement, brought my anxiety to a head yesterday by staring into my face and then saying,

"Mummy, I've got a secret!"

"What secret?" I asked, doing my best to appear indifferent.

But Dinkie was not to be trapped.

"It wouldn't be a secret if *I* told you," he sagaciously explained.

I studied my child with what was supposed to be a reproving eye.

"You mean you can't even tell your own Mummy?" I demanded.

He shook his head in solemn negation.

"But can you, some day?" I pursued.

He thought this over.

"Yes, some day," he acknowledged, squeezing my knee.

"How long will I have to wait?" I asked, wondering what could bring such a rhapsodic light into his hazel-specked eye. I thought of Doreen O'Lone. And I wished the O'Lones would follow in the footsteps of so many other successful ranchers and trek off to California. Then, as I sat studying Dinkie, I countermanded that wish. For its fulfilment would bring loneliness to the heart of my laddie—and loneliness is hell! So, instead, I struggled as best I could to banish all thought of the matter from my mind. But it was only half a success. I remembered that Gershom himself had been going about as abstracted as an ant-eater and as gloomy as a crow, during the last week; and I kept sniffing something unpropitious up-wind. I even hoped that Dinkie would return to the subject, as children with a secret have the habit of doing. But he has been as tight-lipped on the matter as his reticent old dad might have been.

Wednesday the Fifteenth.

I GOT an airy, unlooked-for valentine yesterday. It was a brief but a significant letter from Dinkydunk, telling me that he has "taken over" the Goodhue house in Mount Royal and asking me if I intended to be its mistress. He has bought the house, apparently, completely furnished, and is getting ready to move into it the first week in March.

The whole thing has rather taken my breath away. I don't object to an ultimatum, but I do dislike to have it come like a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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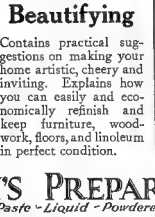

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

bolt from the blue. I have arrived at my Rubicon, all right, and about all that's left of my life, I suppose, will hang on my decision. I don't know whether to laugh or to cry, to be horrified or hilarious. At one moment I have a tendency to emulate *Marguerite* doing the Jewel-Song in "Faust." "This isn't *me!* This isn't *me!*" I keep protesting to myself. But *Marguerite*, I know, would never be so ungrammatical.

And then I begin to foresee difficulties. The mere thought of leaving *Cass Grande* tears my heart. When we go away, as that wise man of Paris once said, we die a little. This will always seem my home. I could never forsake it utterly. I dread to forsake it for even a portion of each year. I am a part of the prairie now, and I could never be entirely happy away from it. And to accept that challenge—for however one may look at it, it remains a challenge—and go to the new home in Calgary would surely be another concession. And I have been conceding, conceding, for the sake of my children. How much more can I concede?

YET, when all is said and done, I am one of a family. I am not a free agent. I am chained to the car for life. When we link up with the race we have more than the little ring of our own ego to remember. It is not, as Dinkydunk once pointed out to me, a good thing to get "Indianized." We have our community obligations and they must be faced. The children, undoubtedly, would have advantages in the city. And to find my family reunited would be *le désir de paraître*. But I can't help remembering how much there is to remember. I'm humbler now, it's true, than I once was. I no longer say "One side, please!" to life, when life, like old Major Kilmes on Murray Hill, declines to vary its course for one small and piping voice. Instead of getting gangway, I find, I'm apt to get an obliterating thump on the spine.

Heaven knows, I want to do the right thing. But the issue seems so hopelessly tangled. I have brooded over it and I have even prayed over it. But it all seems to come to nothing. I sometimes nurse a ghostly sort of hope that it may be taken out of my hands. That some power outside myself may intervene to decide. For it impresses me as ominous that I should be able to hesitate at such a time, when a woman, for once in her life, should know her own mind, should see her own fixed goal and fight her way to it. I've been wondering if I haven't ebbed away into that half-warm impersonality which used to impress me as the last stage in moral decay.

But I'm not the fishy type of woman I know I'm not. And I'm not a hardhead. I've always had a horror of being hard, for fear my hardness might in some way be passed on to my Dinkie. I want to keep my boy kindly and considerate of others, and loyal to the people who love him. But I balk at that word "loyal." For if I expect loyalty in my offspring I surely must have it myself. And I stood up before a minister of God, not so many years ago, and took an oath to prove loyal to my husband, to cleave to him in sickness and in health. I also took an oath to honor him. But he has made that part of the compact almost impossible. And my children. If I go back to him, will come under his influence. And I can't help questioning what that influence will be. I have only one life to live. And I have a human anxiety to get out of it all that is coming to me. I even feel that it owes me something, that there are certain arrears of happiness to be made up. I wish I had a woman, older and wiser than myself, to talk things over with. I have had the impulse to write to Peter, and tell him everything, and ask him what I ought to do. But that doesn't impress me as being quite fair to Peter. And, oddly enough, it doesn't impress me as being quite fair to Dinkydunk. So I'm going to wait a week or two and let the cream of conviction rise on the pan of indecision. There's a tiny parliament of angels, in the inner chambers of our hearts, who talk these things over and decide them while we sleep.

Friday the Seventeenth

WE HAD to dig in, like bears, for two whole days while the first real snowstorm of the Winter raged outside. But the skies have cleared, the wind has gone, and the weather is crystal-clear again. Dinkie and Peppery, furred to the ears, are out on the drifts learning to use the snowshoes which Percy and Olga sent down to them for Christmas. Dinkie has fitted himself a spear by lashing his broken-bladed jack-knife to the handle of my headless Dutch hoe and has crowned himself into a stealthy lluit stalking a polar bear in the form of poor old Scotty, who can't quite understand why he is being driven so relentlessly from crevasse to Arctic crevasse. They have also built an igloo, and indulged in what is apparently marriage by capture, with the reluctant bride making her repeated escape by floundering over drifts piled even higher than the fence-tops. It makes me hanker to get my own snow-shoes on my incassained feet again and go trafficking over that undulating white world of snow, where barb-wire means no more than a line-fence in Noah's Flood. No one could remain morose in weather like this. You must dress for it, of course, since that arching blue sky has sword-blades of cold

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

Are You A Vegetarian?

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Cresolene is recommended for **Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh.** Its germicidal qualities mean it a reliable protection when these diseases are epidemic. It gives great relief in **Asthma.**

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A boon to women disfigured with hairy or fuzzy growths is Phelactine—for it actually removes the roots. Easily, quickly, painlessly. Not a caustic to merely burn off the surface hair. Not a paste, powder or liquid. Not electrical. It is "different"—and truly wonderful. No odor, no irritation, no scar—skin is left clean, white and smooth. Get a \$1.25 bottle of Phelactine today, try it and with your own eyes see the roots come out! At druggists or from us on receipt of price.

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Ask your Druggist for "California Syrup of Figs"

Booklet of Beauty Hints Sent FREE.

Have a beautiful, healthy complexion. Don't let unsightly blemishes hide the real beauty of your skin. Use

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COUGH AND VOICE LOZENGES

For Sore Throat, Hoarseness

Coughing, and all throat troubles from asthmatic and catarrhal conditions. Harmless—safe for children. Not candy but a cough remedy. At druggists.

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removes all the cream quickly without a drop of milk. NO PUMPING. Place in position, lift plunger once, and a lifetime action does the rest. Can be set, nickeled 25, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. SKIMIT MFG. CO., Dept. B Oskaloosa, Ia.

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The French Lemon Cleansing Cream Supreme

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Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. D. J. Mahler, 24-2, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

sheathed in its velvety soft azure. But it goes to your head, like wine, and you wonder what makes you feel that life is so well worth living.

Tuesday the Twenty-first.

THE armistice continues. And I continue to sit on my keg of powder and sing "O Sole Mio" to the northern moon.

I have had Whinstane Sandy build a toboggan-slide out of the old binder-shed, which has been pretty well blown to pieces by last Summer's wind-storms. He picked out the soundest of the two-by-fours and made a framework which he boarded over with the best of the weather-bleached old siding. For when you haven't the luxury of a hill on your landscape, you can at least make an imitation one. Whinnie even planed the board-joints in the center of the runway and countersunk every nail-head—and cussed volubly when he pounded his heavily mittened thumb with the hammer.

The finished structure could hardly be called a thing of beauty. We have only one of the stable-ladders to mount it from the rear, and instead of toboggans we have only Poppsy's home-made hand-sleigh and Dinkie's somewhat dilapidated "Reible coaster." But when water had been carried out to that smooth runway and the boards had been coated with ice, like Brasil-nuts *glacé*, and the snow along the lower course had been well packed down, it at least gave you a run for your money. The tip-top point of the slide couldn't have been much more than fifteen feet above the prairie floor, but it seemed perilous enough when I tried it out—much to the perturbation of Whinstane Sandy—by lying stomach-down on Dinkie's coaster and letting myself shoot along that well-iced incline. It was a kingly sensation,—that of speed wedded to danger, and it took me back to Davos at a breath. Then I tried it with Dinkie, and then with Poppsy, and then with Poppsy and Dinkie together.

We had some grand old tumbles in the loose snow, and some unmentionable bruises before we became sufficiently expert to test our sleigh-runners along their proper trail. But it was good fun. The excitement of the thing, in fact, rather got into my blood. In half an hour the three of us were covered with snow, were shouting like Comanches, and were having an altogether wild time of it. There was climbing enough to keep us warm, for all the sub-zero weather, and I was finally allowed to escape to the house only on the promise that I risk my neck again on the morrow.

Friday the Twenty-fourth.

MY DINKIE'S secret is no longer a secret. It divulged itself to me today with the suddenness of a thunderclap. *Peter Kelley has been back at Alabama Ranch for nearly three weeks.*

I was out with the kiddies this afternoon, having another wild time on the toboggan-slide, dressed in an old mackinaw of Dinky-dunk's buckled in close around my waist and a pair of Whinnie's heaviest woolen socks over my moccasins and a mangy old gray-squirrel cap on my head. The children looked like cherubs who'd been rolled in a flour-barrel, with their eyes shining and their cheeks glowing like Richmond roses, but I must have looked like something that had been put out to frighten the coyotes away. At any rate, there we were, all squealing like pigs and all powdered from tip to toe with the dry snow and all looking like Eskimos on war-path. And who should walk calmly about the corner of the buildings but Peter himself!

My heart stopped beating, and I had to lean against the end of the toboggan-slide until I could catch my breath.

He called out, "Hello, youngsters!" as quietly as tho he had seen us all the day before. I said "Peter!" in a strangled sort of whisper, and wondered what made my knees wabble as I stood staring at him as tho he had been a ghost.

But Peter was no ghost. He was there before me in the body, still smoking his foolish little pipe, wearing the familiar old coon-skin cap and coat that looked as tho the moths had made many a Roman holiday of their generously deforested pelt. He took the pipe out of his mouth as he stepped over to me, and pulled off his heavy old gauntlet before he shook hands.

"Peter!" I repeated in my ridiculous small whisper

He didn't speak. But he smiled, a bit wistfully, as he stared down at me. And for just a moment, I think, an odd look of longing came into his searching honest eyes, which studied my face as tho he were counting every freckle and blush there. Then he continued to X-ray me with that hungry stare of his until I took my hand away and could feel the blood surging back to my face.

"It's a long time," he said as he puffed hard on his pipe, apparently to keep it from going out. The sound of his voice sent a little thrill through my body. I felt as rattle-headed as a rabbit, and was glad when Dinkie and Poppsy captured him by each knee and hung on like catamounts.

"Where did you come from?" I finally asked, trying in vain to be as collected as Peter himself

Then he told me. He told me as nonchalantly as tho he were giving me a piece

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

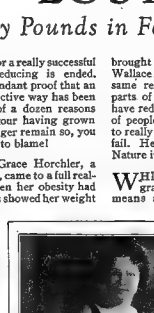
MRS. GRACE HORCHLER WHEN SHE WEIGHED 234 LBS.

LOST:

Seventy Pounds in Four Months

THE search for a really successful means of reducing is ended. There is abundant proof that an easy and effective way has been found. Any one of a dozen reasons may account for your having grown fat. But if you longer remain so, you have only yourself to blame!

WHEN Mrs. Grace Horchler, a Chicago lady, came to a full realization of the burden her obesity had become—the scales showed her weight to be 234 lbs. And she was but 5 ft. 6 in. tall! She decided something *had* to be done. She first tried a diet—and gained weight. Next, she walked strenuous distances; it failed to reduce her by so much as a pound. Then she heard of Wallace reducing records, and tried this more pleasurable, natural way. "Getting thin to music" sounded inviting—and it commenced reducing her as if by magic.



THIS IS MRS. HORCHLER AS SHE APPEARS TODAY

THE novelty of the method, the instructions the phonograph made so human, and the zest which the music imparted to it all, made a lark of the first week's lessons. *And that very first week she lost nine pounds.* Naturally, she entered enthusiastically into the second week; and lost eight pounds more. It was a bit slower from that point on; but Mrs. Horchler continued steadily to lose weight, week after week. In just four months she was down to 164; a reduction of seventy pounds.

IF you wonder what effect this has had on her health, just look at the picture of Mrs. Horchler as she appears now. She says she had never before felt quite so well; that remaining flesh is firm, with no tendency toward flabbiness anywhere. Mrs. Horchler lives in Chicago, at 4625 Indiana avenue. Her reduction was brought about solely through use of Wallace reducing records—exactly the same records Wallace sends to all parts of the country; the same that have reduced thousands and thousands of people. It is the one certain way to really reduce; a way that has yet to fail. He uses principles as sure as Nature itself; they *are* Nature.

WHILE the case of the lady photographed is striking, it is by no means an extraordinary experience with Wallace reducing records. Wallace Institute has scores of letters which record the loss of fifty pounds and more. As for lesser reductions—where but twelve to twenty pounds is all the reduction desired—it is doubtful if Wallace himself could tell how many thousands have restored perfectly normal proportions through these same wonderful records.

YOU need not be long in doubt as to what Wallace reducing records will do for *you*. You don't pay a penny until you *find out*. Fill in the handy application below, and a full set of reducing record will be sent prepaid and plainly wrapped, for a free five-day trial. No promise to pay, nor to take the full course; all Wallace asks is to *try it!* Caution: Wallace reducing records are based on seventeen years' experience as a specialist. Imitations of his methods are probably harmless, but it is hardly possible they can be so resultful. Wallace is the originator of the method.

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"Of all the Polishes I handle, I find Liquid Veneer Mop Polish the best seller." J. H. Katz, House-Furnishings and Hardware, 1618 14th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., July 21, 1921.

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"Regarding Liquid Veneer Mop Polish, it is very satisfactory and we are selling much more of it than of (Name given on request)." John W. Burd, Grocer, Trenton, N. J., July 23, 1921.

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NOTE—The above letters mention the name of the same compelling polish which we will furnish to anyone writing us for it. Here is proof this would be accepted in any Court of Law, proving beyond doubt that Liquid Veneer Mop Polish is far superior to all competitors.

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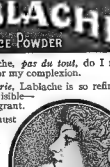
Because, *ma cherie*, Lablache is so refined, clinging, and invisible—so delicately fragrant.

I adore it, and must have it always.



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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

of news of no particular interest. He had rather a difficult book to finish up, and he concluded the quietness of Alabama Ranch would suit him to a T. And when Spring came he wanted to have a look about for a nest of the whooping crane. It has been rather a rarity for some sixteen or seventeen years, this whooping crane, and the American Museum was offering a mighty handsome prize for a specimen. Then he was compelled to give his attention to Dinkie and Poppey, and tried the slide a couple of times, and announced that our coaster was better than the chariot of Icarius. And by this time I had recovered my wits and my composure and got some of the snow off my mackinaw.

"HAVE I changed?" I asked Peter as he turned to study my face for the second time.

"To me," he said as he brushed the snow from his gauntlets, "you are always adorable!"

"*Verboten!*" I retorted to that, wondering why anything so foolish could have the power to make my pulses dance.

"Why?" he asked, as his eyes met mine.

"For the same old reason," I told him.

"Reasons," he said, "are like shoes. Time has the trick of wearing them out."

"When that happens we have to get new ones," I reminded him.

"Then what is the new one?" he asked, with an unexpectedly solemn look on his face.

"My husband has just asked me to join him in Calgary," I said, releasing my bolt.

"Are you going to?" he asked, with his face a mask.

"I think I am," I told him. For I could see, now, how Peter's return had simplified the situation by complicating it. Already he had made my course plainer to me. I could foresee what this new factor would imply. I could understand what Peter's presence at Alabama Ranch would come to mean. And I had to shut my eyes to the prospect. I was still one old single-track woman with a clean-cut duty laid out before her. There were certain luxuries, for the sake of my own soul's peace, I could never afford.

"Why are you going back to your husband?" Peter was asking, with real perplexity on his face.

"Because he needs me," I said as I stood watching the children go racing down the slide.

"Why?" he asked, with what impressed me as his first touch of harshness.

"But I couldn't!" I inquired with my own first movement in self-defense, for it had suddenly occurred to me that any such explaining would be much more difficult than I dreamed.

"Of course not," said Peter, changing color a little. "It's only that I'm so tremendously anxious to—to understand."

"To understand what?" I questioned, both hoping and dreading that he would go on to the bitter end.

"That *you* understand!" was his cryptic retort. And for once in his life Peter disappointed me.

I can't afford to," I said with an effort at lightness which seemed to hurt him more than it ought. Then I turned, as I stood looking up into his face, that I was doing little to merit that humble and magnificent loyalty of Peter's. And I owed him fair to the end. He was too big of heart to think first of himself. It was *me* he was thinking of; it was *me* he wanted to see happy. But I had my own part to go, and no outsider could guide me.

"It's no use, Peter," I said as I put my mittened hand on his gauntleted arm without quite knowing I was doing it. And I went on to warn him that he must not confront me with kindness, as it was a good deal like an Indian's dog which neither looks for kindness nor understands it. He laughed a trifle bitterly at that, and reminded me, as he stood staring at me, of a Pribilof seal staring into an Arctic sun. Then he said an odd thing. "I wish I could make it a bit easier for you," he remarked as impersonally as tho he were meditating aloud.

I asked him why he said that. He evasively explained that he thought it was because I had what the Romans called *constantia*. So I asked him to explain *constantia*. And he said, with a shrug, that we might regard it as the firm consideration of a question before acting on it. I explained, at that, that it wasn't a matter of choice, but of character. He was willing to acknowledge that I was right. But before that altogether unsatisfactory little debate was over Peter made me promise him one thing. He has made me promise that before I leave we have a tramp over the prairie together. And we have agreed that Sunday would be as good a day as any.

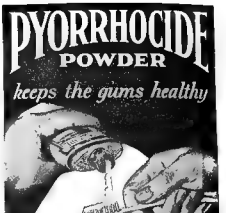
Saturday the Twenty-fifth.

I HAVE sent word to Duncan to expect me in Calgary as soon as I can get things ready. My decision is made. And it is final. Two ghostly hands have reached out and turned me toward my husband. One is the Past; the other is the Proprieties. If life out here were a little more like that of the diamond-dyed Westerns, Peter Ketley and Duncan McKail would fight with hammerless Colts, and the victor would throw me over the horn of his saddle,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

keeps the gums healthy



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Starts with tender, bleeding gums

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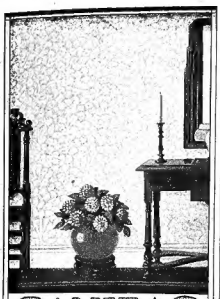

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Send me without obligation full particulars about the famous Osborn Cake System.

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

and vanish in a cloud of dust, while Struthers was turning *Casa Grande* into a farmhall and my two kiddies were busy holding up the Elk Crossing stage-coach.

But life, alas, isn't as dramatic as we dream it. It cross-hobbles us and hog-ties us and leaves us afraid of our own wilted impulses. I have a terror of failure. And it's plain enough I have only one mission on God's green footstool. I'm a home-maker, and nothing more. I'm a home-maker confronted by the last chance to make good at my one and only calling. And whatever it costs, I'm going to make my husband recognize me as a patient and long-suffering Penelope.

But enough of the rue! To-morrow I'm going snow-shoeing with Peter. I'm praying that the weather will be propitious. I want one of our sparkling-Burgundy days with the sun shining bright and a nip in the air like a stiletto buried in rose-leaves. For it may be the last time in all my life I shall walk on the prairie with my friend, Peter Ketley. The page is going to be turned over, the candle snuffed out, and the singing birds of my freedom silenced. I have come to my Rubicon, and it must be crossed. But last night, for the first time in a month, I plastered enough cold-cream on my nose to make me look like a buttered muffin, and rubbed enough almond-oil meal on my arms to make them look like a miller's. And I've been asking myself if I'm the sedate old lady life has been trying to make me.

There are certain Pacific islands, Gerahom tells me, where the climate is so stable that the matter of weather is never even mentioned, where the people who bathe in that eternal calm are never conscious of the conditions surrounding them. That's the penalty, I suppose, that humanity pays for constancy. There are no lapses to record, no deviations to be accounted for, no tempests to send us tingling into the shelters of wonder. And I can't yet be quite sure whether this rebellious old heart of mine wants to be a Pacific Islander or not.

Monday the Twenty-seventh.

PETER and I have had our tramp in the snow. It wasn't a sunny day, as I had hoped. It was one of those intensely cold northern days without wind or sun, one of those misted days which Balzac somewhere describes as a beautiful woman born blind. It was fifty-three below zero when we left the house, with the smoke going up in the gray air as straight and undisturbed as a pine-tree and the drifts crunching like dry charcoal under our snow-shoes. We were woolened and mittened and capped and furred up to the eyes, however, and I was warmer than I've been many a time on Boston Common in March, even tho we did look like a couple of deep-sea divers and steamed like fire-engines when we breathed.

We tramped until we were tired, swung back to *Casa Grande*, and Peter came in for a cup of tea and then trudged off to Alabama Ranch again. And that was the lee and the long of it, as the Irish say. What did we talk about? Heaven knows what we *didn't* talk about. Peter told me about a rancher named Bidwell, north of The Crossing, being found frozen to death in a snow-drift, frozen stiff, with the horse still standing and the rider still sitting upright in the saddle. He said there was a lot of rot talked about the great clean outdoors. The sentimentalists found that they naturally felt a bit nifftier in fresh air, but the great outdoors, according to Peter, is an arena of endless murder and rapine and warfare, and the cleanest acre of forest or prairie under the sun somewhere has its stains of blood and its record of cruelty. We talked about Susie and the negative thrusting of the ten moral laws and the horned dinosaur from Sand Hill Creek (whose bones Peter reckoned to be at least three million years old) and the marriage customs of the Innuits. And we talked about Matzenauer and Kreisler and the best cure for chilblains and about Gershom and Poppy and Dinkie—but most of all about Dinkie.

Peter asked me if I'd seen Dinkie's school essays on "The Flag" and "The Capture of Quebec," and rather surprized me by handing over crumpled copies of the same. Dinkie having proudly dispatched these masterpieces all the way to Philadelphia for his "Uncle Peter's" approval. It hurt me, for just one foolish fraction of a second, to think my boy had confidences with an outsider which he could not have with his own mother. And then I remembered that Peter wasn't an outsider. I realized how much he had brought into my laddie's life, how much, in a different way, he had brought into my own. I even tried to tell him about this. But he stopped me short by saying something in Latin which he later explained meant "by taking the middle course we shall not go amiss."

So I came back to *Casa Grande*, not exactly with a feeling of frustration, but with a feeling of possibilities withheld and issues deferred. It was a companionable enough tramp, I suppose. But I'm afraid I was a disappointment to Peter. His gaiety impressed me as a bit forced. I am slightly mystified by his refusal, while taking serious things seriously, to take anything tragically. Even at ten, with all its air of the valedictory hanging over us, he was nice and gay, like the Christmas beeves the city butchers stick paper rosettes into or the

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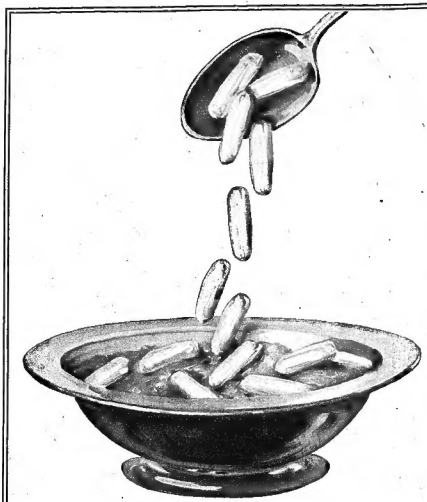

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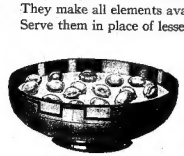

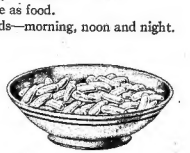

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

circus-band playing like mad while the tumbler who has had a fall is being carried out to the dressing-tent. Peter even offhandedly inquired, as he was going, if he might have Scotty to take care of, provided it was not expedient to take Dinkie's dog along to Calgary with us. I'm not quite certain—I may be wrong—but there are moments, odd earthquaky moments, when I have a suspicion that Peter will be keeping more than Scotty after we've trekked off to Calgary!

Saturday the Fourth.

THIS tearing up of roots is a much sorrier business than I had imagined. And more difficult. I find it hard to know what to take and what to leave behind. And there is so much to be thought of, so much to be arranged for, so much to be done. I have had to write Duncan and tell him I'll be a few days later than I intended. My biggest problem has been with Whinstane Sandy and Struthers. I called them in and had a talk with them and told them I wanted them to keep *Casa Grande* going the same as ever. Then I made myself into the god from the machine by calmly announcing the only way things could be arranged would be for the two of them to get married.

Struthers, at this suggestion, promptly became as coy as a partridge-hen. Whinnie, of course, remained Scottish and canny. He became more shrewdly magnanimous, however, after we'd had a bit of talk by ourselves. "Weel, I'll tak' the woman, rather than see her trottin' herse'f to death!" he finally conceded, knowing only too well he'd nest warm and live well for the rest of his days. He'd been hoping, he confessed to me, that some day he'd get back to that claim of his up in the Klondike. But he wasn't as young as he once was. And perhaps Dinkie, when he was grown to a man, could go up and look after his rights. "'Twould be a grand journey," he averred with a sigh. "For a high-spirited lad turned twenty."

"I'll be stayin' with Pee-Wee and the old place here," concluded Whinstane Sandy, giving me his rough old hand as a pledge. And with tears in my eyes I lifted that faithful old hand up to my lips and kissed it. Whinnie, I knew, would die for me. But he would pass away before he'd be willing to put his loyalty and his courage and his kind-heartedness into pretty speeches. Struthers, on the other hand, has become too flighty to be of much use to me in my packing. She has plunged headlong into a riot of baking, has sent for a fresh supply of sage-hen, and is secretly perusing a dog-eared volume which I have reason to know is "The Marriage Guide."

Gershom, all things considered, is the most dolorous member of our home circle. He says little, but inspects me with the wounded eyes of a neglected spaniel. He will stay on at *Casa Grande* until the Easter holidays, and then migrate to the Teetsels. As for Dinkie and Poppsy, they are too young to understand. The thought of change excites them, but they have no idea of what they are leaving behind.

Last night, when I was dog-tired after my long day's work, I remembered about Dinkie's school-essays and took them out to read. And having done so, I realized there was something sacred about them. They gave me a glimpse of a groping young soul reaching up toward the light.

"We have a Flag," I read, "to thrill our bones and be proud of and no man boy woman or girl" (and the rest altogether artless *diminuendo* did not escape me!) "should never let it drag in the dust. It flotes at the bow of our ships and waves from the top of most post offices etc. And now we have a flag and a flag staf in front of our school and on holdays and when every grate man die we put said flag up at half mast. It is the flag of the rich and the poor, the flag of our country which all of whose citizens have a right to fly, the big" (obviously meant for *high*) "and the low, the rich and the poor. And we must not only keep our flag but blame it still further with deeds nobely done. If ever you have to shed your blood for your country remember it is for the noblest flag that flies the same being an emblen of our native land to which it represens and stands in high esteem by the whole people of a country."

God bless his patriotic little bones! My hairs knew what he was trying to get at, but it's plain he didn't quite know how to get there.

But the drama of "The Capture of Quebec" plainly put him on easier ground. For here was a story worth the telling. And what could be more glorious than the death of Wolfe as I see it through my little Dinkie's eyes?

For I read, "The french said Wolfe" (*can* has first been written and then scratched out and *would* substituted) "never get up that river but Wolfe fooled them with a trick by running the french flag up on his shipps so the french pilots without fear padied out and come abord when Wolfe took them prisoners and made them pilot the english ships safe to the land of Orlens. He wanted to capture the city of Quebec without destroling it. But the clifs were to high and the brave Montcalm dified Wolfe who lost 400 men and got word Amherst could not come and so himself took sick and went to bed. But a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

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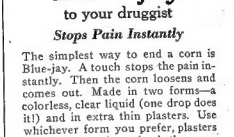

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

deserter from the french gave Wolfe the pass word and when his ships crept further up the river in the dark a french sentnry called out qui vive and one of Wolfe's men who spoke french well answered la france and the sentnry said to himself they was french ships and let them go on.

"Next day Wolfe was better and saw a goat climbe up the cliffs near the plains of Abraham and said where a goat could go he could go to. So he forgot being sick and desided to clime up Wolfe's cove which was not then called that until later. It was a dark night and they went in row boats with all the oars muffled. It was a formadible sight that would have made ever holder men shrink with fear. But it was the brave Highanders who lead with their muskits strapped to their shoulders climbing up the steep rock by grabbing at roots of trees and shrubbs and not a word was whispered but the french sentnrys saw the tree moving and asked qui vive again. The same sholdier who once studdied hard and lernt french said la france and he had done before and they got safe to the top and faced the city.

"At brake of day they stood face to face, french and english. But Montcalm marched out to cut them off there and Wolfe lined his men up in a line and said hold your fire until they are within forty paces away from us. The french caused many causilties but the english ran over them and died. Montcalm still on horse back reseaved a mortle wound, he would of fell off if two of his tall granadeers hadn't held him on. Wolfe too was shot on the wirst but went right on. Again he was shot this time more fataly and as they were dying he said I am one of the men exclaimed See how they run. Who run murmured the dieing Wolfe. The enemy sir replied the man. I die happy said Generral Wolfe and with a great sigh rolled over on his side and died. And when the doctor died Montcalm he could only live a few hours he said. God be praised I shall not live to see Quebec fall. Brave words like these should not be forgoten and what Wolfe said was just as brave. No more fiting words could be said by any body than those he said in the boats with the mufled oars that night that the paths of glory leed but to the grave."

I HAVE folded up the carefully written pages, reverently, remembering my promise to return them to Peter. But for a while at least I shall keep them with me. They have set me thinking, reminding me how time flies. Here is a little boy, grown into a historian, sagely philosophizing over the tragedies of life. My wee laddie, expressing himself through the recorded word. It seems such a short time ago that he was taking his first stumbling steps along the dim hallways of language. I have been turning back to the Journal I began shortly after his birth and kept up for so long, the naive journal of a young mother registering her wonder at the unfolding mysteries of life.

It became less minute and less meticulous, I notice, as the years slipped past, and after the advent of Betty and Pee-Wee the entries seem a bit hurried and often incoherent. But I have dutifully noted how my Dinkie first said "ah gone" for "all gone," just as I have fondly remarked his persistent use of the reiterative intensive, with careful citations of "di-di" and his "choo-choo car," and a "bow-wow" as applied to any living animal, and "wa-ww" for "water," and "me-me" for "milk," and "din-din" for "dinner," and going "by-by" for going to sleep on his little "tum-tum." I even solemnly ask, forgetting my Max Müller, what lies at the root of this strange reduplicative process.

Then I come to where I have set down for future generations the momentous fact that my Dinkie first said "let's playtend" for "let's pretend," spoke of "exkastiums" as "excursions," and announced that he could bark loud enough to make Baby Poppy's eyes "bug out" instead of "bulge out." And I come again to where I have affectionately registered the fact that my son and heir said "sen" for "sunset," and speaks of his "rumpers" instead of his "rompers," and coins the very appropriate word "downer" to go with its sister word of "upper" and describes his Mummy as "*wearing* Daddy's coffee-cup" when he really meant *saving* Daddy's coffee-cup.

It all seems very fond and foolish now, just as at one time it all seemed very big and wonderful. And I remember schooling my Poppsy to say "Daddy's all sweet" and how her little tongue, stumbling over the sibilant, converted it into the non-compli mentary "Daddy's all feet," which my Dinkydunk so scowlingly resented. And I have even compiled a list of Dinkie's earliest "howlers," from the time he was first interested in Adam and Eve and asked to be told about "The Garden of Sweden" until he later confused Cain of Deppsy and misspells by announcing she had dug a hole out by the corral and wanted to bring it into the house. I have also noted how ironically over these tongue-twists of children, but now I know they are reborn with each new generation, the same old turns of thought and the same old kinks of utterance. I don't know why, but there is even a touch of sadness about the old jokes now. The patina of time gathers upon them and mellows them and makes me realize they belong to the past—the past with its pain

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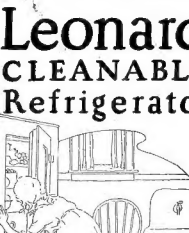

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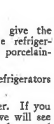

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

and its joy, that can never come back to mortal mothers again.

Monday the Thirtieth.

"WE DIE a little when we go away." How true it is! By to-morrow we will be gone. My heart is heavy as lead. I go about, doing things for the last time, looking at things for the last time, and pretending to be as matter-of-fact as a tripper breaking camp. But there's a laryngitis lump in my throat and there are times when I'm glad I'm almost too busy to think.

I was hoping that the weather would be bad, as it ought to be at this time of the year, so that I might leave my prairie with some lessened pang of regret. But the last two days have been miraculously mild. A chinook has been blowing, the sky has been a palpitating, soft dome of azure, and a winy smell of Spring has crept over the earth. To-night, knowing it was the last night, I crept out to say good-by to my little Pee-Wee asleep in his lonely little bed. It was a perfect night. The Lights were playing low in the north, weaving together in a tangle of green and ruby and amethyst. The prairie was very still. The moonlight lay on everything, thick and golden and soft with mystery. I knelt beside Pee-Wee's grave, not in bitterness, but bathed in peace. I knelt there and prayed.

It frightened me a little, when I looked up, to see Peter standing beside the little white fence. I thought, at first, that he was a ghost, he stood so still and he seemed so tall in the moonlight.

"I'll watch your boy," he said very quietly, "until you come back."

He made me think of the Old Priest in "The Sorrowful Inheritance." He seemed so calmly benignant, so dependable, so safe in his simple other-worldliness.

"Oh, Peter!" was all I could say as I moved toward him in the moonlight. He nodded, as much to himself as to me, as he took my hand in his. I felt a great ache, which was not really an ache, and a new kind of longing which never before, in all my life, I had nursed or known. I must have moved closer to Peter, tho I could feel his hand pull itself away from mine. It made me feel terribly alone in the world.

"Aren't you going to kiss me good-by?" I cried out, with my hand on his shoulder.

Peter shook his head from side to side, very slowly. "*Verboten!*" he said as he put his hand over mine.

"But I may never come back, Peter!" I whispered, feeling the tears go slowly down my wet cheek.

Peter took my unsteady fingers and placed them on the white pickets of the little rectangular fence.

"You'll come back," he said, very quietly. And when I looked up he had turned away.

I could see him walking off in the yellow moonlight with his shoulders back and his head up. He walked slowly, with an odd, wading movement, like a man walking through water. I was tempted, for a moment, to call after him. But some power that was not of me or any part of me prompted me to silence. I stood watching him until he seemed a moving shadow along the level floor of the world flooded with primrose-yellow, until he became a shifting stroke of umber on a background of misty gold. I stood looking after him as he passed away, out of my sight, and far, far off to the north a coyote howled, and over *Casa Grande* I could see a thin pennon of chimney-smoke going up toward Arcturus. . . . Good-by, Peter, and God bless you! . . .

Unlimited, indeed, is the power of Eros. For when I went to slip quietly into the house, I found Whinnie and Struthers seated together beside the kitchen range. And Struthers was reading "Tam o' Shanter" aloud to her laird.

"Read slow, noo, lassie, an' tak' it a' in," said the placidly triumphant voice of Whinstane Sandy, "for it'll be lang before ye ken its like!"

Thursday the Seventeenth.

THE migration has been effected. I am alone in my room. I have two and three-quarters trunks unpacked, and I feel like a President's wife the night after inauguration. It is well past midnight, but I am too tired and too unsettled to sleep. Things turn out so differently from what one expects! And all change, to the home-staying heart, can be so abysmally upsetting!

We were a somewhat disheveled and intimidated flock when we emerged from our train and found Duncan awaiting us with an amazingly big touring-car which, as he explained with a short laugh at my gape of wonder, the Barcona Mines would pay for in a week.

"It's no piker you're pulling with now," he exclaimed as we climbed stiff and awkward into that deep-upholstered grandeur on wheels. He said that the children had grown, but would have to be togged out with some new duds—little knowing how I had stayed up until long past midnight mending and pressing and doing my best to make my bucolic offspring presentable. And he told me it was *some* city I had come to, as I'd very soon see for myself. And it was *some* shack he'd corralled for his family, he added with a chuckle of pride.

I tried to be interested in the skyscrapers he showed me along Eighth Avenue, and the *Palliser*, and the concreted subway, and the Rockies in the distance, with the wine-glow on their snow-clad peaks. And while I did my best to shake off the Maud-Muller feeling which was creeping over me, by studying the tranquilizingly remote mountain-tops, Duncan confided to me that he had first said, "Fifty thousand or bust!" But two months ago he had amended that to "A hundred thousand or bust!" And now he had his reasons for saying, with his jaw set, "Just a cool quarter of a million before I quit this game!"

It was for us, I told myself as I looked down at my kiddies, that the Dour Man behind the big mahogany wheel was fighting. This, I felt, should bring me happiness and a new sense of security. And it was only because my stomach was empty, I tried to assure myself, that my poor old prairie heart felt that way. I should have been happy, for I was going to a brand-new home—and it was one of those foothill late afternoons that make you think of the same old razor-blade muffled up in the same old panne-velvet, an evening of softness shot through with a steely sharpness. There was a chinook arch of Irish point-lace still in the sky, very much like the one I had left behind me, and the sky itself was a canopy of robin-egg blue *crêpe-de-Chine* hemmed with salmon-pink.

BUT as we whirled up out of the city into the higher ground of some boulevarded and terraced residential district the evening air seemed colder and the solemn old Rockies toward the west took on an air of lonesomeness. It made the thought of home and open fires and quiet rooms very welcome. The lights came out along the asphalted streets, spangling the slopes of that sedate new suburb with rectangular lines of brilliants. Duncan, in answer to the questions of the children, explained that he was taking the longer way round, so as to give us the best view of the house as we drove in.

"Here we are!" he exulted as we slowed down and turned into a crescent lined with baby poplar and Manitoba maple.

I leaned out and saw a big new house of tapestry brick, looking oddly palatial on its imposing slope of rising ground. My husband stopped, in fact, midway in a foolishly pillared gate that bisected a long array of cobblestone walls, so that we might get a look at the gardens. They seemed very new gardens, but much of their newness was lost in that mercifully subduing light in which I saw trim-painted trellises and sepulchral white flower-urns and pergolas not yet softened with creepers. There was also a large iron fountain, painted white, which Duncan apparently liked very much, from the way he looked at it. From two of the chimneys I could see smoke going up in the quiet air. In the windows I could see lights, rose-shaded and warm, and beyond the shrubbery somewhere back in the garden a workman was driving nails. His hammer fell and echoed like a series of rifle-shots. From the garage chimney, too, came smoke, and it was plain from the sounds that somebody inside was busy tuning up a car-engine.

I SAT staring at the grounds, at the cobblestone walls, at the tapestry-brick house with the high-shouldered French cornices. It began to creep over me how it meant service, how it meant protection, how it meant guarded lives for me and mine, how it stood an amazingly complicated piece of machinery which took much thought to organize and much money to maintain. And the mainspring behind it all, I remembered, was the man sitting at the mahogany wheel so close to me. Light and warmth and comfort and safety—they were all to come from the conceiting and the struggling of my Dour Man, fighting for an empty-headed family who were scarcely worth it. He was, after all, the stoker down in the hole, and without him everything would stop. So when I saw that he was studying my face with that intent sidelong glance of his, I reached over and put my hand on his knee, as I had done so often in the old days.

He looked down, at that, with what was almost an appearance of embarrassment.

"I want to play my part," I said with all the earnestness of my earnest old heart, as he let in his clutch and we started up the winding drive.

"It ought to be a considerable part," he said as we drew up under a bone-white *porte-cochère* where a small-bodied Jap stood respectfully impassive and waiting to open the door for us.

My husband got down out of the car. I sat wondering why I should feel so much like a Lady Jane Grey approaching the headsman's *makura*.

"Come on, kids!" Duncan called out with a parade of joviality, like a cheer-leader who realized that things weren't going just right. For Dinkie, I could see, was shrinking back in the padded seat. His under lip was trembling a trifle as he sat staring at the strange new house. But Poppsy, true little woman that she was, smiled appreciatively about at the material grandeurs which confronted her. If she'd had a tail, I'm sure, she'd have been wagging it. And this so tickled her Dad that he lifted her out of the car and carried her bodily and triumphantly up the steps.

I waited for Dinkie, whose eye met mine. I did my best to show my teeth, that he might understand how everything was eventually to be for the best. But his face was still clouded as we climbed the steps and passed under the yoke.

The little Jap, whose name, I have since found out, is Tokudo, bowed a jack-knife bow and said "*Irashai*" as I passed him. And "*Irashai*," I have also discovered, is perfectly good Japanese for "Welcome."

We had dinner at seven. It was a well-ordered meal, but it went off rather dismally. I was depressed, for reasons I couldn't quite fathom, and the children were tired, and Duncan, I'm afraid, was a bit disappointed in us all. Tokudo had brought cocktails for us, and Duncan, seeing I wasn't drinking mine, stowed both away in his honorable stomach. He ate heartily, I noticed, and gave scant appearance of a man pining away with a broken heart. After dinner he sat back and bit off the end of a cigar.

"This is my idea of living," he proclaimed as he sent a blue cloud up toward the rather awful dome-light above the big table. "There's stir and movement here all day long. Something more than sunsets to look at! You'll see—something to fill up your day! Why, night seems to come before I even know it. And before I'm out of bed I'm brooding over what's ahead of me for that particular date and day—Say, that girl of ours is falling asleep there!"

So I escaped and put the children to bed. And while thus engaged I discovered that some of Duncan's new friends were dropping in on him. I wanted to stay up-stairs, for my head was aching a lot and my heart just a little, but Duncan called to me from the bottom of the stairs. So down I went, like a dutiful wife, to the room full of smoke and talk, where two big men and one very thin woman in a baby-bear motor-coat were drinking Scotch highballs with my lord and master. They were genial and jolly enough, but I couldn't understand their allusions and I couldn't see the points to their jokes. And they seemed to stay an interminable length of time. I was secretly uncomfortable until they went, but I became still more uncomfortable after they had gone.

For as we sat there together, in that oppressive big room, I made rather an awful discovery. I found that my husband and I had scarcely anything we could talk about together. So I sat there, like an alligator in a bayou, wondering why his rather flushed face should be turned toward me every now and then.

MY HEART beat a little faster as I saw him take out his watch and wind it up.

"Let's go to bed," he said as he pushed it back in his waistcoat pocket. My heart stopped beating altogether for a moment or two. I felt like a slave-girl in a sheik's tent, like a desert-woman just sold into bondage.

It was the smoky air and the highballs, I suppose, which left his eyes a little bloodshot as he turned slowly about and studied my face. Then he repeated what he had said before.

"*I can't!*" I told him, with a foolish surge of terror.

He sat quite a long time without speaking. I could see the corners of the Holbein-Astronomer mouth go down.

"As you say," he finally remarked, with a grim sort of quietness. But every bit of color had gone from his face. I was glad when Tokudo came in to take away the glasses.

Duncan stood up, after the servant had gone again, and bowed to me very solemnly.

"*Oyasumi nasi*," he said with a stabilizing ironic smile.

"What does that mean?" I asked, doing my best to smile back at him.

"That means 'Sleep well,'" explained my husband. "But Tokudo would probably translate it into 'Condescend to enjoy honorable tranquillity.'"

Instead of enjoying honorable tranquillity, however, I am sitting up into the wee sma' hours of the night, patrolling the gloomy ramparts of my soul's unrest.

The concluding instalment of "The Prairie Child" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published April 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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